NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

VOLUME XXVI.—No. 1. Price Ten Cents.

Rockwell & Stone's Circus May 8, 1845

SWEET LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"Sweet love," I said, and clasped her hand:
We walked beside the silver river,
Which past the borders of the land
Went widening to the ocean's strand,
Past rocky isle, past barren sand,
As if to journey on forever.

"My love shall be like yonder stream,
Which broadens as it nears the ocean,
And, bearing in its depths the bream,
While on its breast the white sails gleam,
And over it the sun-rays beam,
Has but one object of devotion."

"Oh, not like that, dear love," she cried;
"For as it onward floweth ever,
It groweth in its scope too wide—
I cannot bear the rapid tide,
Although unchanging in its glide—
Let not your love be like the river.

"But rather like yon little spring
That trickles downward toward the valley,
So happy that it can but sing:
Perhaps a weak and helpless thing,
Where bright-plumed wild-birds dip the wing,
And with its waters pause to dally."

And so I love not like the tide
Of the advancing, pulsing river,
But with the brooklet's happy glide,
Which wanders flowery banks beside,
And some day, grown more swift and wide,
May seek the ocean's depths forever.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE WRECK.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy
And strives to strangle him before he die.

The Indian Ocean, the wind blowing furiously, the sea lashed up with agitation, till the crests of the waves looked like so much whipped cream set on ridges of a dark-green, snaky hue, in which the steamship Lurline rolls helplessly, water-logged, maimed, broken, and a wreck. From the time of their leaving Bombay the vessel had met with nothing but disasters. Before they were five miles out at sea, a sailor fell overboard, and, though the engines were reversed, before a boat could be lowered to his assistance his would-be rescuers saw him bitten by an enormous shark. This was enough to throw a gloom over the crew and passengers, but it was only the beginning of their troubles.

As evening closed in the wind rose, and rain such as we rarely experience in this temperate zone fell heavily. All through the night this continued, and when morning dawned the very atmosphere was thick and stifling with heat and moisture, for the rain still fell in sheets rather than in drops, the wind howled and tore at the masts as though resolved to carry them away, and the sea boiled and raged like a seething cauldron, dashing over the sides of the vessel, which, with its freight of human lives, seemed but an object of sport and derision to it.

The whole of the next day and night this continued, but the third day they lost the jibboom, the foretopsail, topgallantmast and royalmast. About eleven o'clock the same day the port lifeboat was washed overboard, and two or three hours later the starboard life-boat shared the same fate, and the captain's face looked stern and pale like that of a man nerving himself to meet death with the responsibility of the lives of two hundred of his fellow-creatures upon his head.

It is near the close of the third day, when, anxious as he is for the fate of the vessel, the captain follows the doctor to one of the state cabins, where a lady is dying. A fair, delicate, high-bred English woman lies upon the couch, while in the lower berth are two children side by side. They are asleep, and as well as one can judge are nearly of the same age; but one is fair and white as a lily, while the other shows unmistakably the taint of dark blood in its veins. Glancing at the couch upon which the fair lady is lying, you see her attendant bending over her, and, tall and handsome as she is, you recognize her as a half-caste, and to these two mothers belong the two infants sleeping so peacefully through the fearful storm. Nay, the winds and the rolling sea rock them but the more soundly to sleep, all unconscious of the dangers that surround them, and of the changes which this storm will make in their lives.

With everything on earth to live for, Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill is lying here tossed on the bosom of the deep, tempestuous ocean, waiting to die. Wealth, position and beauty, the love of a devoted husband the clinging hands of a helpless babe, all are hers to hold her back to life; but the flat has gone forth, and she knows that within but a few hours now at farthest, even though the vessel reach its destination in safety, she will have taken that journey whence there is no return. She makes no struggle against it; she is past that, and her anxiety now is only and solely for the safety of her child. Another presence by the side of her couch, and she opens her eyes wearily to look at the captain, who has come in compliance with her request. Even at this awful moment Captain Speke looks at her blue eyes, thinks he should know them again all the world over, and sighs sadly to think how soon the cold waves will wash over them.

"Captain," she says, but her voice is so low that in the noise made by the storm he has to bend down almost to her pillow to hear the words, "shall we—will the ship live through it?" she asks.

"I do not know, madame," is the calm, almost stern reply.

"It is not for myself—I am dying," she continues. "But my child. Suma will take care of her; she was my foster-sister, and I can trust her to love my child as well as her own," and she looks affectionately at her dusky attendant; "but she knows nothing of the world or her way about it, and I want to ask you, captain, to take them under your care until my husband can reach them. You have a wife and children of your own?"

"Yes, I have—a wife and one boy. I will do all in my power for your nurse and child, madame, if we are spared to reach land."

"And if not?" asked the lady.

The captain involuntarily shrugged his shoulders as he said:

"Our lives are not in our hands, madame. If I live I will do as you ask, but you had better give me your husband's address—that is, if you are strong enough."

"He is in India, but he will go to England in a few months, when he can get leave, and his address will be Captain Fitz-Howard Hill, Drayton Abbey, Surrey, and ——" But her voice broke down, though it had previously been little more than a whisper, and a tremendous crash overhead made the captain hastily rush on deck, woke the two children sleeping in the berth, and roused the dying woman for the instant from the lethargy of death that was creeping over her.

"Suma, give me my child; let me take her in my arms; we shall all die together."

And as the woman hastily handed her the infant she pressed her clammy lips upon her soft, warm cheek, then her head fell back, and she seemed to sleep. And the child slept while the doctor was called away to attend one of the sailors who had been injured by the falling mast and spars which had caused the crash that called the captain on deck; and Suma, the half-caste, believing her mistress to be asleep, took up her own child and nursed it. Thus an hour passed, when Dr. Marker, looking in at the stateroom door, glanced at the nurse, and asked:

"How is she?"

"Asleep," was the reply.

But something in the position of the sleeper made the doctor's eye linger upon her. Then he went to her side and put his hand upon her heart. It was quiet and silent; the mechanism of that wondrous human machine had come to a standstill, the pendulum that marked the throbs and pulsations of life had stopped, and no science or power on earth could set it in motion again.

"Take the child from her arms," he said; "she is dead."

And while the woman's wail for her loved and lost mistress rose even above the din of the tempest, he went off to report the death to the captain.

"Poor lady! with her the question is settled. To us it is scarcely doubtful," was the reply.

And then the surgeon realized that its gallant commander was beginning to despair of his vessel, and, though accustomed himself to meet death in many a guise, for just one second the man of science turned pale, and his limbs trembled. Then he roused himself. There were women and children on board; surely he could meet death if they must. And he made his way to the forecastle to see how some of his patients there were progressing. As night again came on, the maimed vessel shipped heavy seas, which carried away the engine-room hatch, and the water rushed down, putting out the fires. Then not only the sailors, but the passengers, set to work to stop the leak and bail out the water; but it was useless. Heavy cross seas constantly broke over the doomed ship, and, though all the men on board worked at the pumps in turn through that long night, the hurricane continued, and when morning dawned Captain Speke called his passengers together and told them they must prepare for the worst. Then all the excesses that maddened fear and reasonless terror could impel human beings to indulge in broke out over the vessel. Some put on their best clothes, arrayed themselves in costly silks, Indian shawls and jewels, as though determined to meet death in all their beauty and bravery; and some broke open the spirit-room and tried to drown the thought of death in present intoxication. A goodly number, headed by the captain, tried to pray, while the first mate and some of the seamen, thinking there might still be a chance to escape, launched the boats that remained and called on those who chose to try them to make haste, as the ship was evidently fast settling down to her fate. But the number anxious to grasp this possible chance of safety was few, for the sea seemed to be rolling mountains high, and ere the first boatful had cleared the ship by a dozen yards she was swamped, and all who had taken refuge in her perished.

Two or three hours passed. Still the Lurline, though dismasted and but a wreck upon the waters, floated; the weather, too, seemed to have grown a trifle better, and once more an effort was made to man the boats. On the deck, watching them, stood the strange figure of a woman, black-eyed, dark-skinned, tall and commanding in proportions, with an infant tied up on her back in the costly Indian shawl that was wound round her, and with a second infant wrapped in an equally expensive covering in her arms. It was Suma, Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill's foster sister and nurse, who, with her own child and that of her mistress, was standing ready to seize any chance of life for the two children as well as for herself. Not that the chances were in their favor, but she had gathered together her mistress' money and jewels, also, as we have seen, her more valuable shawls, so that if rescued and landed upon any strange soil she would not be pennyless, or without resources.

The pinnace was now got ready, lowered, and made clear of the ship, and Suma, standing on the side of the vessel, cried:

"Take me!"

"Throw us the child," was the reply, "then jump."

One moment's hesitation and the child she held in her arms was thrown over the gulf of water that separated the ship from the boat, and safely caught by one of the sailors.

"Now jump."

They did not see the child she carried slung on her back, and she, too, for the moment, had forgotten it. Could she jump the distance? There was no time for hesitation. A leap, a splash, the boat almost capsizing with the sudden jerk upon its side; but the woman is safely in it, and when she looks round she sees that the ship is many boat-lengths off, and the waves seem so high as though they were trembling and hesitating ere they broke over them. The sailor who had caught the first child hands it to the nurse, an action that makes her remember the second, and she puts up her hand to assure herself of its safety, but it is gone. She asks the man nearest to her if he has seen her child; but he thinks her mind is wandering, for is it not in her lap? And she moans and cries vainly for a short time, then is silent. With death staring them so closely in the face, what is the life of an infant? and she has still one left to protect and comfort; perhaps, also, to remind her of what she has lost. And the sun sinks in the west—night comes on. By the last gleam of daylight they see that the Lurline still floats; but when morning breaks the ship is no longer visible to those who have passed the night in the open boat. Either she has sunk or the distance between hides her from their sight.

CHAPTER II.

LADY ELIZABETH FITZ-HOWARD.

Where beauty watched to imitate
Her gentle voice, her lovely mien,
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its queen.—BYRON.

"More letters for Alice, but none from her."

The speaker was a lady of some one or two and thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and with a resemblance in feature, color, and carriage to the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, in her brightest and palmiest days. Her companion was a few years older than herself, and as great a contrast as it was possible to find; for, whereas Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard was tall, stately, and handsome, Mrs. Fish, her companion, was short, stout, decidedly plain, with a soft, purring way about her, which suggested at once a near relationship to a well-fed tabby-cat. True, her hands were pretty—and she knew it—soft, white, plump hands, with two or three seductive dimples, the left adorned with just her plain wedding-ring, and the right with a small solitaire diamond, just sufficient to attract attention to the finger it encircled. Add to this that when in the least degree perplexed or excited she seemed to wash her hands with invisible soap and impalpable water, and some slight insight into her character may be easily obtained.

"Yes, Lady Alice ought to have been here a fortnight ago," assented Mrs. Fish, preparing to pour out the coffee, for the two ladies were about to take breakfast, and the letter-bag had only just been opened.

"I hope nothing has happened to her, or to the child," continued Lady Elizabeth anxiously. "I am almost inclined to telegraph to Charles—only, as he wrote to tell me his wife with her nurse, had started, it may alarm him."

"Yes; I would wait a few days longer; she may be overfatigued, or the baby may be unwell—a dozen things may have happened to detain her on the road when traveling such a long distance. A little more sugar, dear?"

"No. Do you remember the name of the ship that Charles said Alice left Bombay in?"

"Oh, yes, the 'Lurline;' but she was coming by the overland route; it is very different now from the time when I came home from India."

"Ah, yes. You were born there?"

"Yes, dear. My father, as you know, was in the Company's service, and I was sent home when a child, and ——"

"Yes, I know," with a movement of impatience. It was an old story, and had been many times repeated.

"I must do something," Lady Elizabeth went on, pushing her scarcely tasted coffee impatiently from her. "I had a horrible dream about Alice last night. I thought I saw her standing on a sinking ship, holding up her child to me, and heard her voice distinctly saying:

"'Take her, cherish her; she is the last of our race!'"

"The horror and fright woke me. I thought to have had news this morning. I am sure something dreadful has happened. I feel it."

"Nonsense, dear. You are nervous and not very well; bad news travels fast, and if anything had been wrong you would have heard it. Take a good gallop over the hills, or a brisk walk in the park; either would do you good."

But Lady Elizabeth was not to be soothed in this manner, and she rang the bell, asking sharply:

"Have the newspapers come?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then bring them in at once; you know I hate to be kept waiting."

The man withdrew, not, however, before he had cast an anxious glance at Mrs. Fish, who was, however, too intent upon her breakfast to notice it.

"That woman thinks of nothing but eating and drinking, and lining her pocket with my lady's gold," muttered the old servant as he went to fetch the newspapers. "She might a' broken it to her gently, and it's more than my place is worth to try it; and poor Lady Alice, who'd have been proud to ha' had the first to say so? But it's just what the parson said last Sunday in church: 'One shall be taken and another one left.'"

With which, having examined the newspapers previously himself, he carried them into the breakfast-room, taking care to put *The Times* under the rest, as though there was something in it he wished to hide, glancing furtively at his mistress at the same time in a manner that excited her suspicions at once.

"What is it?" she asked imperatively.

"The newspapers, my lady."

"I suppose so; but what are you trying to hide,"

"Nothing, my lady; that is, my lady, I've been in the family nigh on forty years—and—and ——"

The old man's voice broke down in a sob. Mrs. Fish put down a tempting morsel she was in the act of conveying to her lips without tasting it, and Lady Elizabeth, frightened at she scarcely knew what, yet awed by the grief of the old man, who had been a youth when she was born, put her hand on his arm and said sternly:

"Stevens, tell me what you mean at once."

"Lady Alice, my lady, many a time I've carried her in my arms over rough places, and to think that now ——"

But he was checked by a low cry from his mistress, who for an instant staggered, then sank in a low chair, her face very white, but her features set, as she said to Mrs. Fish:

"Amelia, read it to me."

"Let me get you some water—your smelling salts—you are faint."

"No; read it," was the stern command, and Stevens, having pointed out the dreaded paragraph, Mrs. Fish read:

"FOUNDERING OF THE LURLINE.—The ship Lurline left Bombay on the 28th, bound for Suez, the crew and passengers numbering 200 persons. On the first she experienced very heavy gales, the masts being blown away, the machinery rendered useless, and the vessel water-logged; fortunately the good ship Lena came near her in time to save the captain and the greater part of the crew and passengers before the ill-fated Lurline sank. Two boat-loads had previously put off, but their fate is unknown up to the present. One very sad thing occurred: Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill, second daughter of the late Earl of Drayton, wife of Captain Hill of the — Hussars, died on the fifth day, leaving an infant to the joint care of her nurse and the captain. In jumping into one of the boats the nurse dropped the child into the sea; it was wonderfully rescued, its long dress being caught by a boat-hook, and, stranger still, the motherless child is alive, though the fate of its nurse is still dubious."

"My dream," said Lady Elizabeth, with a shudder, as Mrs. Fish ceased reading. "The last of our race! Oh, it is horrible! And my poor sister—dead, in all her youth and beauty."

"She was but your half-sister, dear," said Mrs. Fish, rubbing her white hands noiselessly.

"How dare you remind me of that, and now, too? Leave me! Cannot I remember how unkind I have sometimes been to her, without your taunting me with it? Go away, and don't let anyone come near me till I ring."

And, stamping her foot as she spoke, Lady Elizabeth almost drove Stevens and her companion from the room, then locked the door to keep out any witness of her misery. Hour after hour passed, no bell was rung, no sign of life given from that locked room, and those who knew Lady Elizabeth's disposition and temper dared not even knock upon the door until she had summoned them. Day waned, night set in, and Mrs. Fish, who was beginning to feel anxious about her dinner, condescended to take counsel with the housekeeper, who, having been in the family ever since Lady Elizabeth was born, might be supposed to know something more about her than the woman who had never seen her until within the last dozen years. In the midst of their consultation Stevens came to announce that a gentleman with a woman and baby had arrived at the Abbey, asking for her ladyship.

"Perhaps it's the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Fish with alacrity; "if it is, somebody must tell her; perhaps you had better do so, Mrs. Hood."

"Very well, ma'am; then I'll see the gentleman first," whereupon the housekeeper went to receive Captain Speke.

"It's very kind of you, sir, to come all this long way, anxious as you must be to get to your own family," said Mrs. Hood as soon as the facts were explained to her, "and my lady will be very grateful when she knows it; but she's very bad to-day; she only got the sad news this morning, and she's shut herself up. I suppose I had better go to her."

"If you please," said Captain Speke courteously, but firmly. "I must return by the nine-o'clock train; it is now seven. I promised Lady Alice I would take care of her child, and if Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard does not wish to take charge of it I must take it back to my own wife until I can communicate with Captain Fitz-Howard Hill himself. This is the question I want answered, and with as little delay as possible, if you please."

"Of course my lady will want to keep it, sir; but I'll go and tell her."

And in some trepidation, old servant as she was, she went and knocked at the breakfast-room door. No answer. A second, and again a third time, when suddenly the door was opened, and the mistress of the Abbey, with a pale, swollen face, and eyes that were burning and tearless, stood before the startled woman, asking, in a low, fierce tone:

"Am I never to be obeyed? How dare you disturb me?"

"If you please, my lady, the captain of the ship has brought her ladyship's baby. He won't leave it unless he sees you and hears from your own lips that you'll take care of it and wish to have it, and he goes away again directly. I'm the only one in the house who has dared to come and tell you what you'd never forgive us for hiding; but I nursed you when a baby, my lady, and if you send me away after these years of service I must go. But what shall I tell the gentleman?"

"Tell him—tell him to wait."

"He came to keep his promise to a dying woman before going to his own wife, Lady Elizabeth," said Mrs. Hood, anxious to soothe, "and I suppose he will feel he has done his duty, and will take the child away with him;" and the housekeeper, with more dignity than her mistress had ever seen in her slight form before, was walking away, when the latter said:

"Hood, forgive me; I did not mean to be hard or harsh. I will see this man, but not just yet. Ask him to have some dinner, take care of the child, and tell me how long he can stay."

"Yes, my lady; he says he must leave by the nine-o'clock train. I'll tell him you will see him at eight, and I'll bring you the baby myself. I forgot to look and see if it's like its mother."

"Do."

But while Captain Speke, in company with Mrs. Fish, was eating his dinner and thinking that the little waif he had rescued from the sea would have everything that wealth and influence could purchase, the child itself was undergoing an examination which, had it been old enough to understand what was said, it would have scarcely considered flattering.

"Why, she's got black eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Hood, aghast, "and such a thing was never heard of in the family before. Lady Alice had blue eyes, and so have you, my lady, and so has her father; and how brown her skin is—a pretty child, some folks might say, but not like the old stock. I suppose there can't be any mistake, can there?"

"How should there be? All babies are more or less alike," replied Lady Elizabeth. "But I must see the man who brought her; let him know I will do so when he has finished dinner."

And without bestowing even a kiss upon the infant, Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard walked away; the dark baby had found no favor in her eyes.

CHAPTER III.—"I WILL HAVE IT."

Was the bargain made
In an angry moment, when pride was hurt?
Was it then that the snow-white robe was laid
To be trampled on in the dirt?

"And you are sure this is my sister's child?"

It was Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard who asked the question, and Captain Speke, who had just finished his account of Lady Alice's last request to him, and the peril of the ship, and the rescue of its passengers, started in surprise at the question, as he replied:

"I have every reason to believe so; it is the child which your sister's nurse let fall into the sea when she leaped into the boat. But why do you ask the question? You cannot doubt me, surely."

"Certainly not. But had not the woman Suma a child of her own?"

"I think so; yes, there were two babies, but it was natural she should think of her own child first; the other one was taken away in the boat with her."

"Then either of the children, and we do not know which, belonged to my sister?" observed the lady with cold decision.

"Yes," was the answer, with an impatient shrug, "and I have brought you the one we rescued without any certificate as to its parentage, unless the clothes in which it was dressed may be taken as such."

"I will tell you my reasons for asking these questions, Captain Speke," said the lady, more graciously. "The baby you have brought me is dark, with black eyes, with the taint of color about her, and we as a race are all fair; so are my sister's husband and his family. But the nurse Suma was a half-caste, though her husband was an Englishman. Don't you think that the presumption is that this is her child, and not my sister's?"

"I really cannot say. If the nurse and the other child survive you can easily decide the question, and in the meantime what is to be done?"

"I will keep the child, of course; it is only an idea on my part, and I may be mistaken. I also beg to express my sincere thanks for your great kindness, and the trouble you have taken. You have a wife, I believe; will you ask her to accept this ring from me as a token of my gratitude to her husband?"

And the Lady Elizabeth, with an air as gracious as could ever have been assumed by her illustrious namesake, took a magnificent diamond from her finger and handed it to the captain of the ill-fated Lurline.

"My wife will feel proud to wear your ring, madame," replied Captain Speke frankly; "it shall be a token between us also; if ever I learn anything to confirm your theory about the identity of the children I will send it to you, even if I cannot come myself; you will know then that I agree with you and have proof to confirm your suspicion."

"Thank you. I shall bring up this child as though I had no doubt about her relationship to me, and from this hour I shall not even breathe a suspicion of it unless I have incontestable proof; and you, I am sure, will feel it a matter of right and justice to say nothing of our conversation, but if Suma and the other child should be found, to give me your aid in arriving at the truth."

Captain Speke bowed over the hand extended to him. He quite understood the implied compact he was pledging himself to, though he could not know the reasons which prompted this proud, beautiful woman to the course she was pursuing. And yet, to those who knew her, the motives which actuated her were clear enough. It was far from probable that she would ever marry and have children of her own.

The earldom of Drayton had become extinct with the death of her father, consequently she and her sister had been coheiresses in his enormous wealth, and her sister's rights and property would descend also to her daughter, in the favor of whose son, if she had one, the title might be again revived. Therefore it was important, in Lady Elizabeth's estimation, that there should be an heir, male or female, to the property and name, and hence the readiness with which she accepted the child brought to her from the wreck of the "Lurline," even though in her heart she did not believe her to be her half-sister's daughter.

So Captain Speke went away, carrying the ring with him—a curious ring and somewhat out-fashioned, it is true, being composed of [illegible] tre, and a circle of smaller ones round it forming a cluster, while on the gold at the back of it were engraved the letters E. F. H.

"A handsome present," thought the gallant sailor as he examined it when alone in the railway carriage on his way back to town. "I wonder if it is the right baby or not?"

He could only wonder and speculate on the point, however, having not one scrap of fact or knowledge to guide him in a decision against the helpless waif he had taken to Drayton Abbey, for the clothes it wore when rescued from the sea were of the finest description, and evidently formed part of the outfit which Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill had provided for her baby. What more conclusive evidence could there be of an infant's identity?

A new element had come into Drayton Abbey. A nursery was established, two nurses were engaged, and Lady Elizabeth seemed to sink into comparative insignificance before the tiny tyrant who had thus arrived to share her domain. Not that Lady Elizabeth bowed down to and became the slave of the wonderful infant, as all the other women in the house, even down to Mrs. Fish, did. She was never seen by anyone to kiss it; she never took it in her arms, but she ordered everything for its comfort and amusement, visited the nursery once a day, and ordered baby to be brought to see her for about five minutes before being put to bed each night.

And thus the days and weeks and months went on. No news came of Suma and the other child, except that the boat in which they and the sailors had sought to save themselves had been picked up by an American vessel, after having been tossing about for eight-and-forty hours on the sea; but how many of the boat's crew were saved and what became of them could not with accuracy be discovered.

"I will keep this up till Charles arrives," thought Lady Elizabeth, as she looked at the dark-skinned baby. "Surely he will know if it is his own child, for he has seen it before."

But she had longer to wait for her brother-in-law's arrival than she had calculated upon. Lady Alice had been ordered to leave India at once by the doctors, if she would save her life. Her husband had not been able to get leave at the time, but was promised it later on; and so husband and wife parted, never in this world to meet again.

When the news of his wife's death reached Charles Fitz-Howard Hill—he had taken her name on his marriage—he was frantic with grief and despair; the shock brought on a fever, from which he had scarcely recovered when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, the Russian war having just broken out, and the idea of obtaining leave to go to England, or of selling out of the army, was, of course, out of the question. Besides, what had he to live for? A helpless baby, whose mother's family would care for and richly dower. Had his child been a boy it might have been otherwise—he might have looked forward to the years when he should become his companion and friend; but a girl—one who would become an heiress too—was pretty sure to marry and leave her father, and he could build up no hopes for the future with her. So Captain Fitz-Howard Hill rather hailed with relief than otherwise the idea of going where there would be something more than mere routine in his daily life, where peril, excitement, and death would be his constant companions, so that thought and regret might not crush him under their iron heel or goad him to madness.

When the news reached Lady Elizabeth, at Drayton Abbey, that her brother-in-law, instead of coming home, was ordered to the seat of war, she ground her teeth and paced about the room as though, as Mrs. Fish afterwards observed, she had been a wild animal, instead of a human being. Indeed, according to this worthy woman, her ladyship did not take misfortune, disappointment or pain patiently. Instead of bowing her head to the blast, she stood up and raged against the tempest with a violence that silenced and awed those who heard her, and where others would have wept and cowered and sat down in helpless misery, she fought and struggled, refusing, while life was in her, to be subdued. Now she felt like a lioness bound by numerous small cords, any one of which she might have broken, but the whole were beyond her strength to snap.

Day after day she became more confirmed in her suspicion that this was not her sister's child, but that of the nurse; but how could she prove it? Where was the true heiress of Drayton Abbey, if this were not she? Alive, and exposed to privation and neglect? or dead? while a low-born usurper filled her place. The thought stung this proud woman, the last of the Fitz-Howards, to madness. If her brother-in-law would but come home, things might be clearer; but now she had gone too far to draw back. Had she repudiated the infant at first, she could then have taken steps openly to discover the missing child, whereas now to do so would seem as though she had changed her opinion from mere caprice, and nothing else. Still, to foist an impostor by accident upon the world as her legal heir and descendant was more than Lady Elizabeth was capable of, anxious as she might be that the name and influence of her family should not die out.

Tied as she was by appearances, Lady Elizabeth could do little or nothing openly; but wealth is a wonderful power, and opens with its golden key so many secret coffers, and those who possess great wealth, as a rule, believe so infallibly in its efficacy, that, having once determined to employ it without stint, she could not doubt that she would get what she required. An instrument, however, was wanted, and, looking over the morning papers, her eye rested upon the following advertisement, which seemed as though it would answer her purpose:

"Gorlidge, Private Inquiry Agent. Confidential inquiries made on every subject, next of kin discovered, legal cases investigated, the utmost secrecy maintained. Address: Cecil street, Strand, London.

"I'll write to him, at any rate," mused the lady of the Abbey.

Three days afterwards Mr. Gorlidge himself came down to see her. A tall, rather handsome man, of some two or three and thirty, "almost" a gentleman, as Stevens, who ushered him in, mentally expressed it, with keen brown eyes, which seemed like a pair of stilettos, ready to dart through the person he was addressing, and to drag out the thoughts of their very souls; having dark brown hair, with a reddish tinge in it, and full, sensual lips, by no means ugly in shape, but, taken as an index to their owner's character, like a very signboard, on which, in capital letters, was written "Beware!" Wrapped about with her own pride and dignity, Lady Elizabeth looked upon him simply as a tool, a paid servant—one, however, in whom it would be desirable to place as little confidence as possible.

"And you want this woman Suma, or rather Mrs. Wrightson, discovered, wherever she may be?" observed Mr. Gorlidge, making notes as he spoke.

"Yes, and the child she has with her; that is as important as herself," replied the lady.

"Her own child?"

The keen brown eyes fixed themselves upon Lady Elizabeth's countenance, till, proud as she was, and gifted with so much self-command, she felt her face crimson.

But her voice was steady as she replied:

"Of course."

"Then it will be dark like herself?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders impatiently as she said:

"I never saw it; her husband is white, and she is not so very dark herself; but I want both the child and mother found, let the search cost what it may."

"Yes, my lady, even though we have to send, or I have to go, to America to find them?"

"Yes; if you have to go all over the world."

"Thank you; I think my instructions are complete," glancing over his notes. "I will take a hundred pounds on account, if you please, and I shall send you a weekly report of my progress."

So the check was written, and Mr. George Gorlidge took his leave. When the fly in which he had traveled from the station had left the Abbey half a mile behind he stopped the driver, got out, walked a little distance, surveying the magnificent pile of buildings with envious greed.

"A chance comes to all men once in their lives," he mutters, half aloud, as he looks upon the family mansion of the Earls of Drayton, "and my lucky star was in the ascendant when you wrote to me, my lady. If I live long enough I will be the owner and master of that house, in my wife's right, perhaps, but as I stand here I swear by all that's eternal I will have it!"

Had Lady Elizabeth heard the man taking [illegible] had been dealing with a madman. But no, he was sane enough, knew what he was promising himself, and some of the difficulties that stood in his way, and the task, after all, as we shall find, if he could command all the attendant circumstances, just possible.

But the other baby, where was she? In a very different position from the child surrounded by wealth and luxury at the Abbey, and yet her eyes as blue as sapphires, her skin rivaling the white rose in its bloom, while strangers wonder that so dark a mother should have so fair a child. The fair child's pathway through life is strewn with thorns; and if roses there be any, they are in the far distance ahead.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PASSING AWAY.

HIS OPINION OF THE CLIPPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Here's yer CLIPPER—NEW YORK CLIPPER!
Nother volume just begun—
Don't forget it—she's a ripper—
Here yer are fer No. 1.

Oldest of the sporting papers,
Likewise of them all the boss,
Never cuts no vulgar capers,
Though its cuts are good as sauce.

All about the drama in it,
Anything yer wants to know—
Find in just a half a minute
Name and place of any show.

All the actor fellers need it,
Them as follers the profesh;
If they didn't buy and read it,
Guess their friends would think 'em fresh.

Then fer sporting news, I tells yer
Here's the sheet that lays 'em low—
Never guys and never sells yer,
Gives the facts and doesn't blow.

All the sporting men they gets it,
Think its articles are prime—
Put their money, when they bets it,
With THE CLIPPER every time!

Talk about baseball—it glories
In that much-admired game,
While fer squibs and poems and stories
Taint no sucker on the same!

Chess and checkers, walking, boating,
Boxing, wrestling and the trigger,
Turf events correctly noting—
These THE CLIPPER has to rig 'er.

Here yer are! THE NEW YORK CLIPPER!
Volume Number Twenty-six.
Don't forget it—she's a ripper—
Here's the card that takes the tricks!

EMAC CROOK.

THE BRAKEMAN'S DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. KAY SEE.

Night had set in with rain and wind, when the boy at the small hotel went to summon the doctor to the bedside of Jim Brachen—the brakeman who was hurt last week by the accident on the road, who had suddenly become worse—just as the people at the house were sitting down to supper. They were mostly railroad hands who stopped there, and all of them knew Jim and were [illegible] because they felt it was the last they would eat in Jim's lifetime. His injuries were internal, and, though he had not suffered much, it was evident to them all, even if they had not been told so by the doctor, that their old companion was dying. He was a fine fellow, was Jim; young, handsome, and intelligent. Nobody about the place knew much of his history before he came among them, but it was said he was the son of a rich man in a distant city, that he had been disinherited, and compelled to shift for himself, because he married against his father's wishes. Jim's wife died just after he obtained a place on the railroad, about a year after their marriage, and the men remembered the young man's grief, and how despondent he was for a long time afterwards. Indeed, it was this that drew many of their hearts to him, and from that time all of them loved Jim. They couldn't help it; for, as Roberts, the conductor of the train on which Jim ran, said at the table that night, as he abstractedly tapped his pipe with his knife: "He was the kindest, gentlest, and most accommodating fellow that ever was." Then the conductor related how Jim once paid the fare of an old woman who had her pocket picked on the train; and how at the risk of his life he saved a child from being run over by a train which was approaching with lightning speed on the track the little one attempted to cross to reach its mother. These incidents in the life of the sick man recalled others to the minds of several of his fellow-brakeman, and they told them to the men present, who scarcely tasted a mouthful of the food set before them.

"They couldn't," said one of them, a tall engineer, said, "for thinking of their old comrade." When the doctor came they all quietly went upstairs with him, and waited outside the door of Brachen's room in silence, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing Jim, till they were told they could enter. By the doctor's orders all persons except the nurse had been excluded from the room for the past few days, and when the men passed in it was plain to them that their friend had been failing fast since last they saw him. His cheeks were sunken and paler, and his eye had an unnatural brightness and an expression that told but too truly that his mind was wandering. He did not recognize them when they came in—he seemed scarcely to hear them, so quietly they stepped; but in a few minutes he asked:

"Doctor, are these the boys around me?"

When he was told they were, he smiled and tried to turn his head to see them better by the dim lamplight. The nurse helped him over on his side, and he murmured his thanks, and asked them all to come nearer to the bedside, and he put out his hand for them to grasp.

"Boys," he said, as the first one tenderly, almost reverently, took the thin, outstretched hand, "I'm going to leave you. I have felt, ever since I was hurt, I could not recover, and have prepared myself to go. But I hate to leave you, boys; you are the only friends I have had since I came among you. You have been very kind to me, all of you, and I love you for it. I was in need of kindness when I came here, for I felt as though there was nothing left in the world for me to live for. I had been disinherited by my father for marrying without his consent; and though my wife—you knew her, boys, before she died—was as good as any woman in the world, she was not good enough for my proud father, and he never forgave me for what I had done. When I left my home, and struggled along in the world for myself—I, who had never done a stroke of work before—I knew what friendship and sympathy meant. I found both among you. Do you wonder that I love you for it? And so I felt that I could not die easy without seeing you all. Now, boys, one at a time. Shake hands and say good-bye, and then I shall die happy."

He released the hand he had been tightly holding, and the others came up and with tears in their eyes bade him farewell. Then he talked of his old home, his parents and his school-days; and then he re-enacted the last scene with his father, when he left his home forever. There was not a dry eye in the room. Even the doctor and the nurse, both used to death-bed scenes, wept with the rest. Presently he asked if one of the men would go for a clergyman; he would like to have one there when he died, he said. None of them had thought of Jim—good, kind Jim—needing a preacher at his bedside; but a messenger was immediately despatched to the rectory, a short distance away, and in a few minutes the clergyman entered the room. Jim was glad to see him. He took the preacher's hand, and held it in his while he said:

"I have not been inside a church for years, but when I was a boy I attended regularly with my father and mother. I want you to read to me, if you please, from the prayer-book that part of the burial service which is in 'David Copperfield.' It occurs in the chapter which tells of David's mother's funeral. Read it to me, quick, please! for I feel I am going fast."

The clergyman opened his book and read: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

He ceased reading; the hand which he still held in his own gave a slight, convulsive grasp, a smile overspread Jim's face, and death had freed the spirit from the dying body to let it wing its flight to the realms in which it "shall never die."

M. VICTOR HUGO is reported to be worth over $1,000,000. He lives very economically, and rides in an omnibus. People wonder who will inherit his fortune. He has only one child living—a daughter. His son's children have been adopted by the wealthy and childless M. Lockroy, who married not long ago their widowed mother.

DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.—The story comes from Deadwood that a member of a certain church congregation was bowie-knifed by a zealous deacon for putting a counterfeit quarter in the contribution-box, and the excited pastor, without leaving his pulpit, shot the good deacon for creating a disturbance during divine service.

A MAN who had announced his first attack of rheumatism learned in one-half hour that the following would cure it: Iodide of potassium, quinine, glauber salts, onions, raw lemons, raw silk, oil silk, gin and tansey, rock candy and whiskey, Turkish baths, a potato carried in his pocket, a horse-chestnut carried in his pocket, an eel-skin around his leg, a suit of red flannel, chloroform liniment, hot lemonade, a trip South, a dry atmosphere, equable temperature sulphur baths, mustard and hot water, camphor liniment, and electricity.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

ECHER, Louisville.—1. "Assisting," although in some places it is entirely unknown, is a part of the old game of euchre. The better class of players will not permit it, however, since the introduction in some coteries, about seventeen years ago, of the absurd practice of permitting a player to go alone after his partner has virtually exposed his hand by proffering an assistance. He who now says he will "assist" is required, among the better-class of euchre players, to go alone, so that his partner can take no advantage of the virtual exposure of cards. 2. When "assisted" by your partner, you cannot play it alone at regular euchre, any more than you can turn it down. It is with cards as in everyday business—the declaration of one partner is binding upon the other. There cannot be two elections as to the one trump. If one player says "I assist," thus shutting out his opponents from going alone, his partner cannot say there shall be no assistance. 3. See answer to "Patron, Milwaukee." 4. There is such a game, in the book called "American Hoyle," as assisting euchre. Indeed, although the later game is seventeen years old, "American Hoyle" seems never to have been of thorough cattle statistics. 3. It would take about forty years to figure out "how many points there are in a pack of cards when playing cribbage." The conundrum is akin to asking how many possible moves there are on a chess-board.

T. S., New Orleans.—Spalding & Rogers built the Floating Palace in 1852, and traveled with a circus company on it for three years. Then Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie traveled on it for one season. The Floating Palace, with a circus, was the only show of the kind ever on the Western waters. There have been floating theatres before and since.

H. B., Washington.—No such letter was ever published in THE CLIPPER, and we do not remember ever having seen such a statement over that gentleman's signature in any newspaper. The facts of the case will probably never be given to the public during the lifetime of the parties named.

PATRON, Milwaukee.—The partner of the player who made the trump could not go alone, nor could either of his opponents. Only that player who assumed the responsibility of the trump, and thereby shut out partner, as well as opponents, from having any say as to the trump, could go alone.

W. R. W., Cobourg.—The Great Eastern was once fitted up to carry 5,000 persons from England to Australia—her first class, 2,000 second-class, and 1,000 third-class—but she did not carry them. When she last came to New York she was fitted up to accommodate 2,000 passengers, but she got but 191.

C. B. K.—The sales being at $50,000, $40,000, and $45,000, the seller makes, of course, the difference between the intermediate sale and the last one. In other words, when he bought he had a house that he sold for $50,000, and now he has $56,000 and no house. He is $5,000 ahead.

J. C. B., Milford.—Cutting or sawing slices off the tips of cues is the lazy man's way of preparing cues for the leather. In a well-regulated room, where feathering is frequent, it would use up a cue inside of a year, by shortening it. You have been doing right.

E. T. K., Kansas City.—If you had read attentively the notice at the head of our dramatic summary, you would have found an answer to your question. To reply personally to the numerous applicants for such positions would occupy too much time and space.

MISS M. A. C., Milbury.—Your best plan would be to make a trial. Get an engagement in some theatre or traveling company to play small parts, including the called utility. To do this, go to Chicago and interview the various managers and dramatic agents there.

GUSS, Savannah.—1. No crew can rightfully lay claim to the championship of the Hudson River unless they defeat the Vesper crew. 2. Yes. Perkins is the champion walking champion of America.

J. H. S., Louisville.—1. Will answer about Sadler and Green next week. 2. We prefer not to express our opinion as to who is the best clog-dancer in this country. 3. What distance? 4. Cannot say who is the richest man in the world.

E. B., Louisville.—1, 2. Brothers, and sons of the elder Junius Brutus Booth. 3. From $8 to $12 per week. 4. That is our private business. 5. The term manuscript indicates that the play is in writing, in contradistinction to printed plays. 6. Yes.

MUSICAL MORE, Philadelphia.—1. From $40 to $100 per week, according to reputation and ability. 2. East Centre, or West centre, referring to a division of the city for postal purposes.

T. C. B., Poughkeepsie.—Fisher can play alike behind bat, on a base or in the open field. We never heard of his pitching. His original position was as catcher of the Camden Club.

JOHN J. WEISS, Bradford.—B loses. In the match between Harry Hicken and Bryan Campbell, in 1873, the men were confined to 130lb, and upon going to scale on the day of fighting each man weighed in at 129½.

GEORGE R. B., Pottsville.—In England the number of players on a side is eleven. In this country both elevens and fifteens are played. Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Rules" will be of use to you; price, 50 cents.

JACKSON SHAW, Phila.—Frank Kilsby defeated Tom King (who fought Heenan) in a scullers' race on the Thames championship course, Eng., May 20, 1867. The race was for £200, and Kilsby won easily by three lengths.

P. A. W., Winona.—C and his partner forfeit the game in penalty for C's having built a nine when he had nine men in his hand. At no time is a player do for his partner what he could not do for himself.

JAMES HENDERSON, Toronto.—Such a feat has never been attempted, and it is our opinion that it is scarcely within the bounds of possibility. We would advise you to abandon the scheme, as it is not likely to prove profitable.

L. W.—1. Daniel E. Sickles shot Philip Barton Key on Feb. 27, 1859. We are not aware to whom he killed him. William Poole, however, was shot on Feb. 25, 1855, and died on the following March 8.

T. B., Portland.—We feel that had the count wins, unless the other bird showed fight while the twenty was being counted. Running away did not lose the fourth fight under the circumstances.

POPE, Chicago.—He ever ran at the rate of one mile in a minute in any part of his running. It is *said* that Flying Childers did so, but it is not credited by any turfman of intelligence. See THE CLIPPER of Aug. 4.

C. J., Baltimore.—Bhaving turned the deck-head down before A made a trick, the latter scores three in case B fails to make sixty-six.

H. Dewey, Wis.—1. Your card will cost $1.80 for one month. 2. Wm. Huntley, we believe, is still teaching. Address him care of this office.

NICK, Virginia City.—The son would be an American citizen. Brief space of office he craved, and subject to every obligation—if found here in perilous times.

A READER.—Of the two the violin is the more difficult under the hand, as it requires more practice than ordinary talent to make you prominently successful.

A. R. N., Greenpoint.—A could take in all the tens he could find or put together, regardless of his not having in any deck over ten of that value, and B made his "nine."

D. H. A., Nashua.—Their names will shortly be published in our circus summary, and they can be addressed in care of this office. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

POSTMASTER, Pottsville.—Forward them to this office, and we will advertise them for the parties, who will send for them.

ADMIRER.—She was robbed Dec. 31, 1873. She made her American debut in this country Jan. 3, 1874. She did not act in "The Shaughraun" until Nov. 14, 1874.

VARIETY.—Rahway and Elizabeth is the distance between there and Albany is about 146 miles by rail, and about 150 by boat, starting from say Chambers street, N. R.

A. E. A., Boston.—1. The game was over when No. 4 called "Pool." 2. It is not necessary that all the balls shall have been pocketed.

A. B. C.—Weston, in his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., in the Fall of 1867, arrived at his destination inside the stipulated 26 days.

G. C. S., Cincinnati.—Barney Williams, who died in this city April 25, 1876, acted Ragged Pat in "Ireland as it Was" many times.

UNO.—As we do not agree with you in all the severe things you say of the "English Talking Clown," we have deemed it best to omit your dewdry-written sketch.

CONSTANT READER.—William Foster Jr., president of the Gilbert Elevated Road, and Chas. H. Clayton is secretary. They can be addressed at 714 Broadway.

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C. J., Baltimore.—B having

ROLLING IN CONNECTICUT.—Jack Glennan and Tom Allen, prize men residing at Greenwich, Ct., recently had a rough-and-tumble fight, but were separated by mutual friends. Neither was willing to let it rest there, however, and an agreement was entered into to settle their difference by a contest governed by the rules of the P. R. This was done on the morning of March 20, a short distance from the village, some fifty spectators being on hand. Glennan, who is the lighter man of the two, was repeatedly knocked down, but fought gamely, administering quite as much punishment as he received, and finally winning in the thirtieth round. Both contestants were badly used up in the contest, and both claimed the victory. The referee waited upon Allen. It was claimed by the latter's friends that the blow which doubled him up in the second was struck too low down, and the general impression seemed to be that Allen is the better man.

ARTHUR MULLER, the clever Brooklyn member of the Order of Fives, will receive a testimonial benefit at Mozart Garden, corner of Smith and Fulton streets, that city, on Monday evening, April 8. There will be an athletic and variety feast on this occasion, among the chief advertised attractions being boxing bouts between Mullen and Prof. McClellan, Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss. A half-dollar takes you in.

THE TESTIMONIAL to William Higgins at Harry Hill's on Thursday, March 21, attracted a large assembly, who had no difficulty in passing a pleasant afternoon. The wind-up between Higgins and Johnny Murphy, and fully equal of expectations.

JOHN WOODS is keeping a saloon in Boston. We hear that his eyesight has become considerably improved.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY WINS THE BELT.
He Covers 520 1-4 Miles in 139 Hours 10 Minutes.

With the conclusion of the Astley tournament in London, Eng., on Saturday evening, March 23, there was flashed over the wires the announcement that Daniel O'Leary, America's representative, had walked off with first honors, giving a consummate beating to a large field of the best walkers and runners Great Britain could pit against him, and accomplishing a wonderful performance. The tournament was held at Agricultural Hall, and the conditions governing it were:

Sweepstakes of 10sovs. each, for all comers; each competitor to make, by running or walking, the best of his way as fast (without assistance) for six days and six nights—to start at one o'clock A. M. on Monday, March 18, 1878, and finish at half-past ten o'clock P. M. March 24. The man accomplishing the greatest distance in the specified time to be the champion pedestrian of the world, and to have intrusted to his keeping a belt, value £30, and receive £200; second, £100; third, £50; and any competitor covering a distance of 400 miles to receive back his stake with an additional £10. Any competitor (other than the first three men) covering more than 500 miles to have an additional £5 for every three miles over the 500 miles, such amount not to exceed £40. The surplus receipts (if any) over expenses to be either divided between the competitors who have covered more than 400 miles in the same proportion as the prizes, or awarded in further prizes to encourage pedestrianism. Two tracks were laid down—one for Englishmen and one for foreigners—the former measuring seven laps and the latter eight laps to the mile.

Of the twenty selected competitors, E. P. Weston, Peter Crosland and G. Parry did not start, the contestants being James Bailey of Sittingbourne, H. Brown ("Blower") of Fulham, W. Corkey of London, Joseph Groves of Oswestry, Sam. George Hazael of London, George Ide of North Woolwich, George Johnson of Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, S. R. Johnson of Wrexham, W. Lewis of Islington, C. Martyn of Aberdare, Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, U. S. A., J. Smith of York, W. Smith of Paisley, W. H. Smythe of Dublin and America, Harry Vaughan of Chester. Among the larger number of probable entries, who had sent in a sovereign each, appeared the name of Wm. Howes, who won the recent 26 hours walk, doing a grand performance, and much disappointment was felt because of his non-participation, many being of opinion that he had a better chance than any other of those who were opposed to O'Leary. Howes stated that the entry of his name was made without his consent, and that he never had any intention of taking part, preferring to engage in a match with the winner for £500 a side, O'Leary preferred. Whether or not he could have made a better fight with the American than Vaughan did is an open question, but Lewis, who pressed Howes quite closely, never had a shadow of a chance in last week's competition; how far he traveled we do not know, as his name was not mentioned in any of the dispatches received after the first day. From these culled figures, the figures in which cannot be relied upon as absolutely correct, we glean the following information regarding the progress of the contest:

MONDAY, 1 P. M.—O'Leary, 63¾ miles; Corkey, 65; Smith, 64. At 7 P. M.—Corkey, 94; Brown, 86; Lewis, 85; McLeary, 83; Vaughan, 82; O'Leary, 81; Ide, 80. At midnight—Corkey, 113; O'Leary, 112; Vaughan, 101; McLeary and Brown, 100 each. O'Leary had kept on a trot until he left the track in the afternoon, having a good lead at the time. Upon resuming he went off at a brisk walking gait and kept it up.

TUESDAY, 1 o'clock P. M.—O'Leary, 160; Corkey, 150; Brown and Vaughan, 153 each; the others afar off. O'Leary suffered considerably from giddiness; Corkey was in excellent condition and making it hot for the American. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary and Corkey, 174 each; Brown, 170; Vaughan, 160. None of the remaining contestants had done more than 146 miles, and thus early it was made apparent that the real contest lay between those named. O'Leary in the evening adopted the running tactics which he had proved pretty much all day, and was in better fix, having recovered from his attack of dizziness. Vaughan was now forcing the pace, finishing his miles in quicker time than O'Leary. Betting had, from even on Daniel against the field, changed somewhat more in favor of Vaughan and Corkey, who were going along steady and strong, and were looked upon as dangerous rivals to him. However during the night O'Leary gained a long lead, increasing the contents of his friends.

WEDNESDAY, 1 A. M.—O'Leary, 200; Corkey, 190; Brown, 188; Vaughan, 184; Smith, 182. At 3 P. M.—O'Leary, 240; Vaughan, 237; Brown, 233; Corkey, 229. At midnight—O'Leary, 284; Vaughan, 271; Brown, 268.

THURSDAY, 11.30 A. M.—O'Leary, 318; Vaughan, 307; Brown, 305. At 3 P. M.—O'Leary, 326; Vaughan, 315; Brown, 312. Vaughan, though suffering severely from sore feet, had kept trotting pretty steadily all day and had gained on the leader. Corkey was compelled to take a long rest, having been seized with severe pains in the legs. At midnight—O'Leary, 373; Vaughan, 359; Brown, 337.

FRIDAY, 11 A. M.—O'Leary, 403; Vaughan, 390; Brown, 361. Corkey, Smith and Ide many miles behind, but gamely persevering. Both Brown and Vaughan ran at intervals, while O'Leary kept up the same steady stride which he had maintained since Tuesday. He was, however, suffering considerably, not from fatigue, but from painful chaffing, while his left leg seemed somewhat stiffened on that account. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary, 438¾; Vaughan, 426. At this time 30,000 persons were present. The rush to witness the contest continued, and as the band played American airs it inspired the American, and he put on spurt after spurt amid cheers that shook the building. At midnight—O'Leary, 457; Vaughan, 441; Brown, 415¾.

The excitement became intense as the last day wore on, and the great building was filled to overflowing. A disatch sent to some of the papers stated that O'Leary was somewhat lame and his feet are sore, but he is walking at a steady pace, evidently reserving his strength. He has the race well in hand, and nothing short of an absolute collapse can prevent him from winning." At 1 P. M.—O'Leary, 493; Vaughan, 470; Brown, 447. At 2 P. M.—O'Leary, 497; Vaughan, 473. At 3 P. M.—O'Leary, 503; Vaughan, 479; Brown, 453. At 4 P. M.—O'Leary, 508; Vaughan, 483; Brown, 458. At 5 P. M.—O'Leary, 513; Vaughan, 487; Brown, 463. At 6 P. M.—O'Leary, 517; Vaughan, 493; Brown, 468. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary, 516; Vaughan, 497. Brown retired. The contest collapsed rather suddenly. Vaughan completed 500 miles at 7.38 o'clock and then retired. O'Leary walked until 8.10 o'clock, when he had completed 520 miles and 2 laps, and then left the track. Brown walked till 8 o'clock, scoring 477 miles and 3 laps. Ide also walked till 8.30, scoring 405 miles and 4 laps. O'Leary was then declared winner amid the playing of national airs and boundless excitement and enthusiasm. The victor, it will be observed, had 20 miles and twenty minutes to spare when he left the track, and was therefore capable of making a much better record had there been any occasion to persevere. The time for the full distance was 139h. 10min. He accomplished 419¾ miles 265 yards in 141h. 6min. 10sec. in his match with Weston at the same place last year, which make as the better performance of the two for the reason that then O'Leary walked every foot of the journey, whereas last week he trotted during a great part of the first forty-eight hours.

AN EIGHT HOURS MATCH.

J. McLeavy and W. Smith engaged in an eight hours' trial of endurance and speed at the Shawfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, March 9. The men agreed to start abreast, run the last two hours, but McLeavy was made the pace so hot that Smith had to take an occasional canter to keep with him. About an hour after the start Smith began to fall, and continued all day, drenching alike the competitors and spectators. At eleven miles (time, 2h. 40min. 20sec.), McLeavy led by fully 500 yards, when Smith retired, and, putting on his running shoes, ran twelve miles, thus obtaining a lead of four miles. McLeavy retired for a bath and change of clothes after walking twenty-two miles (time, 4hours 6min. 22sec.) On returning to the track, McLeavy stated his intention to walk till six o'clock P. M., at which time he had completed the distance of thirty-five miles, Smith still being four miles in front (time, 6 hours 40min.) After McLeavy retired, Smith walked another lap, when he was told by his backers to stop, it raining heavily.

THE FRIENDS OF GEORGE WALLACE, the great English sprinter who was at scratch with 75½yds. in the late 21lyds. handicap at Hyde Park, Sheffield, in which he was beaten by a foot by Hutchens, 8lyds. start, have started a subscription for him, by way of consolation for his failure to win first prize, and in token of their admiration for his qualities as a runner. Wallace was born March 3, 1852, stands 5ft. 11½in., and weighed 192¼lb on the day of the handicap allotted to.

A HALF-MILE HANDICAP, for £10, was run at the Moston Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., March 9. Out of forty entries twenty-nine started, the favorite being Langford at 21yds, while 4 to 1 were laid against Houldsworth and Donald. Result: J. Houldsworth, 17 yards start, first; E. Donald, 30, second; Pearson, 30, third; J. Langford, 35, fourth. George M. Wells of America started, from the 20 yards mark.

GALE'S LATEST WALK.—Wm. Gale entered upon his 4,000th quarter mile (in an exhibition walk of 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes) at 9.30 A. M., March 8 at Hull, Eng., and at 10 A. M. began an additional 125 quarters in 125 consecutive six minutes. He finished amid a downpour of rain.

JACK GOULDING has resumed the preparation of those desirous of excelling in pedestrian and other athletic feats, his first customer being Mr. Pinnock. Others wishing his services will find him at the grounds of the N. Y. A. C., Mott Haven.

MISS VON HILLERN walked in Cincinnati, O., last week. The task was to cover 100 miles in 28 hours, which she is said to have accomplished March 20, with seven minutes and forty-two seconds to spare.

W. BARNETT is said to have completed, on March 5, at the Wellington-street Walking-track and Baths, Leeds, Eng., the task of walking 1,200 miles in 500 hours, finishing with 5m. 56s. to spare.

W. HOWES, W. Lewis, Harry Thatcher, A. Hancock, O. Hancock and H. Richardson (America) are among the entries for the fifty-mile walk to take place in London, April 13.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN TWELVE.

Last Fall there was a great deal of talk in cricketing circles in California about the advent of the Australian twelve to San Francisco early this Spring, while on their way to England via the United States. Among other things named in connection with the visit was the improving of the Recreation Ball-ground of San Francisco, so as to make it a fine cricket-field for the proposed grand match, Australia vs. All-California. From a letter sent by Mr. Conway, the manager of the Cricket Club of Philadelphia, dated Melbourne, Dec. 31, 1877, it appears that the Australian team do not contemplate visiting America until their return to Australia next Fall. Mr. Conway writes to know whether he can arrange for a series of matches in the States, beginning not earlier than Sept. 15, 1878, as the team has matches in England from May 10 to Sept. 2. There is hardly a doubt that the clubs of New York and Philadelphia would be glad of the opportunity to play the Australians. Whether our metropolitan clubs—the St. George, Staten Island and Manhattan—could raise an eleven competent to cope with the visitors is a question; but they certainly can do it in Philadelphia, and that, too, with a strictly American team. The Philadelphians should busy themselves with getting an eleven in training for the Fall events at once. You cannot begin too early, and it would be far more creditable to play eleven versus eleven than eleven against twenty-two.

THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB.—The Staten Island Cricket Club is coming out strong for 1878. Last year it declared its independence of the mother club—old St. George—and it now talks fight to the old Dragon-slayer in a style which will make the stumps fly at Hoboken this coming season. What with new grounds, new members, new players, and, lastly, a new professional, the Island Club is likely to make things warm for the St. George crowd. The club has released Brewster from his engagement, and they have, and a live, professional from England, some man who has a record and a name among the elevens of the old country. Until engaged, Billy will umpire in match games and play with the Manhattans. Great improvements have been made in the Staten Island field, but it will take a season's work to get the turf in really good condition.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—Charley Hunt of the Prospect Park parade ground had the cricket field bordered with flags on Saturday last, he anticipating that the cricketers would have been as enterprising in taking advantage of the fine weather as the baseball players were; but they were not, and Charley had his trouble for nothing. The new Match Committee of the club—Messrs. Hooper, Jenkins, and Evans—are live men, and we hope to see them pushing the club into the old as early as the ground and weather will admit of play. They should also go in for playing more second-class matches than the club has hitherto done.

BILLIARDS.

THE INDIANA STATE TOURNAMENT.
Byers the Three-ball Champion.

This affair was inaugurated at Washington Hall, Indianapolis, on March 18, by an exhibition game between Parker A. Byers of Lafayette and Jacob Schaefer, long a resident of the West, but recently a sojourner in Boston. Schaefer, whose best run was 140, and average a fraction over 12, won by a score of 400 to 259. Then came the first game of the tournament proper. The number of points was 300, and the contestants were Randolph Heiser of Kokomo and Harry Bussey of Indianapolis. Heiser won by 152, his average being 10.5-7. The largest runs were 92 by the winner, and 50 by the loser.

The second game of the tournament, played on the afternoon of the second day, was between Jacob H. Garratt and George Morris, the former of whom was in the olden time the four-ball champion of Indiana. George Morris is an old-time safety-player, and consequently the average was very light, his own being but 2.12-19, while that of Garratt, who won by 103, was only 3.18-19. The winner's best run was 33; the loser's, 18. Averaging 4.7-17, Charles E. Carney then beat Albert Hawkins by 95, the latter's average being 3.1-84, and his best run 19, which was also the size of Carney's. At night Parker A. Byers beat Garratt by 300 to 226—averages, 8.9-17 and 6.11-17; best runs, 57 by the loser and 25 by the winner; and Heiser captured Morris by 300 to 68—averages, 11.5-13 and 2.8-13; best runs, 69 and 9.

Hawkins and Bussey opened play on the third day, the latter, whose average and best run were 8.14-17 and 60, winning by 194. Hawkins averaged 3.2-17, and his best run was 18. Then Garratt beat Carney by 300 to 200, the averages being 5.5-14 and 3.3-14, and the best runs 55 for winner, to 24 for loser. At night Carney scored but 81 to 300 by Byers, whose average was 12, and best run 66. Carney's best was 25, and his average 3.6-7. The day's play was finished by Heiser and Hawkins, the latter scoring 294, averaging 6.18-31, and showing 57 for his best run, Heiser's being 59, and his average 9.21-31.

In the afternoon of the fourth day Garratt beat Hawkins by 300 to 219, the winning average being 6.19-21; and Byers, whose majority was 221 and average 29.11-17, also beat Hawkins. At night Heiser made a run of 110 and averaged 15, beating Carney by 300 to 77; and Byers, with a run of 97 and an average of 14.2-7, beat Bussey by 189. The latter's play disappointed his friends.

In the afternoon of the closing day, March 22, Bussey made partial amends for his shortcomings of the prior night by putting in the largest run of the tourney (116) and the biggest average (30). The final game of the tournament proper is thus described by *The Indianapolis Journal* of March 23:

"The hall was filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic crowd to witness the game between Byers and Heiser, which manifested its approval by shouts of applause. Heiser won the first shot, and chose the white ball, but failed to count. Byers also failed, and for the first six innings both players seemed to be too nervous to play. Byers was the first to get a start, and made a run of 19 in the eighth inning, followed by runs of equal number for several innings, giving him a lead, which he maintained until the middle of the game, when Heiser scored a run of 48, giving him the lead by a few points. Byers made three runs of 31, 33 and 40 in the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth innings, which virtually won the game, as Heiser failed to come near him after that. He (Heiser) seemed to be very much 'rattled,' and, although he made some fine shots, missed several extremely easy ones. The game was finished in the fortieth inning by Byers scoring a run of 26 points. The crowd cheered and applauded vociferously, and nearly everyone crowded forward to shake the hand of Indiana's champion. To-night there will be a game between Heiser and Byers for $100 a side, 600 points up, three-ball, French carom. Harry Bussey immediately challenged Byers, and the game will be played at an early date."

ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.

On March 21 St. Louis, a city whose enterprise has of late years rendered it foremost in billiards, inaugurated a handicap tournament in which its putative amateur player W. McCreery participated, along with such undoubted professionals as Jacob Schaefer, Cyrille Dion and George F. Slosson, added to Thomas J. Gallagher, who also claims to be an amateur. Slosson, Schaefer and Dion play even up and give McCreery 20 per cent., while Slosson and Schaefer are required to give 10 per cent. to Gallagher, of whom it was exacted, according to a telegraphic dispatch, that he play Dion even up. The logic of this system of handicapping is inexplicable except by a proverb—if there is "the best of it" in anything, Cyrille Dion will have it. Dion and Gallagher played the opening game, and Dion won by a score of 600 to 462, his average being 10.10-19 against 8.25. In playing Gallagher, Dion was given 30 per cent., on the night of March 22, the St. Louis amateur was beaten by a score of 600 to 340, the loser averaging 11.1-3, and the winner 19.11-31. On Saturday night Slosson and Schaefer played a remarkable game, which Slosson won on an average of 37½, and with this brilliant score:

SLOSSON.—2, 4, 87, 4, 18, 288, 1, 5, 0, 96, 48, 28, 4, 0, 15—600.
SCHAEFER.—4, 7, 264, 2, 41, 38, 0, 3, 0, 2, 7, 20, 10, 0, 124—522.

Slosson's average in 600 points has nothing to compare with it except William Sexton's 31.11-19 in 600 in his $4,000 match in New Orleans, when the same inning that made him 600 also carried him to 726, thus increasing his average to 38.4-19. In 905 points it was 33.14-27, and yet Sexton's highest run fell 60 points short of Slosson's highest in St. Louis.

BREVITIES.—W. Taylor, brother of the well-known English professional Thomas Taylor, died in London March 7, aged 24..... "Yank" Adams on the night of March 28 gives an exhibition at the residence of Mayor Eastman of Poughkeepsie, N. Y..... On March 18 the Indiana State Billiard Association held a meeting at the Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, and made the following elections: Charles Lauer, president; Parker A. Byers, vice-president; Charles E. Carnes, treasurer and secretary..... The report that Victor Estephe of Philadelphia is about to retire from the profession lacks confirmation..... William Sexton and "Yank" Adams have entered into a partnership to give a series of fancy-shot exhibitions, the one with his nose and the other with his fingers, in the New England circuit. They will probably begin at Foster's room, New Haven, and their tour will continue until the opening of the fifteen-ball tournament in this city, in which Sexton will participate. That finished, the tour will be resumed..... Maurice Daly is expected home this week from Florida.

"THE ONLY AMERICAN TEAM."—Attention is directed to the card of William Sexton and "Yank" Adams, in our business columns. Parties desiring the services of these players can negotiate through their manager, Frank T. Maguire, 788 Broadway.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

R. Steel of Cedar Park Stud Farm, near Philadelphia, owns a broodmare which bears the appropriate name of "The Queen's Daughter," for she is by the imported thoroughbred Leamington out of the old "Queen of the Turf" Flora Temple. She is now seven years old. Mr. James A. Grinstead's fine three-year-old filly Mischief, by Gilroy, dam Mollie, was killed on his breeding farm, near Lexington, Ky., recently..... The Michigan Trotting Circuit has at length been arranged, and the following dates fixed: Adrian commences June 11, Grand Rapids, June 18; Jackson, June 25; and Detroit, July 2. Adrian gives $5,000 in purses; Grand Rapids, $7,000; Jackson and Detroit, $8,000 each. Each meeting will last four days..... Horses are now entertained that Smuggler will be able to trot this season, after all. He still remains in California..... A trotting association of the driving parks in the maritime provinces of the Dominion has been formed, and the rules and regulations of the American National Association adopted, with some slight variations. The officers chosen are David McClellan, St. John, N. B., president; J. R. Laing, Amherst, vice-president; and George Hopper, St. John, secretary..... In consequence of the abolition of poolselling in Massachusetts, no one can be found to lease Mystic Park, Boston, and after April 1 it will fall into the owner's hands..... Gen. Abe Buford has introduced a bill into the Kentucky Legislature providing for a stock commission to examine and license thoroughbred stallions for stud purposes, so as to secure the highest class for all the Pittsburg Race Meeting have filled remarkably well, the Rush House and the St. Charles Hotel Stakes, both for three-year-olds, having each twelve entries; the former sweepstakes for all ages, eleven; the Stroup Stakes, for two-year-olds, nine; and the Pittsburg Cup, twenty..... The Maryland Jockey Club gives $10,350 in purses and added money to stakes at its Spring and Autumn Spring meeting to date. There are eighteen races on the programme..... The two rival Agricultural Associations in Minnesota are at war, owing to a collision in the dates for their respective fairs, to be held at St. Paul and Minneapolis during the first week of September next. The fair grounds are only six miles apart, but the rivalry is intense..... All of Heart, the English-bred racehorse recently purchased of the Earl of Rosebery, for $2,500, by Charles Reed of this city, arrived here per the steamer Spain on March 20, in charge of Pat Meany the steeplechase rider. All Heart is a chestnut, with a blaze-face and near hind-leg white, and he stands a little over sixteen hands. He is intended for the stud, but he will first be tested as a jumper..... The Iron City Jockey Club of Pittsburg has secured the Friendship Park for the Summer running meeting in June. There are four days' racing, comprising two, three, and all-aged stakes, which closed on the 15th inst.

CINCINNATI VS. ST. LOUIS.—The dates for the Spring race meetings at Cincinnati and St. Louis clash with each other, and a warm correspondence between the secretaries of the respective jockey clubs is being carried on in relation to the matter. It appears that the Cincinnati association had not given any public notice that their Spring meeting would follow immediately after that of Louisville, and that date was also claimed by St. Louis, who fixed and announced their meeting accordingly. Cincinnati now claims that it was widely known that their meeting immediately succeeds Louisville, and that St. Louis could have easily ascertained that fact. The Queen Louis could have easily ascertained that fact. The Queen City Jockey Club therefore calls upon the St. Louis Club to change its date, but this the latter positively declines to do, and will hold its meeting at the time announced.

DATES OF RACE MEETINGS.—Mobile, Ala., on April 11 to 13; New Orleans, April 20 to 25; Nashville, Tenn., April 30 to May 4; Lexington, Ky., May 11 to 17; Baltimore, Md., May 18 to 24; Louisville, Ky., May 25 to 27; Cincinnati, May 31 to June 5; St. Louis, Mo., June 4 to 8; Columbus, O., June 12 to 15; Pittsburg, Pa., June 19 to 22.

A RECORD BEATEN.—A dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., informs us that the ten-mile trotting match between Controller and John Stewart, at the District course, March 23, was won by the former in 27min. 30sec., which is the best time on record. The stakes were $1,000 a side.

PROTINE.—This fine daughter of Blackwood, who made a record of 2:24 last season, has been sold to John Kayley of Cincinnati for $4,000. She will be trotted the coming season.

AQUATIC.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CREW, who for some time past have been preparing for their contemplated trip to Europe, have disbanded, consequent, as is alleged, upon differences between Capt. Goodwin and the other members of the crew. R. R. Colgate gave notice of his retirement, and his example was emulated by Boyd and Sage. Their places have been filled by Eldredge (bow), Edson and Ridabock, all of whom have had experience in rowing and acquitted themselves creditably in former races. Nobody, however, pretends that the crew, as now constituted, is or can be made as strong as the old four—at least, not this season—and there are doubts about the European trip being taken.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE RACE is to take place on the Thames April 13. The crews as constituted March 11 were: *Oxford*—W. A. Ellison (bow), 152lb.; D. J. Cowles, 163½; H. B. Southwell, 175½; W. H. Grenfell, 179¼; H. Pelham, 173½; C. C. Burgess, 188; T. C. Edwardes-Moss, 176; H. P. Marriott (stroke), 175½; P. M. Beaumont (cox.), 104. *Cambridge*—J. A. Watson-Taylor (bow), 161lb.; C. T. Holmes, 163; W. Barkley, 177; C. Gwiden, 195; C. Nettleford, 175; T. E. Hockin, 193; L. G. Pike, 177; E. H. Prest (stroke), 154; G. L. Davis (cox.), 105.

THE STEAMER DENMARK, which arrived from London, March 22, lost her rudder in a gale 12th. A drag Eng., March 22, lost her rudder in a gale 12th. A drag kept her on her course for a few days, but Capt. Robt. Williams, finding that it would not work without ample sea room, ingeniously improvised a steering apparatus out of spars, and a couple of iron gates backed with wood, and the vessel was brought to this port without assistance.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB, at a meeting held March 23, decided not to send a four-oared crew to the meeting to be held over the Saratoga course, Lake, N. Y. Julian Watkins Association regatta at Seneca Lake, N. Y. Julian Kennedy (who graduated in 1876, and has not since been connected with Yale) will go there as the representative of the university, the expenses to be defrayed by private subscription.

CHALLENGE TO WRESTLERS.—The attention of Charles Murphy and other square-hold wrestlers is called to the subjoined challenge, on account of which we hold fifty dollars:

NEW YORK, March 25, 1878.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I hereby challenge Chas. Murphy, Matt Grace or L. Cole to wrestle, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, for the championship of New York State and from $100 to $250 a side, Murphy preferred. Ed. James' rules to govern the same. A forfeit of $50 is now placed in your hands. This challenge to remain open two weeks. CHAS. CONNER, 466 Greenwich street.

SLOTT, WOODMAN & Co. of this city have recently issued a neat little volume containing a number of Mark Twain's latest sketches, including "Punch, Brothers, Punch!" Some of these waifs have already appeared in the magazines and newspapers, and their collection in this more durable form will be welcomed by Mr. Clemens' numerous admirers. Whatever Mark Twain's failings may be, the fact remains that he enjoys a wider popularity than any other American humorist now living. From which it is safe to predict that this little book will find a ready sale.

A COCKING MAIN, New York vs. Williamsburg, came off on Long Island March 18; conditions: $30 a battle, and $200 the odd. Eleven battles were fought, New York winning by a score of six to five, the last fight occupying thirty-five minutes.

THE TRIGGER.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—The new grounds of this club at Marion, N. J., were opened on Tuesday, March 19, when glass-ball shooting was indulged in by members and others. The first event was a sweepstakes shoot, $2 entry, five balls, which was won by Eugene Bogardus (12 yards rise), beating three others. The next was also a sweep, upon same conditions, with fifteen entries. W. Sheppard, Eugene Bogardus and M. Buttles broke all their balls and divided first money, $15; F. M. Thompson and Dr. Burdett each smashed four and divided second money, $10; and G. Hurlbut took third money, $5. Next was a match between young Bogardus and Henry Langestaff (each about thirteen years of age), twenty-five balls apiece, 10 yards rise, both using the same gun, a 20-gauge. They tied on 20, and Langstaff declined to shoot off. This was followed by a sweep of $5 6, ten balls each, 18yds. rise, twenty-three entries. J. H. Hurlbut won first money, $28, by breaking nine balls. Wm. Hughes and E. Madison breaking eight each and diving second money, $18, and the third prize, $10, was divided by J. S. Dustin and A. Heritage, who broke seven apiece. Captain Bogardus then essayed the feat of breaking 300 balls within twenty-one minutes. Two traps were used and three guns of the following weight and calibre: No. 10 gauge, 10lb.; No. 12 gauge, 7¼lb.; and No. 20, 5¾lb. The Captain smashed 301 balls in 20m. 3½s., missing only thirteen in the 314 shot at.

BOGARDUS FAILS.—Capt. Bogardus attempted to kill 85 pigeons out of fifty pairs at Brooklyn Driving Park, Long Island, March 22. The feat is an exceedingly difficult one, and few expected that the Captain would succeed; nor did he, but, though failing, he exhibited remarkable skill, over nine birds being hit, of which number sixty-three fell dead within bounds, while six of the thirty-seven scored as missed dropped dead beyond the limit. The birds were young and strong, and even when hard-hit carried the shot a long distance, while there was little wind, rendering it a difficult matter, by reason of the smoke, to draw a bead upon the second bird while it was within effective hitting distance. Few were hit with the first barrel. Bogardus used the same gun he shot with in his 5,000 glass-ball feat at Gilmore's—a Scott & Co. 10-bore, not in the very best order—and shot from H and T traps, placed about a yard apart, 21 yards rise, 100 yards fall, Long Island Gun Club rules governing. Umpires: Moses Bayles for Mr. Duffy (backer of birds), G. F. Gildersleeve for Bogardus. Referee, Dr. Talbot. A noteworthy fact is that one of the birds which fell dead out of bounds—about 127 yards from the traps—was found to have ten shot wounds. About one thousand spectators were present, and the large majority are satisfied that, under more favorable circumstances, Bogardus can accomplish the feat undertaken. Time of shooting, 1h. 30m.

SHORT-RANGE TOURNEY.—The massive championship badge offered by *The Forest and Stream*, and a variety of other prizes, were last week contended for at Conlin's Gallery, this city, by nine teams of ten men each, representing respectively the Zettler, New York, Hellwig, Scottish-American, Newark, Seppenfeldt, Centennial, Irish-American, and Yorkville Clubs. The match was at 15 birds each, each man at 110 feet (Creedmoor 200-yard target reduced), rifles 22-100 calibre, 3lb trigger pull. The scores were: Zettler, 454; New York, 445; Hellwig, 442; Scottish-American, 437; Newark, 429; Seppenfeldt, 427; Centennial, 424; Irish-American, 420; Yorkville, 419. Total possible score, 500. The highest individual score—49 out of a possible 15—was made by J. A. Meyer of the Hellwigs and C. D. Redpath of the Centennials. C. E. Blydenburgh of the New York Club, J. L. Tobias of the Newark, and M. Engel of the Zettlers were next with 48. The prizes won were presented at the Sturtevant House on the evening of the 23d.

THE MONTHLY SHOOT of the Excelsior Club of Williamsburg, L. I., took place at the Brooklyn Driving Park March 21. Ten members pulled trigger at five birds each, 21 yards rise, 30 yards fall, 80 yards boundary, with this result: Huber, Kampfmuller, Watts and Hedeman, 4 each; Beringer and Heiser, 3 each; McGill, Altenbrand and Obrig, 2; Weber, 0. In shooting off, the first three each grassed 2, Hedeman missing.

JERSEY CITY SCHUETZEN PARK.—The recently-elected officers of this association are: President, Theodore Gubelmann; secretary, Bernard Lippmann; financial secretary, John C. Werner; treasurer, Jacob Ringle; finance committee—R. C. Fessenden, Chris. Gruber and John Craren; Park committee—Rudolph Sweetzer, Adolf Luck and N. Jantzen; Shooting committee—Henry Lange, Adolf Meyer, A. Zougner, Christopher Gruber and William Pauly.

IRA A. PAINE has been matched by Mr. Haggerty to kill seventy-five birds out of fifty pairs. The match, which is for $250 a side (Mr. Duffy backing the birds), is to be decided April 3, at the Monumental Driving Park, Md.

S. H. SPEAR beat nine other members of the Merry Mount Club of Quincy, Mass., in a shoot at fifteen glass balls each, March 20. He broke 14, H. O. Studley being second with 13, and A. Keating third, with 12.

WITHDRAWN.—The challenge sweep of last week not having been accepted by Ira Paine, Capt. Bogardus on March 23 took down the six hundred dollars posted therewith.

THE POLICE ATHLETIC CLUB DISBANDED.

On Friday morning, March 22, the disgraceful spectacle of two members of the municipal police department engaged in a street brawl was presented in front of Egyptian Hall, in this city. The members alluded to were Detectives William Muldoon and Thos. F. Adams, and the result of the encounter was the severe bruising of the former's forehead and body with a club in the hands of his smaller opponent. Both were members of the Gymnasium Committee of the Police Athletic Club, whose rooms were located in the building in front of which the fracas occurred, and have for some time been on unfriendly terms. The direct cause of the fight was the alleged circulation of malicious scandalous reports regarding the wife of Prof. Miller, the Graeco-Roman wrestler and instructor to the club. Adams repeated to Miller statements alleged to have been made by Muldoon, which exasperated the professor, who, accompanied by Adams, at once proceeded to the gymnasium in quest of the offender. They met at the street door, when Miller asked him what he meant by circulating such reports, whereupon, as Miller alleges, Muldoon ordered Officer Silas Rogers, who was standing close by, to arrest the professor. Whether the latter was actually engaged in the scrimmage that followed does not appear clear—he says he did not give or receive a blow, while Muldoon charges that he commenced the fight by striking him; certain it is, however, that Adams, who had previously gone into the saloon under the hall, became involved in a personal encounter, resulting as above stated. Each of the participants tells a different story, of course, charging his opponent with being the aggressor, and seeking to remove all blame from his own shoulders. The newspaper reports of the reportorial interviews held with those concerned in the affair opened the eyes of the public to the past disreputable doings of at least two of them, and ventilated the internal dissensions which have kept the club in very hot water ever since the athletic meeting held at Gilmore's Garden in January last.

At a meeting of the board of officers held that evening Detectives Adams and Muldoon and Roundsman Leary, constituting the gymnasium committee, were suspended, and Prof. Miller was dismissed. Leary was not present at the encounter, but was probably included in the suspension because of the pendency of the police trial list instituted the subject of the alleged financial shortcomings of the club officials. On the following day the Police Commissioners held a meeting, at which a resolution was adopted dissolving the connection between the department and the Police Athletic Club after March 31.

THE HARVARD ATHLETES.

The second Spring exhibition by the Harvard Athletic Association took place on the gymnasium at Cambridge, Mass., on the afternoon of March 16. The hall was overcrowded, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The opening exercise introduced F. B. Keene, '79, and R. Wells, '79, in a professional bar competition, the first named being awarded the cup. The light-weight boxers then made their appearance, the first couple being H. G. Clarke, '78, and F. Forrest, '79, the latter proving the better man. The second pair were L. A. Plummer Jr., L. S. C., '79, and H. E. Feschemacher, '78, the latter beating his man in the second and third rounds. The first couple in the heavy-weight contest, Sharon and Feschemacher, was fixed to take place at the third of the series of exhibitions, a week later. Club-swinging was then in order, the contestants being Stewart Shillito and Wendell Endicott, the former proving the better swinger, but the more numerous and very difficult evolutions shown by Howe secured the last-named the trophy. The prize for vaulting was won by Wendell Endicott, '79, L. S., who cleared 6ft. 9in.; F. W. Thayer, '78, and F. B. Keene, '79, failing by one inch. The deciding encounter of the light-weight wrestling contest, Graeco-Roman, between W. A. Gaston, '80, and A. H. Rogers, '78, was then called for; but a decision was not reached, five exciting bouts being had, Gaston obtaining a fall in the first, and the others ending in draws. It was concluded to defer the wrestling until the subsequent entertainment. Tugs-of-war followed, with this result: *First*—Class of '79: Jacobs, Smith, Schwartz, Brigham and Taussig, 1; Class of '80: Bacon, Hooper, Simmons, Welling and Cox, 2. *Second*—Class of '78: Bancroft, Warden, Yates, Littaner and Brown, 1; Class of '81: W. A. Howe, Cruger, Otis, Howard and North, 2. The conditions were the best two in three pulls, and the two pulls in succession over '80, while the Seniors ('78) took the first bout with the Freshmen ('81), but were beaten in the two following hauls, after very exciting struggles. The deciding pull was deferred until the third exhibition day. Judges—Messrs. Smith ('73), Cunningham ('74), Danforth ('77), Latham ('77), and the officers of the Association.

THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN A. C. gave an entertainment at Lyric Hall, this city, March 23. The gathering of athletes was quite large, and the sport fairly good, consisting of sparring bouts between Prof. McClellan and Dooney Harris, Ed. McGlinchey and Steve Blundell, Max E. Moore and Andrew Thomson, Prof. Miller and Policeman Britton, Graeco-Roman wrestling by L. A. Berte and Hellwig, dumb-bell lifting by G. D. Parmly, and club-swinging by Prof. Kimball and son.

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A LESSON FOR LADIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

She had beauty, and
of cash plenty, too;
He was young and
full of "dash"—
'Twas her fortune he
would wed—this to
you—
For he hadn't got a
"red," not a "sou!"

When she stood, so
young and fair, by
his side,
He admired her gold-
en hair (it was
dyed),
Said he was a Russian
peer (but he lied),
And was searching
far and near for a
bride!

So they wedded in the
Fall—grand affair—
Friends and relatives
and all, they were
there;
He appeared so highly bred, such an air,
That the visitors all said: "What a pair!"

He received that very night from "Papa"
Orders to come on and fight for the Czar;
"Oh, to happiness," he sighed, "what a bar!"
"Stay with me," his loved one cried, "where you are."

"Why should war from charms like these me entice?
I can gain," said he, "release for a price—
Twenty thousand cash instead would suffice!"
"Pay it, love, and stay," she said—"oh! how nice!"

"My remittances," he groaned, "haven't come,
Though I've generally owned *twice* that sum."
"I will loan it, so your grief overcome."
He repl with great relief: "This *is* rum!

"For an hour or two, my own love, 'ta, 'ta!
I will telegraph your loan to the Czar.
Wait fo rmy return, my pet, with your ma."
And, alas, they're waiting yet—yes, they are!

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile the horseman rode swiftly on, and, gaining the thick pine forest, dismounted from his horse and entered it. As he did so a panther sprang past him—the dog with a growl darting after it. The huntsman's eyes lit up, and he raised his rifle. A sharp clang, a fierce yell, and the panther dropped. The hunter reloaded, calmly beat his way through the undergrowth, and knelt down beside the dead body, over which the dog was standing growling.

"A fine fur," he muttered. "'Twill serve to pay for another supper when food runs short."

With a sigh he took out his long bowie and commenced skinning it, occasionally pausing in his task to listen to the howl of the wolves and the whiz of the bats. When the skin was separated from the body he flung it across the horse's back, wiped the bowie-knife upon the high, thick grass, and once more went on his way, the horse and dog following in his footsteps. After half an hour's wandering round the thin part of the forest, the solitary huntsman emerged at the foot of a low range of hills. A stream lay in his path. Calling the dog to his side and removing the saddle and skin from the horse, he swung them across his arm, and, pushing aside a bush that hid the mouth of a cave, entered, and threw down the saddle and the skin upon the floor, which was partly covered with dry grass and undergrowth. Raking this together into a corner, the huntsman threw himself down at full length and closed his eyes. But though he had ridden far and fast, undergone enough hardship since he had last lain full length, to weary an ordinary man to death, sleep would not visit him, and with a weary sigh he rose and wandered into the open air. There, standing with his grand, sorrow-marked face towards the fast-falling stars, his thoughts found words, and unconsciously he murmured:

"Nearly two years! Who would have believed it so difficult to forget? It seems a lifetime since that short dream mocked me into a false happiness. Happy!—ah, was ever man happier? It was heaven on earth! Now," and he groaned as he looked round at the dark forest, the heavy mountains, and the dreary stillness broken only by the hard breathing of his dog and the slight movement of his horse's hoofs among the grass—"now it is life and torture! O Heaven, that I might die! Thou knowest how I have sought death in a thousand shapes, a thousand forms; thou knowest that I held my hand when I might have taken the life my mother cursed me with, but yet thy mercy would not end by death's own hand the glad release from this never-ending agony, this never-dying memory of the past! Where is she now, I wonder? Is she dead? If so, perhaps from one of those stars she looks down and weeps for me. For surely her pitying heart cannot be glad if her gentle eyes can see me here alone, praying for death, that I may be near her or find forgetfulness. O Maud, Maud! if thou livest, I pray Heaven to send thee happiness—I will never pray for it for myself, but for thee—pray for thee!" and, dropping his head upon his heaving bosom, his closed lips muttering some indistinct words, he walked slowly back to the cave, and, throwing himself upon the bed of fern and grass, once more sought sleep.

This time it came to him, and gradually the lines upon his face softened, his mouth quivered, and he fell into a deep slumber. Presently, however, he tossed from side to side, and his lips moved rapidly, and suddenly with a groan he sprang to his feet, and with startling eyes and white face cried, while he parted the tangled hair from his forehead:

"She called me! My Maud! I come!—I come!—I come!"

Still calling upon her name, with trembling fingers he saddled the horse, sprang upon its back and darted across the plain as if the prairie behind him were on fire, and the flames already singeing his horse's hoots.

CHAPTER XLI.

Nay, Death shall wait beside the door,
Nor stay, although he look her o'er.—MARLOWE.
And they lived happy ever afterwards.
OLD FAIRY TALES.

The rays of the setting sun stole through the lace curtains of the sick-room and fell across the bed and upon the group around. Seated at the head, looking more beautiful than ever, though sad and sorrowful, was Lady Carlotta Chudleigh, her arm sustaining the pillow upon which rested the lily-like face of Maud. On the other side of the bed stood Sir Fielding, his eyes moist, his lips quivering. The sad years that have passed over his head since we saw him last have weighed down his shoulders and turned his gray hair to a perfect white. By him stands Chudleigh and Lady Mildred, both with wet eyes and sorrowful faces. At a small table leans the physician, pouring out a glass of medicine. Every minute or so he looks towards the bed and then at his watch. No one moves, and for some time no one speaks. Then Sir Fielding walked noiselessly round the bed and whispered tremulously to the physician. The doctor shook his head.

"I cannot tell whether she is better or worse," he replied in a low voice. "She may lie like this for days without a change. When it comes, Sir Fielding, it will be the crisis—the turning-point one way or the other."

"She is so weak," moaned the sorrowing father, while the tears coursed down his cheek.

The doctor shook his head regretfully.

"She is, she is," he said. "Who could be otherwise with so long and wasting an illness?"

Sir Fielding walked back, and the physician stole to the bedside, and bent over the lovely face that might be any angel's before the sun quite set, and watched the lips closely.

"She has not spoken—the lips have not moved?" he asked of Carlotta anxiously.

She shook her head sadly, and whispered back:

"No; she has not spoken since the night, a month ago, when she called for him."

* * * * * * *

The same sun that smiled upon poor Maud's wasted face lit up the road from London, and fell in a bright, glorious stream of crimson upon a horseman, who, with the perspiration pouring from his face, urged his steed with lash and spur almost to racing pace. At the foot of a hill leading to the next town of Warrington he slackened pace—of a necessity—and, lifting his soft, wide-brimmed hat from his brow, muttered:

"Nightfall before I can reach it. What in Heaven's name possesses me? Am I mad? The people look at me as if they thought me so! What am I tearing like a demon along the road—what —. Ah, 'tis useless. How can I argue with the intense longing, the maddening desire, to reach the place? Since the night I heard her call, the longing has consumed my soul like fire. If she be dead —. Away with the thought! or I shall be mad indeed."

Having reached the summit of the hill, he once more urged the horse at its full speed. The tired, jaded steed commenced to breathe painfully and falter at the bit, and, groaning aloud, its rider, at last obliged to acknowledge to himself that the animal could go no farther, pulled up at the lighted window of a little cottage and dismounted. While he stopped for one moment, deciding what course to pursue, the cottage door opened, and a man walked hurriedly out, saying:

"Ah, doctor, you be come at last; only just in time—only just in time."

The horseman turned, and the man, seeing his mistake, touched his forehead, and, staring at the foaming steed, said:

"Beg pardon, your honor, but I thought it were the doctor. We have sent for him and the parson, for a body as is likely not to need ayther on 'em, if so be as they don't come quick."

"Dying?" said the horseman, with a hesitating look that gave place to a groan as his conscience reminded him of his duty.

"Aye, nigh dead, sir. I'm thinking that he's only kept up through having made his mind up not to die till the parson comes. He seems a good bit oneasy—somethin' on his mind loike, and do keep moanin' and squeemin' loike, that I do wish the parson 'ud come."

The horseman's head sank upon his breast, then he looked at the horse and up the road wistfully, and with an impatient sigh said:

"I am a clergyman, my man. I will see the dying man if you wish."

"Thank 'ee, sir," said the man, evidently not expecting a clergyman in such mud-bespattered gaiters. "P'raps you'll walk this way, sur?"

The traveler tied the bridle of the horse against the wooden fence, and followed the man into the cottage. For some few moments the dim light did not reveal the low bed and the dying man stretched upon it, and when the traveler saw them he removed his hat and walked towards its head. A woman in the room at that moment stepped before the candle, and so thoroughly obscured the man's face. When he heard the approaching footsteps the dying man raised himself on his elbow and gasped:

"Are you the—priest?"

The traveler started slightly at the voice.

"I am a clergyman," he said gravely.

"Ah," said the dying man. "Not a priest. What is the difference? What—matters it? Come closer. Soh! I—I am dying; going fast. Fever—fever, starvation, and—are you listening?—remorse! Remorse! 'Tis that's killing me before my time. Remorse!" and, repeating the word again with an accent of agony, he fell back upon the bed.

The traveler stooped over him and tried to see his face—his own had grown strangely moved—but the light was still hidden. Presently, while the man still lay recovering his strength to speak, and the traveler stood watching, the door opened and two persons entered—the clergyman and the doctor. The owner of the cottage hastily explained the state of affairs, and, bowing courteously to the motionless figure at the head of the bed, they approached. The doctor, bending down, took the dying man's hand, but at his touch he raised himself again, and, slowly shaking his head, gasped:

"Too late; too late! I—I—want the priest; the priest!"

At this the traveler drew back, and the priest, who had just entered, took his place.

"Father!" gasped the dying man, clutching at his hand.

"My son," replied the priest.

"I am dying—dying fast. Holy Mary, spare me until I have confessed. Father, listen—no, no, let them stay. I want them to hear. I want —— Listen! My name is Lorenzo Spazzola. Ah! who is that?" he gasped, as the traveler suddenly started, uttered a low cry, and bent forward for a moment.

"Nothing, my son; proceed," replied the priest, who had not noticed the cry at the announcement.

"I—I am Lorenzo Spazzola, an Italian ——"

Here he breathed hard, and, looking at the doctor, signed for him to write.

The doctor took out his note-book and wrote down the statement word for word as it issued from the panting lips.

"I wish to confess, before I die, my sins, especially two great sins. I—Holy Mother! Father, I shall die before—before I —— Write, write. I am the husband of Felise Faustine, who died—was murdered—two years ago in the Black Pool at Grassmere! Write! write! Quick! Hold me up. I—we plotted to marry her to a rich young Englishman. She was a fiend, a beautiful fiend, fond of drink, faithless. I was tired of her! He a mere infant at Venice. She lived as his wife, and, maddened by her bad conduct, he fled from her. I planned this. I followed him to England—followed and tracked him. I forged her certificate of death, took it to his house one stormy night. I—Holy Mother, give me breath, spare me—these —few moments. Felise, the woman, my wife, traced me here. She wanted to frighten the money from the Englishman, who believed himself to be her husband. She had heard he was to be married, and gave me the slip; came, tramped down to Grassmere, went up in the storm to the great house on the hill, saw him, got—him—to walk into the forest with her. I followed, and watched, watched them together in the soaking rain; saw him give her money, waited till he had gone"—here the man's voice grew excited and harsh—"tracked her footsteps, and"—rising in the bed with uplifted arm—"ran my stiletto through her bosom!"

The priest started, the doctor turned pale, but the figure at the head of the bed stood like stone, immovable, motionless. The dying man with another effort raised himself, and, fixing his fast-glazing eyes upon the priest, continued, more faintly and with greater difficulty:

"I emptied her pocket of the gold, and—and dragged her body to the pool, then tramped back to London and hid. I knew I was safe," he went on, a cunning leer distorting his livid face, "I knew that they would fix the little business on him, and—ah! ah! they did, the idiots. He could not commit murder—though he fired on me once. They offered a reward for his apprehension; he had fled the night of the murder, thinking the woman was his rightful sposa, but they could not take him—no, no, Lucien is too fleet, too swift, to be tracked by such slow dogs! Father, that is all. You have written all, doctor. Give me the paper—hold my hand. I—I will s-sign it."

The two men, pale and petrified with horror, knelt down. One held the book, while the other supported the thin, wasted, blood-stained hand. The murderer slowly penned his name, "Lorenzo Spazzola," and at the last letter sank back on the bed, struggling for the last gasp. The priest hastily wrote his name as witness, and the doctor his, then looked up and said:

"Is there any other witness?"

The traveler, as if awakening from a trance, stepped forward.

"One more," he said in hollow, broken tones. "May I ask your name, sir?" said the priest.

"Maurice Durant," replied the deep voice solemnly.

As its tones reached the dying man's ears he sprang up in bed, and with staring eyes pointed his lean, quivering finger at the dark, sombre form.

"That's him!" he shrieked in agony. "That's him—Lucien—Maurice—come at last. I knew he would. He has come to take me away!"

With a long, despairing wail the blood-stained scul of Lorenzo Spazzola fled from its miserable tenement.

"Maurice Durant!" cried the doctor, starting to his feet.

"Aye, Maurice Durant, sir," said the traveler sternly. "Take charge of that confession, sir, as you would your own soul, and follow me to the nearest magistrate, Sir Fielding Chichester," and, dashing out, he leaped upon the priest's horse, which happened to be nearest the door, and sped away.

The doctor, bewildered and half frightened out of his life, got upon the other and galloped after.

* * * * * * * *

Maud's fair face still rested upon Carlotta's soft bosom, the loved ones still stood watching around the bed. The sun sank, the room grew dark, the shaded lamp was lit, and the doctor grew anxious.

"The crisis is coming," he said—"coming quickly. If—if ——"

"If what?" said Sir Fielding, almost mad with grief.

"If she calls for anyone, and he or she is not here or cannot be produced, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Sir Fielding groaned.

They thought that Heaven had taken her, but Carlotta still held her against her bosom, and suddenly the large eyes opened and the lips sent forth a low, wailing cry:

"Maurice! Maurice!"

Before it had died away the door opened noiselessly and a tall, mud-bespeared figure, with white face and flashing eyes, sprang toward the bed, thrust Carlotta away, and, clasping the lovely form to his breast, murmured, with a flood of tears, in a voice broken by sobs:

"Maud—my darling—I am here!"

She fixed her eyes upon his face with a glad smile, and with an effort placed her white arms round his neck, and, leaving her face upon his breast, murmured:

"I knew Heaven would send you, Maurice—I knew Heaven would send you alive!"

* * * * * * *

"Live!" exclaimed the doctor, half an hour afterwards, as he grasped Sir Fielding's hand and wrung it nearly off in a vain attempt to keep the unprofessional tears back—"of course she will. There's no earthly reason why she shouldn't live to be as old as you or I."

* * *

We have a suspicion that all we say after this our readers will peruse somewhat impatiently. "When a man's tale is told," says an old proverb, "he should go and hang himself;" but we feel within our heart that, though very near our end, there is still a vestige of our task left unfinished, and novelists have their idea of duty as well as other men. Let us, then, in almost as few words as we have needed for our apology, assure our readers that the doctor's word proved true, and that Maud Durant, with her husband and a sweet-faced copy of herself, can be found at either the Rectory or the Hall all the year round.

The Retreat, too, the home of Chudleigh—not yet Baron, thank Heaven, Sir Fielding being as well and as hearty as ever, having changed little save in transferring his love for his books to his little golden-haired Maud, who calls him "grandpapa," and is happier sitting on his knee than anywhere else—the Retreat, I say, is a well-known place, and the Right Honorable Mr. Chichester—he is a great statesman now—and Lady Carlotta are as well beloved and very nearly as popular as the Durants. They have a bright-eyed girl and a Turk of a boy, who has already fallen in love with his cousin Maud, and generally addresses her as his little wife.

The former owners of the now vanished Folly have taken their wealth to a well-known watering-place, at which their two daughters, each "my lady" now, are the reigning queens.

Master Tom has married the barmaid at the "Ainsley Arms"—a showy girl, whose chief recommendation to him was her extreme weight and confidence, and he has managed to win a small handicap at a well-known race-meeting. Of course Mr. Gregson cut him off with a shilling wrapped up in an anathema, and his mother and sisters are not allowed to hold any communication with him. But he does not care a "pony" for that, he says, and declares he is happy in his own way.

And, after all, no one can be more than that in this world.

THE END.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

First Appearance of the Wonderful Niprico in his Daring Feats upon the Flying Steed.

At this, the season of the year when the circus blossoms, we take pleasure in presenting to the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES an exhibition which is at once timely and tremendous. [The latter word is used merely out of respect to the professional programme-writer. Strictly speaking, there is nothing tremendous in the performances to which we shall call attention; but custom has decreed that every show shall have something about it which is tremendous, and we accordingly ring in the adjective thus early so as not to forget it.] At an expense which it would not be wise to make public, we have secured the services of the great and only Niprico, who is, without question, the most daring and graceful equestrian the world has ever produced. He is a monkey, to be sure, but that does not detract from his merit. It rather tends to make him more attractive. The feats of this ape are simply appalling. He does some things which neither Robinson nor Fish nor Dockrill ever thought of doing. In spite of the rival performances up at Gilmore's Garden, we feel no hesitancy about trotting out Niprico. You see him, above, in the midst of his principal act, and you will be good enough to observe critically the beauties of this performance. He jumps high enough to clear the banners without having them lowered an inch. Moreover, he holds himself, while in the air, with remarkable grace, and he always alights on the horse's back with such accuracy as to make a tumble an impossibility. Niprico is not a tumbler, anyway—he is a rider. We would also call attention to the high-toned appearance of the ring-master, as well as of the gentlemen whose duty it is to hold the banners. No ordinary show displays such care in details of this kind. Our assistants always appear in white vests and swallow-tails—except, of course, Niprico, who wore his own tail—until some Darwinian theorist cut it off. The horse, too, is a model of beauty, and, no matter how close you may get to the ring, there is no danger of sawdust flying up and hitting you in the face. That is one of the many advantages of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES.

THE GREAT CARRYING ACT.

Here we have Niprico again in his wonderful carrying act. He is assisted this time by the promising and precocious young ape known as Baby Shorthair. It is announced upon the bills that the Baby is Niprico's son—but this is not true. Indeed, his father is not known, and it is a wise ape which knows its own parent. [We trust the meaning here will make itself ape-parent.] However, the ancestry of the young monkey is of no consequence so long as he is able to ride well. Much time has been devoted to his training, and he has made wonderful progress in his profession. Pretty soon Niprico will stand up on his horse, and the latter dashes madly about the arena [he really canters at a very sleepy gait, but of course it would not do to say so] Nip will take Baby Shorthair, and, placing him upon his head [not Baby's head, you understand], he will hold him in that position while the horse continues his mad career [metaphor again], the band plays, and the spectators hold their breath in suspense. The only thing which this wonderful young monkey should be taught now is to shout "Hoop-la!" at the proper times. We think we shall get him down to this in time. And if we don't, we shall get a ventriloquist for a ringmaster!

"SWATE JUDY MAGEE."

TO MY FRIEND W. P. LAWLOR ("BARNEY THE GUIDE").

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOSEPH G. WOOD ("DHER GERMAN AMBASSADOR").

On the Winter-grane bills of Wee-
hawken
There resides a most beautiful
girrl!—
I don't say it to hear meself talkin',
But she's set me brain all in a
whirrl;
Her figure 'twould rival a vainyez',
And her face 'tis a picture to see;
The tone of her voice 'twould en-
chain yez—
She's a darlint, "Swate Judy
Magee!"

Chorus.
O Judy! the darlint, the beauty,
She's plighted her troth unto me.
If she didn't I'd thought it me
jewty
To drown meself in the salt say!

Sure her father's as rich as a nabob,
And Miss Judy she dresses in
style;
Whin she stays on her forty-planner
Bedad you can hear her a moile!
Oh, if I had the wealth of the In-
gees
It would be a great pleasure to
me
To adorn her wid "Koweenoor"
diamints—
Me darlin', "Swate Judy Ma-
gee!"

Chorus.—O Judy! the darlint, etc.

Last noight Miss Magee gave a
party,
The neighbors came in wan and
all;
Sure they l'ined in the dancin' so
hearty,
Bedad, the whole sailing did fall!
Miss McKibben she narely got
smothered,
The wind was clane knockt out
of me;
But the wan that came near'st
being murthered
Was me darlint, "Swate Judy
Magee!"

Chorus.—O Judy! the darlint, etc.

Save us a', but that was a disas-
ther—
The rain curst, the wimmin did
squall;
Whin they crawled out from un-
ther the plasther
You'd a-thought there had been
a snow-fall!
Sure me head's soore enough since
the party,
But that makes but small mat-
ther to me,
For, as sure as me name's Mori-
arty,
Next week I'll wed Judy Magee!

Chorus.—O Judy! me darlint, etc.

Philadelphia, March, 1878. SCOTT SCOULER.

A DRAMATIST RESPONDS.

If we may believe what this gentleman says, the present is the happiest moment of his life. He is the author of the new play "A Celebrated Exile," produced for the first time upon the stage of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Such has been the enthusiasm of the audience since the rising of the curtain that the success of the piece will be announced in to-morrow morning's papers (the advertisements were written three days before) as "instantaneous and overwhelming." Already the actors and scene-shifters and stage-hands have been called before the curtain; and now, at the close of the third act, amid a perfect thunder of applause, the author himself makes his appearance. He is elaborately dressed, and exhales an odor of triumph and musk. With one neatly-gloved hand stretched towards the audience and the other held at his breast, he begins thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is such an unexpected compliment—it comes, I may say, so spontaneously from your warm hearts [renewed applause]—that I can really find no words to express my gratitude! [He wrote out the speech weeks ago, and has been rehearsing it daily ever since.] That my poor efforts to furnish you with amusement should have met with so flattering a reception surprises me, no less as it delights me. I can only say that this is the happiest moment of my life—the very happiest!" Here the applause breaks out afresh, the dramatist bows and smiles and presses his hand yet more firmly to his heart, and then proceeds: "The credit belongs more to the ladies and gentlemen who have interpreted the play than to me, who simply wrote it. My fondest hopes didn't believe a word of this, really, but it sounds magnanimous, you know, to say so!] I hope that 'A Celebrated Exile' may continue to afford pleasure to all who witness it. Thanking you once more, I bid you all good-night!" [House shaken with applause.] It's a great thing to be a successful playwright!

THE MAN THAT STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON.

(*Costume*—North-of-Ireland Boxer, with monster boxing-gloves.)

DEDICATED TO BILLY MCGANN. BY JOHN H. CONNORS.

Shure I am the man that struck Billy Patterson,
And if he was here I would do it again;
'Twas only last night I licked Roger the hatter's son.
Oh! when I'm in trim, I can bate any three men.
If there's anyone here that would like to have a rap at me,
Let him step to the front, and put up his "props;"
If he's big enough he needn't fear to have a whack at me—
There is plenty of yez here to shield him from the "cops."

Chorus.
Now, how is this for style, oh? (*Puts up his "dukes" and makes a pass.*)
Just wait for a while ago.
'Till you see the fancy touches without any sham;
There's a "mouse" under your eye. (*Makes a pass.*)
Ha, ha! now ain't I fly?—
Put up or shut up is the kind of a man I am.
(*Boxes an imaginary foe around the stage, and, in his mind's eye, knocks the fight all out of him.*)

I was down to Muldoon's last Saturday night a week ago,
And I had the devil's own time with Harry Malone;
I had him in "chancery," and soon made him squeak
"Oh! Ho!
Hold on, you're killing me, let go me collar-bone."

Begorra, I let up on him, which they said was very kind o' me—
I'm a peaceable man, and I only box for fun;
But when you make me mad, it's then you will find, you'll see,
You have tripped across the man that struck Billy Patterson.

(Chorus as before.)

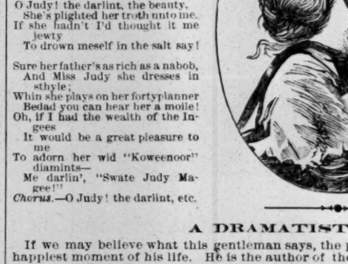
(Enter diminutive policeman, and "waltzes" him off.)

Encore verse.

You ought to see Jist now, wid five of yer police-men,
Just down in the square, at the foot of the street;
One whipped through me hands as if he was a grease man,
But the others will niver again go on their beat;
I blacked all their eyes and broke all their noses;
Faith, it'll be some time, me boys, before they'll feel quite well;
And if any of 'em should ask you where "me nibbs" reposes,
You can tell them they'll always find me at the Halifax Hotel.

(Chorus as before.)

THE CRUSHED COMEDIAN.



The causes which lead men to commit suicide are sometimes peculiar. For example, here is a gentleman who was once pure as the beautiful snow, and contented as a buckwheat cake. You see him now with his own hand raised to take his life! What drove him to this madness? Not wine, not women, not rehypothecation, not any physical disease. No; our friend has made up his mind to die simply because he is a crushed comedian! In the freshness of his manhood he yearned for stage-honors. He believed that nature had designed him for a comedian—and therein appeared a slight misunderstanding between nature and the subject of this memoir. At last the opportunity came for him to make his first appearance on the stage. He swelled out magnificently, but—he was crushed! There were groans where he had looked for laughter, catcalls where he expected cheers, and cabbages where he had fondly hoped for encouragement. It was more than he could stand—especially the cabbages. To be crushed as a tragedian would be bad enough, but in comedy—the very thought drove him wild! With a supply of powder and bullets he hastened to his room, and there we see him in the very act of emptying the contents of a horse-pistol into his mouth—the most sensible act of his life!

DREAMS OF THE BYGONE DAYS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FRANK E. LAMB, BY WILL E. MCNULTY.

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When shadows of midnight were deep'ning around me,
And fierce was the howl of the keen, wintry blast,
I dream'd that the morning dawn'd brightly and found me
Again, 'mid the scenes of youth, back in the past;
My old cottage home, with its roof clad in flowers,
The face of the mother who loved me so well,
Each fond cherish'd friend of my boyhood's bright hours
Was with me again in my vision's brief spell.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, sweet memory's treasures,
Thy joys are, though many, too fleeting to last—
Bringing us visions of sorrows and pleasures,
Of our lost, happy days far back in the past.

Again 'long the path through the wood I was roaming,
A light-stepping, fairy form close by my side;
Again 'neath the poplar I sat in the gloaming,
Whispering vows to my bonny young bride;
I heard the low chimes of the village-church pealing,
Their silvery melodies rang though the air,
And felt the sweet joy of the calm, tranquil feeling
As when in childhood I knelt there in prayer.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, etc.

The scene quickly changed, and the darkness was falling,
Robbing the tender young plants of their bloom,
And, shrouding the lov'd ones, I vainly was calling,
For naught but the echoes came back through the gloom;
A feeling of loneliness o'er me came creeping,
The spell of my vision was broken at last:
Each old cherish'd form in the church-yard was sleeping,
And mem'ry alone bound my heart to the past.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, etc.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK STAGE:

Wherein the Muse Amuses Herself by Singing of Amusements.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Canto the First.

I.

I sing the Stage. The theme is not a new one,
And neither is the stanza, as you'll see;
And yet beyond all doubt it is the true one
For this dramatic sort of minstrelsy;
Lord Byron thought so when he wrote "Don Juan,"
And what served him is good enough for me.
My Muse shall do the very best she can, sir,
With such a noble theme and famous stanza.

II.

But let it first be fully understood
That this is not a rhyme of criticisms;
The writer wouldn't write such, if he could,
Nor seek to judge, by grounded rules and "isms,"
The merits of our stars, whose lustre should
Be spared the test of analyzing prisms;
The task of telling which are fit to twinkle
We'll leave to Willie Winter and Nym Crinkle;

III.

While we shall be content to simply gaze,
And, gazing, to express our admiration;
For even in these slandered modern days,
Subjected, as they are, to condemnation,
There still remain good actors and good plays—
Enough, at least, to offer inspiration
To him who woos the Muses in an attic,
And has an inborn taste for things dramatic.

IV.

And never yet did talent on the stage
Receive a wider or readier recognition
Than in this much misrepresented age;
An actor who can act, and has ambition,
Needs only an engagement to engage
The public ear, and then to win position;
The people are the critics, after all,
And by their verdict stars must rise or fall.

V.

By which I do not mean to say that fraud
Has never snatched the crown from heads deserving,
Or that the crowd, at times, does not applaud
A charlatan, whose strongest role is serving
The times, when times are bad; but then we land
So much that's base from lack of close observing—
Brass jewelry, until we find it's brass,
A lion, till his bray proclaims the ass!

VI.

Upon the stage, as in the wider world,
Things often get most sadly out of joint;
Yet men to sudden heights are seldom hurled
(And here's the moral which I wish to point),
The banner of success is not unfurled
At once, and those who bear it must anoint
Themselves with patience and the oil of pluck,
And trust to honest effort—not to luck.

VII.

I sing the Stage, and ask no better theme—
The modern stage, which, spite of some demerits,
Deserves, withal, our plaudits and esteem;
Which, though traduced and slandered, still inherits
A legacy so rich that those who deem
It part of their religious faith to shear its
Time-honored glory must convince us first
That Æschylus and Shakespeare were accursed.

VIII.

Perhaps they were, but not, I'm sure, for writing
Prometheus or the Melancholy Dane;
And if a man who spends his life inditing
The lines which others, on the stage, explain
By cursing, loving, wooing, hating, fighting—
If such a one, I say, escapes the pain
Of sulphurous fires in the dim hereafter,
Why shouldn't they who cause us only laughter?

IX.

And yet some truly pious preachers tell us
That all who tread the boards are surely cursed;
That nothing, since the apple first befell us,
Is half so bad as acting, and the worst
Of all that makes Morality grow lealous
Is when she sees how Art is honored first;
They paint the stage an evil most prodigious,
And claim it's ruinous because it's not religious.

Well, let them preach; their views, perhaps, are narrow,
But then they labor in a goodly cause—
And, seeking always to preserve the marrow,
If sometimes they forget the nat'ral laws
By which the flesh is ruled—why shoot an arrow
To pierce their armor of religious gauze?
They seek to save the ship and get the salvage,
In shape of souls—a simile from Talmage.

XI.

And, now that I have introduced that name,
I wish to chronicle my admiration
For one who labors with so high an aim;
Why, Talmage, taken at the valuation
Which Talmage places on himself, would shame
The saints of any age or generation!
And for his stage attacks (to quote Mohammet),
If you would aid a thing, let Talmage damn it!

XII.

But, turning from the Reverend T. De Witt,
My wandering Muse resumes her rightful theme—
A theme so broad that it is surely fit
To draw a limit, lest this rhyme may seem
To compass all the world from dome to pit!
We'll therefore take New York, and throw a gleam
Of light upon her stage—and when I say
A gleam, I do not mean a calcium ray.

XIII.

As I have said already, there shall be
No surly criticisms in this verse;
We'll scan the theatres with an eye to see
How much there's good, how much that might be worse;
And if the Muse shall make a little free
With men and matters, you will please to curse
Her ladyship—for she's alone to blame,
And takes alike the glory and the shame.

XIV.

New York is justly proud of what she's done
In things theatric; and our local stage,
Although in parts defective, still has won
Some worthy triumphs, and is fit to wage
A war with any rival 'neath the sun;
In London they are proper, proud and sage;
In Paris and Berlin they're much too naughty;
While we are neither wicked, dull, nor haughty.

XV.

We've mixed the elements of many nations,
And got the very best (and worst) from all;
There's not a star that makes its swift migrations
But what is sure within our midst to fall;
Alike from lofty and from humble stations,
They answer prompte to the public call—
The beauty of this somewhat novel plan is,
We get a Booth and likewise Count Joannes!

XVI.

From out the multitudinous array
Of local stars, which shine with such a lustre,
I purpose, in a friendly sort of way,
To call on some, and have them pass in muster
Before the Muse's eye; she's not, they say,
A critic—then her views will be the luster!
This much by way of preface, and next week
Of Tragedy, in gentle mood, we'll speak.

LITTLE ACCIDENTS,

And How to Treat Them.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—The best remedy for burns and scalds is glycerine. A rag soaked in it should be laid upon the burn. If glycerine is not at hand, common kitchen whitening should be powdered and crumbled over the part till it forms a thick layer, then cotton-wool placed over it. If either of these remedies be applied immediately to a slight burn, they will very speedily ease the pain, and most likely prevent the formation of a blister. If a blister should form, it should be pricked, and fresh whitening or glycerine laid upon the place. Next to whitening, flour is to be recommended. The part should be carefully excluded from the air, and kept as quiet as possible. The sore should be dressed every other day. Frequent handling will injure it. Supposing the clothes to catch fire, the individual in danger should at once throw himself on the floor and roll about. If people had presence of mind to do this, there would be very few deaths from burning. If he does not do it, his friends should throw him down and press upon him any mat or heavy woolen material that they can lay their hands upon. If only the atmospheric air is excluded, the flame will go out. The natural impulse, is unfortunately, to rush about calling for assistance, which perhaps arrives too late. A burn is more serious than a scald, and it is more likely to prove dangerous on the chest and body than on the face or limbs. The danger to life lies not so much in its severity as in its extent.

BLEEDING OF THE NOSE.—This is seldom dangerous—indeed, it frequently proves beneficial, except in those cases where it is very excessive. To stop it, let the patient bathe his face and the back of his neck with cold water. If this is ineffectual, let him raise his face, lift his hands high above his head, rest them on the wall, and remain in this position for a few minutes. If after a little time the bleeding continues with unabated violence, procure medical aid as soon as possible.

CHOKING.—If a fish-bone or a portion of food sticks in the throat, and threatens to produce suffocation, first give a smart blow between the shoulders. This will most likely dislodge the substance. If the patient can make any attempt to swallow, put a large lump of butter in his mouth. This will help the offending substance to pass down the throat more easily. If he cannot swallow, put the finger as far down the throat as possible, and endeavor to pull the bone or meat out, or tickle the throat to produce immediate vomiting. Unless there is prompt action, life may be lost.

STINGS FROM INSECTS.—After being stung by a wasp or a bee, the first thing to be done is to remove the sting. This may be done with a pair of small tweezers, or the sides of the wound may be pressed with a small key, and so it may be squeezed out. Then apply to it immediately spirits of camphor, sal volatile, or turpentine; or, failing these, rub it with a little common salt, or a little moist tobacco or snuff. If a wasp or bee stings the throat, a little turpentine should immediately be swallowed. If the place swells very much, and looks inflamed, it should be bathed with arnica, or have a hot white-bread poultice laid upon it. The arnica may be made by mixing twenty drops of the pure tincture with half a tumblerful of water.

FOREIGN SUBSTANCES IN THE EAR.—If an insect gets into the ear, hold the head on one side, and fill the hole with oil. This will kill the intruder, and cause it to float, when it may be removed. If a bead or a pea gets into the ear, hold the head down on the other side, so that the occupied ear is under, and give the other ear two or three sharp blows. If this fails, the ear should be syringed, but it should on no account be poked, as that is almost sure to do more harm than good.

FOREIGN SUBSTANCES IN THE NOSE.—Give a small pinch of snuff, and endeavor to make the patient sneeze. If this fails, put one finger above the substance, and gently press it to make it come down. At the same time put a small pair of tweezers into the nostril, and gently open it across. It may then be possible to pass a bodkin or some similar article past the tweezers, and draw the substance out. If this fails, go to the surgeon.

FOREIGN SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE.—Take hold of the eyelash and draw the eyelid gently on the edge of the eye. If this is not effectual, close the eye, draw the eyelid away from it, and pass a bodkin or a little slip of paper across the inside of it, and thus bring the obnoxious matter to the corner, when it can be easily removed. If a little bit of iron gets into the eye, a strong magnet may draw it out. If a little piece of quicklime enters it—which sometimes happens from standing near a building where lime is being slacked—not only must it be taken out instantly, but the eye must be washed inside and out with vinegar and water for half an hour after, or loss of sight may ensue.

JARNDYCE VS. JARNDYCE.—It would have pleased Charles Dickens to know that another move has been made in the great "Jennens case," which he immortalized under the name of "Jarndyce against Jarndyce." A gentleman who for the last twenty-seven years has been engaged in this complicated inquiry has issued a statement and pedigree, from which it appears that Mr. Elisha Martin of London and Mr. Isaac Martin of Colchester are respectively the heir-at-law and next-of-kin of the male line of the Jennens family. The value of the personal estate involved in the case is estimated at $100,000,000, and the real-estate rental at $2,000,000 a year.

THE LION QUEEN.

A STORY TOLD IN A MADHOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

"It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying—nothing."—MACBETH.

"A safe place!" Yes, yes—it *is* a safe place indeed, and most securely guarded. If it were not, I should not long stay here. I wish you could see the windows of my room—the bars are thicker than my wrist! And observe the walls around this garden—how high and smooth they are—no one could find the least crevice or portruding stone whereby to hold or climb. Not that it would do any good to climb over; for

ing sound, like an enormous cat. A pleasant sense of pride and triumph thrilled me—my secret fears departed. I cooed to him and caressed him. Suddenly the tamer's voice rang out:

"'Draw back your hand! Quick, quick! Down, sir, down!'

"I shrieked aloud and sprang away in terror. "'What is it?' I cried. 'He was not hurting me!'

"'Not he—not Nero—no; but Death, that savage old beggar in the corner yonder, saw you, and was going to spring! I wouldn't have had him so much as scratch that pretty, plucky little hand of yours; no, not to save my own!'

"And before I knew what he was going to do, he caught the hand he had praised in his own, and kissed it again and again.

"I snatched it away, and stood there panting, ashamed, glad, sorry, all in a breath.

"'How dare you!' I cried, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes. 'How dare you!'

"'Why, where's the harm?' he said, tossing back his bright hair with a free, graceful motion, and bending closer to me. 'Why shouldn't I kiss the dear, brave little hand? Old Death would have had it off, maybe, only for me! You're never angry for a little thing like that, are you?'

"'How could I be angry? My brave, bold, beautiful hero! He dazzled me. Nothing like him had ever visited my dull life before. Alas, Maurice! better the lion had rent my hand than you my heart!

"He walked with me home along the quiet lanes, and told me glowing stories of the free and glorious lives these strollers led, and I hung upon his words like one entranced—enchanted. Night found me at the show again, drawn thither as the moth is drawn towards flame. Again I saw him, standing among his lions, the matchless symmetry of his form displayed by the close-fitting dress he wore, standing like some superb statue—grand in his strength and beauty, firm as a rock, fearless as the mighty brutes he ruled; and again my heart beat high with strange emotion; again I felt the quick blood dye my cheek and fire my eyes—again my whole being thrilled beneath his glance, his smile—a subtle spell seemed on me, my very soul went forth to him and cried: 'There is none like thee—none!' It was not my hand, but my lips, he kissed that night, as we stood in the soft moonlight shadows of the trees. I stole back to my room as I had stolen away from it, silently, secretly; and as I watched his tall figure disappearing down the road I knew that my heart went with him.

"So I followed my heart. What is life worth without love? A casket rifled of its precious jewels—a fair fruit rotten at the core! Love is the life of life. A rose without perfume—a bird without song—a day without sunlight—a night without a star—even such is life without love!

"'Must we part?' he whispered, with his arms clasped round me, and his lips pressed to my cheek. 'Part!' The word thrilled me with a sudden terror. Part from Maurice! Go back to the dead monotony of the life that was mine before he came! See him no more—no more feel those dear arms enfold me? An anguish of grief possessed me at the thought, and, clinging to him wildly, I burst into a passion of tears.

"I was just seventeen, and I counted the last three days—the days that I had known Maurice—worth all the rest. How, then, could I endure the thought of a weary life without him?

"'I cannot lose you! I cannot!' I cried, and wept forth my love and grief upon his breast.

"He was very fond of me—probably with one of those passing infatuations which were common to such a man, but it seemed true love to me. I was too young, too inexperienced, too fond to analyze the quality of his passion. One thing alone I stipulated for—that I should be his wife. He laughed and frowned a little, and said lightly: 'Oh, of course!' and so we went together to our fate.

"I was very happy. Maurice was so kind and fond, and I was so proud of my handsome, famous husband. Moreover, the wild life—so different from all my former experiences—charmed me, and the lions sooned learned to know me and like me almost as well as I liked them. Nero, in particular, would fawn upon me like a great dog, and before many weeks were over I would put him through all his tricks. Then Maurice had me billed as 'Liona the Lion Queen,' and I went with him into the great cage during his act, having first performed Nero, myself, alone, in another smaller one.

"One night—when we were together in the den, and, the tent being crowded, people pressed close around us—I heard a woman's voice, low and eager, say:

"'The girl; who is the girl?'

"'Look at her! See!' responded another voice, as I lay down at Nero's side, with one arm thrown over his neck and my head pillowed on his mane (my place in our final tableau). 'She is the Lion King's wife.'

"'His *wife*?'

"The tone was one of mingled scorn and horror, and thrilled to my very soul. Instinctively I turned and looked at the speaker. A tall, fair woman, leaning forward from the crowd, with a white, stern face, and eyes of angry fire fixed full on mine. That moment a roar of applause arose as Maurice, waving the lions back and giving me his hand, bowed to the spectators and stepped from the den. Louder than all the noise that tone seemed echoing in my heart: 'His *wife*?'

"Who was she that dared to question it? We had been married on the morning after our flight, and I had sent the certificate to my parents. Who was this woman who dared question my being his wife?

"Still holding his hand, I was hurrying breathlessly to the dressing-room, when he, glancing down at me, exclaimed:

"'How pale you are! What is the matter? Were you frightened, pet?' and, stooping suddenly, took my face between his hands and kissed me.

"For the last time! Never again did those false lips touch mine—never again, alas! My love! My—

"For—like a fury, like an incarnate storm—she flung herself between——

"'Maurice!' she cried, 'I forbid you to touch that girl—*I, your lawful wife!*'

"'His lawful wife! O God, why did not the words kill me? I read their fatal truth too surely in her flashing eyes, in her towering rage and scorn. Still more I read it in his death-white face, his quivering lips, his abject look of terror.

"'Is it true? Is it true?' I wailed, falling on my knees before him. He turned away and hid his face, while she said sternly:

"'It is the truth before God—if you have yet to learn it, I have been married to this man ten years!'

"What followed I know not, save as I have been told. They say I ran frantic—perfectly crazed and mad. I may have struck at her—I know I broke the heart and craze the brain—but I know nothing of it. I remember only a long, long, dreary stupor—a stupor to which the sense of pain and sorrow penetrated dimly, and without being understood. My heart ached, my soul was tortured; but my brain could not answer why. Then came a racking, physical pain, as little comprehended, and then all seemed to end altogether, and I sank away to perfect, dreamless rest.

"Out of that deep oblivion I was summoned by a little wailing cry—faint, yet oh, how thrilling! Weak, yet all-powerful! It roused my heart—it drove the clouds back from my troubled brain; memory and consciousness returned together—the memory of all my wrongs, of all my anguish; the consciousness of a strange, deep, wondrous joy. Maurice was false—my husband lost forever; but in his stead the bliss of motherhood was mine. I clasped to my blighted breast my new-born child.

"Poor little injured innocent! Wronged past all help by a father's sin before its first breath was drawn. At that thought a curse welled up from my heart against him. Oh, might he have forgiven the ruin of my young life—I could not pardon the stain upon my child's. All the love of my being rushed forth to protect and shield it—nothing remained for Maurice but hatred and scorn.

"Everybody pitied me and my baby, abandoned to the mercies of the world. I could never return to my home, disgraced and nameless. Baby and I had only each other to live for now. When the circus season came round again my old manager took me on, and I heard how he had helped me in my sickness, and how he had discharged Maurice, who, finding himself an object of general execration and contempt, had finally changed his name and left the country. So I went back to my lions. Nero remembered me, and welcomed me back like an old friend. A change had come over my whole nature. I had grown colder, harder, and more reckless; better fitted, indeed, to cope with the fierce brutes, who cowered and crouched beneath my voice and eye with surly, half-rebellious submission. Oh, but the excitement of controlling them was glorious! I reveled in it—it mastered me myself. I overmastered a certain dangerous despair that sometimes swept in a wild flood over my soul and threatened to destroy my reason. Memories of the past stung my heart; jealousy of that other woman maddened me; I shrank with loathing from a human face—a human voice—and fled to my lions for shelter. Then, standing in their midst, commanding, threatening, praising, a strange, wild, vivid joy came to my heart once more. A sense of power and triumph lifted me above my woes. I watched with flashing eyes the sinewy, powerful forms, crouching, striding, gliding to and fro, with low, deep, muttering growls of sullen anger. I laughed aloud for glee to see them cower before me. Sometimes a couple gathered round the cage with looks of actual terror, and the women shrank away as I passed by, and whispered to each other: 'She is crazed!' I cared not. What were they or their thoughts to me? I had my baby and my lions—in cherishing the first and conquering the last, I rose above myself and above the world.

"Never, they said, had woman dared as I dared. It seemed as though I bore a charmed life. Crowds flocked to see me. And when, one night, I took my three-year-old baby into the den, and rosy Leo lay by Nero's side and flung his tiny, dimpled arm around the monster's neck, our triumph was complete.

"But the women no longer *whispered* 'She is crazed;' they spoke it boldly, and some began to mutter about the child. One day one of them dared to say aloud: 'She is not fit to care for it; it should be taken from her.' I heard the words. I made no sound in answer, but I walked up to her *and looked into her eyes*—looked, as I might have looked into a lion's. She gave a cry—she shrank away in fear. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Next day she left the company. Did she dread that I might loose brave Nero on her? I *would* have done so rather than let her touch my darling boy!

"It could not have been long after that—I cannot tell *how* long, my memory of the time is so confused. It was night, and I was with my lions. Old Death had been strangely ugly, even for him, and I had had to force him to obey me. Suddenly, when I ordered him to march, he crouched, and made as if about to spring, growling fiercely.

"A rage took hold of me; a spirit indomitable passed into my breast, and made me, for the moment, terrible. With upraised whip and never-faltering eye I towered above the savage brute. Gradually his growling sank into a whine, his blood-red eye waxed dim, and fell 'neath mine—he crawled upon his belly to my feet.

"A storm of applause arose; I heard, but saw not—my eyes were on my lions—only at the risk of my life could I have removed them then. *He* knew that. Maurice knew that *his* voice would unnerve, perhaps destroy, me. And yet the snake. Suddenly the voice that I had not heard for years fell on my ears. 'Bravo! Bravo!' it cried. I started; a great fit of trembling came upon me, I forgot my danger, turned to seek the sound, and was hurled, torn, bruised and bleeding, to the ground.

"The moment my eye was off him Death had sprung, but my good, faithful Nero was too quick for him. Like an avalanche he flung himself upon my would-be destroyer, and in the terrific combat which ensued someone contrived to open the cage and drag me out—stunned, senseless and badly scratched, but otherwise not seriously hurt.

"Monsieur Leon—formerly known as Maurice—happened to be one of the spectators, and assisted in separating and quieting the enraged animals. As for me, I was carried to my bed and a doctor sent for. My injuries were trifling, but the shock to my nerves had been severe—the shock of that strange and so unexpected return.

"No one about us recognized him. The management was changed, the tenting season over, the menagerie had gone into Winter-quarters at an establishment in the city, where I also was retained to perform the lions. Probably no one immediately around us knew my story, but of that I cannot be sure; certain it is that I spoke of my affairs to none. So during the two weeks that I lay sick he filled my place. One afternoon he sought me in my room alone.

"'It had been told him that I was endangering the life of my child,' he said. I sat still and silent. God knows what wild storm was surging and rising in my soul. I kept still and made no sign. 'And since you have attained to such celebrity in your business,' he sneered, 'that your manager prefers you to far superior performers' (I knew it was of himself he thought, and that he would willingly have pushed me from my place), 'I am willing to relieve you of the child. It is hard for you to be encumbered with the charge of him. I will take him entirely off your hands.'

"I was still silent. I could not have answered then, for my rage choked me. He misunderstood my seeming quiet—as fools will—and went too far. The boy lay on my bed asleep, with a shawl thrown over him.

"'Is this the babe?' he asked, and put out his hand to uncover him. Before he could stretch a finger I was on him.

"It was as if Glory had made a spring—Glory was the lioness in the cage—my hands were at his throat—I gnashed my teeth with rage—I *felt* my eyes glare on him.

"'Good God!' he cried, and fell back against the wall in a kind of horror.

"Next minute he shook me off and flung me from him, making his way to the door. I crouched down beside my child—he looked back at me.

"'Mad woman!' he cried, with the same horrified stare. 'Mad woman!'

"Then he was gone, and I caught my little Leo in my arms, and laughed out loud and long with joy and triumph. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Did he think to rob *me* of my one treasure? No, no; that was not so easily done. Maurice might subdue the lions, but I—I could subdue even Maurice!

"Although not yet able to perform, I was beginning to get well, and went down every day to see my lions. I took my darling with me, for a fear was upon me. I could not bear to let him out of sight. One night on the dressing-room stairs we encountered Maurice face to face. His foot was on the lowest stair, and he was ascending, as little Leo and I were halfway down. I would have passed him by in silence, but he had been drinking, and he stopped us.

"'Is that the child?' he said in an insolent, scornful tone, that sent the lningled blood tingling through all my frame. 'A pretty boy—looks something like me, don't he? Kiss me, baby.'

"He put up his face to the little one, and I spoke not a single word. Rage, passion, shame—all in a wild confusion—kept me silent. He dared to hold his false face up to my poor wronged baby for a kiss; and the child—whether from instinct or swayed by some unaccountable impulse, I know not—the child lifted up its dimpled arm and clenched its chubby fist, and struck him—struck him on his wicked, sneering face with all its baby energy and power.

"The rosebud lips were compressed, the soft eyes gleamed, a flush was on the lovely, flower-like face.

"'I hate you!' Leo cried, with all his little heart for emphasis. 'Bad, ugly man, I hate you!'

"Maurice's face grew white—livid with rage. He raised his hand. O God! he would have struck the child he should have knelt to! But I flung myself between, and threw the boy behind me.

"'Do you dare, coward—do you dare to touch him!' I cried. But I never knew that I had threatened at his life until I saw him shrink away, and caught the gleam of steel between my eyes and his. Baptiste, who had received that it was my own desperate hand that held it.

"'A curse on you and your brat!' he cried. 'But you shall pay for this!' And so he passed on, muttering. But the little one, excited beyond all control, and not at all afraid, called after him passionately, again and again:

"'Bad man! I hate you, I hate you!'

"I went back to my lions. I went back before I was really fit for my task, so anxious was I to leave Maurice no excuse for staying; but though there was no longer anything for him to do, still he remained.

"This circumstance had the worst possible effect upon me. I tortured myself with vain endeavors to fathom the motives of his conduct. I kept up a constant watch upon him night and day. He interfered even with my performances. If he were among the audience, the knowledge irritated and annoyed me; if he were absent, I was consumed with anxieties about my child. I had no longer the nerve to take Leo into the den. The confusion and irritation of my mind told upon the animals, and they were restive and savage to a degree that made such a proceeding impossible. Often, in spite of myself, and because of my own wretchedness, I goaded the poor brutes to the very verge of fury—even the gentle Nero's temper grew fierce and sour—and many were the prophecies uttered on all sides that I should certainly come to my death in the den.

"That set me thinking. Would not that please Maurice? Was it not what he wished for? And then, what fate for the child, left in his power, perhaps given to the tender mercies of his wife! No, no; if *one* must die, better *his* life than mine—for baby's sake!

"I had had the poison by me for years—he himself had given it to me. It had been used on one of the animals that was sick and useless, and he had put the vial carefully away. A swift, subtle poison—I cannot tell its name—but it dealt death like a sharp, sudden blow.

"How to give it to him? That was the difficulty. But it did not puzzle me very long. Maurice was a hard drinker—not when he was performing the lions—*then* prudence kept him sober; but now, while he was idle, and the fierce brutes were in my care, the restraint was off him, and he indulged his infatuation freely. I resolved to mix the poison with some liquor in a glass, and leave it standing in my room alone. What so easy, then, as to decoy him to my room on some pretext, and, pretending kindness, invite him to drink with me?

"No sooner thought than done. I mixed the fatal dose, mixed it with lemons, sugar—everything to make it tempting and avert suspicion. No one saw me. Only Leo was with me in the room, busied with his own pictures. I placed it on the table so that anyone standing at the door must surely see it, and then I slipped away, bidding the child keep still until I returned, and went to seek Maurice.

"He was not in the house. It was Sunday evening. Many of us had rooms in the circus building; I for one. I stood in the hall a moment, and listened to the lions' low, monotonous roaring—darkness was settling down, and they were growing restless and uneasy, as they always grew at night.

"A curious little noise in my room—a gasping cry, the crash of breaking glass. Frantic, I flew to the door—rushed in. Merciful God! my child —my soul's delight, lay stretched on the floor a corpse—the glass that had held the poison shattered to pieces beside him.

"'One! two!' The sound of the clock striking two aroused me. I rose up from my seat by the bed where my dead baby lay, and made ready. 'For what?' For my revenge. For my revenge upon Maurice, in whose stead my child's life had been sacrificed.

"I think I was as calm as I am this minute. I cannot tell what I had been doing since I found my darling dead. I made no outcry—I told no one. I accepted that doom from which we have no appeal, and was glad to feel that life was done and over. The child's death was mine. I should lie down on his little grave and find an end of sorrow. Only, first—I had to revenge his murder. Certainly, his murder—by Maurice! We had been happy until *he* came—until he crazed my brain and harassed my life, and made his own death by *my* hand a stern necessity. Had he not tried to have the lions rend me on the very night of his return? And now that he had laid dead, the work was to still in socks, and occasionally dons the buskin. Samuel E. Brown, who died in Boston nearly ten years ago, had been call-boy at the Walnut-street Theatre. Mme. Clarence De Merlin, who had sung at our Broadway Theatre, was known for but a brief period outside of the concert halls. Fanny Gordon may be remembered by her connection with the Bateman company. Miss Fanny Gordon also disappeared without leaving a trace behind. She had come here from England about 1845, and after appearing for several years at the Park, Broadway and Bowery Theatres, went to Philadelphia in 1850. That city seems to have used her up, if indeed it did not bury her. Nothing being a more than fair actress, she was a serviceable singer. The Snake of the opening bill was Charles Pope, who, having returned from Australia and "The King of the Sandwich Islands," was a week or two ago playing in Virginia City, Nev. Rose Merrifield, niece of Herr Cline the rope-walker, has been in retirement many years. Mrs. Monell is not at present professional life. This completes our brief review of the performers whose names appear in the bill. Among those in the company, but not cast on either of the nights reviewed, were Mr. Kellogg, from the Southern theatres; and Miss Fanny Wheeler, who died in Canada about four years ago.

LOSSES IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.—Official returns state that the Russian losses in killed and wounded during the late war amounted to 89,304 officers and men. Among these were ten generals killed and eleven wounded. One Prince of the imperial family and thirty-four members of the higher nobility of Russia fell on the field of battle. Of the wounded, 36,824 are already perfectly recovered, and 10,000 more will be able to leave the hospitals during the next few weeks. The proportion of killed and wounded to the total numbers engaged was very large, one out of every six men who went into action being either injured or left dead on the field of battle. In the great actions of the late Franco-German war the proportion of killed and wounded to men engaged was very nearly the same, being one-sixth in the battles of Worth and Spicheren, and one-eighth in the battle of Mars-la-Tour. The returns also show that one out of every eleven wounded men received into the Russian hospitals died from the effects of the injuries received. During the whole campaign only two men were punished with death; one for the crime of desertion, the other for robbery, accompanied with violence. On the other hand, 20,000 rewards were given in the form of decorations, promotions, or awards of money, the Eighth Corps, which so long held and defended the Shipka Pass, receiving the greatest proportion.

WE read in *The Japan Mail*: "The Japanese take strange and unaccountable fancies. At one time a mania for rabbits dominates the country, and speculators pay exorbitant prices for lop-eared or other ugly varieties of the rodent. This is succeeded by a dangerous liking for large foreign dogs, followed by a less romantic attachment for pigs, which in its turn gives way to a more æsthetic taste for tea-roses, varied by a taste for pisciculture. In Tosa we hear that dog-fighting is the passion of the hour, and public exhibitions of the sport are paying speculations."

THE COPY of the Bible which Martin Luther used daily, and the leaves of which are covered with annotations made with his own hand, is now in the Brandenburg Museum, which gave for it about $450. The Bible was printed in Basle in 1509, is bound in leather, and is in good preservation.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"LES BOURGEOIS DE PONT-ARCY,"

a new five-act comedy, by Victorien Sardou, was first acted at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, March 2. A correspondent writes as follows:

The play contains two pieces, a comedy and a drama, and of these the latter proved the more successful. M. Sardou's prologue, as I may term it, contains more fuss than gayety, and its animation is more studied than natural. Pont-Arcy society is divided into three sets, each of which possesses a camp of its own. The somewhat broken-down noblesse retain the high town as their quarter; the rich bourgeoisie flourishes in the speck-and-span houses of the new town; and the working-classes occupy the lower town. At the moment when the curtain rises the denizens of the new town are in the ascendant, and their leader, M. Trabut, the Mayor, is about to become a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies at the approaching elections. Poor Trabut himself cares little for senatorial or any other honors, but his wife is a woman of ambition, and he is a mere puppet in her hands. As Mayoress this lady reigns paramount at Pont-Arcy, and the showy toilets which she obtains from Paris eclipse those of any pretended rival. But she is threatened with a downfall from this position of pre-eminence. The young Baron Fabrice De St. Andre is about to marry his cousin, Mlle. Berengere des Ormoises, a lady of great wealth and beauty; and as he is, so to speak, a link of union between the nobility and bourgeoisie of the town, his father having married a tanner's daughter, a coalition is being set on foot to secure his return at the coming election. Moreover, Berengere has declared her intention of fixing on Pont-Arcy as her place of residence, and has hinted that she will keep open house and give any number of entertainments in the course of the year. Madame Trabut, therefore, sees that her downfall as ruler of fashion in the little town must inevitably accompany the union of the wealthy and charming Berengere with Fabrice De St. Andre. The Mayoress at once forges her plan. She must at any cost prevent the marriage, and, taking into her confidence all her petty satellites of gossips, mischief-makers, and idlers, she sets them on the watch to spy out some opportunity of creating a rupture between the young Baron and his fiancee. This little petticoat war is complicated by an undercurrent of electoral rivalries of no interest whatsoever. All these secondary figures which flit about the stage during the first two acts are hastily and superficially drawn, and, though there is wit here and there in the dialogue, it is not so abundant as to relieve the monotony of the dummy characters. The plot only opens in the third act, and from that moment M. Sardou may be said to dismiss all the subsidiary persons of his prologue. Madame Trabut, as I have mentioned, is only awaiting an opportunity for throwing discord between Fabrice and Berengere, when the young man offers it to her in a manner so palpably absurd and unnatural that I cannot understand how any audience would allow itself to be so easily imposed upon by a clumsy trick. A young woman arrives from Paris, and inscribes her name in the hotel book as Marcelle Aubry. She calls twice on the Baron De St. Andre, requesting a private interview with him, which he, in his excessive prudery, declines to grant, because his visitor has refused to leave her name. Chance, however, wills that Marcelle and Fabrice should meet at the house of Madame Trabut, and that the former should hear his name uttered. She at once goes to him to implore him to grant the interview she has requested, telling him that her object in asking it is one of the utmost gravity. The young man defers, and comes to a singular decision. He tells her that there is a ball that night at the Prefecture, that he must attend it, but that at ten o'clock he will slip away, and will go to his own—that is, his mother's—house, where he will wait to see her. And to avert all suspicion, what does he do? He bids her enter, not by the street door, but by the little garden gate at the back! So, then and there, under the very eyes of his mother, M. Sardou concerts the mystery on which the whole interest of his plot is to turn. The prudent Fabrice arranges this visit for an advanced hour of the night; prefers a secret entrance, and selects the very day when all Pont-Arcy will be astir until morning. Now or never Madame Trabut will find her desired opportunity. At the hour named Marcelle arrives at the gate, is directed, and pale and trembling, with tears in her eyes, explains the object of her visit. The late Baron De St. Andre, whose memory is held in a reverence that amounts to worship by his son and his widow, had for some years before his death maintained a lady journeys to Paris, where it seems he met Marcelle, an orphan girl in poor circumstances, but of good family, and highly accomplished. He soothed her under a promise of marriage, and it was only when she had given birth to a boy that he avowed his impossibility to repair his fault, and confessed that he had already a wife and son. The Baron had bought for his mistress the interest in a small shop, giving promissory notes in payment of the purchase money. Death had carried him off before the last of these bills had been met, and the holder of it threatens to take legal proceedings against the Baroness De St. Andre if the balance remaining due—50,000 francs—is not settled forthwith. Marcelle, like a noble-hearted girl as she is, feels that a terrible blow it would be to the Baron's widow if she is made aware of his treason in this way, and she has therefore come to apply to the son to spare his mother the grief of such a revelation. Fabrice at first thinks that he is being the victim of some infamous conjuncture, but when Marcelle shows him a series of his father's letters he can entertain no further doubt as to its truth. In a moment he appalling revelation with a gentle sigh, brushes a tear from her eye with her handkerchief, and pardons the faithless husband in gratitude for the noble son he had given her. The denouement is indeed as complete a refutation of the piece as could be required. Although I have doubts as to the ultimate success of "Les Bourgeois De Pont-Arcy," the two splendid scenes in the fourth act will certainly draw great houses for a considerable time. M. Sardou interpreted by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as the Baronne, Mlle. Bartet as Berengere, Mlle. Blanche Pierson as Marcelle, Mlle. Celine Montaland as Madame Trabut, Berton as Fabrice, Delannoy as Brochat, and Parade as the Mayor.

"LAND AHEAD,"

a new romantic Irish drama by George Manville Fenn, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Hull, Eng., March 4.

The play opens among the Knocklanny Mountains, where we learn that Niel Morrow, Brian More, Terry Rooney and others are suffering from the persecutions of a detestable landlord named Morrow. Against the latter conspiracy and a powerfully dramatic interest is excited. Fitzgerald is ardently in love with Honor Delancy, who is the betrothed of Brian. Through the instrumentality of Lanty Brennan, a notorious bailiff employed by Fitzgerald, Brian and others have been ordered off their farms, and, in the confusion consequent upon this, Fitzgerald attempts to abduct Honor Delancy. In this scheme, however, he is thwarted by Brian, who returns with a number of his men, a body of armed constabulary, and charges Brian with having robbed him. The constabulary essay to seize Brian, but he escapes, and, by the pleasantry, succeeds in escaping into Morrow's cabin, the door of which, being blown open by the officer in charge, a form, apparently that of Brian, appears. This is forthwith stopped, and it is discovered that the supposed prisoner is Morrow in disguise, and that Brian has escaped to the mountains. Upon this the curtain falls, and in the second act we find ourselves in Dublin, Fitzgerald having lapse of three years. It transpires that Brian, against whom a warrant is still in force, has returned from America, where he had taken refuge and acquired a small fortune. He succeeds in gaining the assistance of Terry and his wife, and they help him to evade the vigilance of Fitzgerald, who, during his absence, has constantly searched for him, and has also been endeavoring, but without avail, to secure the affections of Honor Delancy. In the first scene he is found in his own tenantry, who resolve to have him murdered in Glen Braddagh; but Honor, having heard of the plot, with a magnanimity worthy of her, warns him of his approaching danger. Through this interference, and by the help of Brian, who accidentally appears on the scene, the life of Fitzgerald is spared. We next find that Fitzgerald displays his generosity by releasing many tenants prisoner at his house, where he again endeavors to win her love, but without avail, and the girl is eventually rescued by Terry Rooney. The baffled Fitzgerald, as a last resource, seeks to get Brian and Honor Delancy married, but is foiled, for Brian, acting the part of another person's corpse, is borne away in a coffin, only, however, to rise again at a favorable moment, when, Honor being in danger at the hands of Fitzgerald, he leaps from his hiding-place, and, with the assistance of the supposed mourners, effects her rescue. In the fourth act the lovers are, after numerous dangers and difficulties, on the point of emigrating, when Brian and Morrow are arrested; but fortunately, through the instrumentality of Father Phelim, who has secured their pardon, they are released, and thus permitted to see "Land Ahead."

"THE HOOP OF GOLD"

is the title of a new drama from the pen of Mortimer Murdoch, which was brought out at the Pavilion Theatre, London, March 2.

The hoop alluded to is, of course, a ring—the pledge of affection and constancy—which a certain Richard Wrench has placed on the finger of Ruth Bullion, who has incurred her father's anger by marrying against his will and without his consent. The married life of poor Ruth turns out to be a very wretched one. For Richard Wrench falls into evil courses, and his wickedness are taken advantage of by a villian named Welsher Humm, who cherishes a guilty passion for Ruth, and who, to further his own base designs, like another Iago, prompts and fosters the jealousy of the husband, making it appear that that husband has a rival in the person of the good Doctor Hartland, who has been called in to attend on the infant child of the ill-mated couple. Certain it is that Ruth has to encounter some very bitter trials. In one scene, giving us a very realistic view of that famous establishment in the Westminster road, which is known as "Astley's," we find Ruth with her baby contemplating self-destruction. Here she is met by the villain of the story, from whose clutches she is rescued by old Sammy Witherwick, a faithful and honest servant of her father. Then, making her way to the Thames Embankment, she is pursued by her relentless and enraged and jealous husband. He is on the journey which is generally described as "going to the devil," and the wife, who has been driven from his house by his fury, naturally declines to accompany him. But Richard Wrench is not the man to be baulked, and so he first takes his baby and throws it into the river, and then attempts to consign his "better half" to a similarly damp and uncomfortable resting-place. We need hardly say that somebody is at hand to pull off a coat, to mount the parapet, and to take a header to the rescue of the infant, and that "Old Sammy" once more turns up in the nick of time to see that no harm comes to his pro egee. Later in the action we find Ruth returning to her father's home and asking, and, by the help of friends, securing that father's forgiveness. But Richard Wrench spoils the reconciliation by suddenly turning up to accuse his wife of marital infidelity, and the result is that the "stern parient" once more spurns her, and thrusts her from his door. He pities her, but is now resolved never to forgive her. And now Ruth is decoyed to the house of Welsher Humm, who imacines he has an accomplice in a sharp little individual known as Marmion Scott Crone, alias Scottie. Scottie, however, turns out to be a "sheep in wolf's clothing," and most effectually does he turn the tables on his rascally employer. It would be superfluous to say that matters are set right in the end; that virtue—long suffering—finds its reward, and that villainy meets with its deserts.

BASEBALL.

THE CLIPPER PRIZES FOR 1878.

The Code of Rules.

Below we give a communication from the president and the secretary of the International Baseball Association, by which it will be seen that the proffer of prizes by THE NEW YORK CLIPPER for competition by the clubs of the International Association entering the lists for the pennant of 1878 has been duly accepted and acknowledged by the officials of that organization:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION,
COLUMBUS, OHIO, Feb. 23, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ., PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* We desire to make the following explanation as to the cause of the failure of the International Baseball Association to take action at its convention, on the 20th inst., in relation to the very liberal offer of prizes made by you to the clubs and players of this Association for the coming year. The matter was talked over among the delegates previous to the meeting of the convention, and there was a unanimous expression of appreciation and thanks for your kindness and liberality in making this offer, as well as for the aid and comfort given our Association in the course pursued by THE CLIPPER, that reliable organ, which has always been devoted to the best interests of our national game, and announcing their intention of having some official action in recognition of them by the convention. The number of the CLIPPER was a belated one, and many of the delegates were in a hurry to get through the business and depart on the evening train; consequently, at the close of the session, after the adoption of the Constitution and Playing Rules and election of officers, everything was in a flurry, and this matter was unfortunately overlooked, as were several others of less importance. We deplore this very much, as, while you may be assured of our intentions and wishes in the matter, it was certainly due you that such an official recognition should have been made, and it is a reflection upon us that it was not; but we sincerely hope that this acknowledgment, which we respectfully request you will make public, will show to the public as well as yourself that we were not and are not unmindful of your kindness and liberality.

Trusting that the foregoing explanation will be satisfactory, and again expressing our regret at the necessity for it, we are, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

JAMES W. WHITNEY, Pres. I. B. B. A.
J. A. WILLIAMS, Sec. I. B. B. A.

With this explanation by the officers of the International, and the expression of our entire satisfaction with the same, and thanks to these gentlemen for their courtesy in this matter, we now proceed to give a list of

The Prizes and the Rules of Play.

THE FIRST PRIZE will consist of a handsome American flag, on which the words "International Champions" shall be suitably inscribed; the flag will be of the value of one hundred dollars, and shall be awarded to the club winning the International Association pennant of 1878, and it shall become the sole property of such club, and shall not be open to further challenge.

THE OTHER PRIZES will consist of a series of nine gold badges, suitably engraved and inscribed, to be awarded to the nine individual players of the clubs entering the lists in the International Association championship contests of 1878 who shall excel in *fielding skill* as occupants of the nine positions in the game, as follows:

First.—A gold badge shall be given the player of such International club as above-named who shall excel as *catcher* in the series of International championship contests.

Second.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *pitcher*.

Third.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who excels as *first-baseman*.

Fourth.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *second baseman*.

Fifth.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *third baseman*.

Sixth.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *short-stop*.

Seventh.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *left fielder*.

Eighth.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *centre-fielder*.

Ninth.—A gold badge shall be given to the player who shall excel as *right-fielder*.

Each of the above prizes will be made of the finest gold, suitably engraved for each position, and inscribed with the winner's name. The nine prizes will be of the aggregate value of one hundred and fifty dollars.

The new badges will be awarded on the basis of the best average of percentage of chances to put players out accepted, in which chances are offered, fly, if a fielder in any position puts out eight players out of ten chances offered him, and another but seven, the former wins the prize. In case of a tie in such average of chances accepted, then the best batting record of average of basehits shall decide.

In estimating chances offered to put players out, scores under this code of rules should include only fair and legitimate chances, such as chances for catches on fair or foul balls; chances for throwing out players by balls thrown on the fly only, and within the legitimate reach of the fielder; and chances for putting out players, in running bases, given by balls thrown to baseplayers on the fly and within the legitimate reach; as also chances for running players out between bases. In estimating and charging errors to fielders, the scorer should include in the list of such errors only dropped fly-balls and dropped foul-bound balls; widely thrown balls; balls thrown to base-players on the bound; balls overthrown to base-players or base-bounds and balls plainly "muffed;" also passed balls by catchers and overpitched balls by pitchers; but no error shall be recorded under this code when a fielder fails to hold a hard-hit line ball on the fly, or to hold a hard-hit ground ball on the bound, or a swiftly thrown ball bounding from the ground, or when a catcher fails to hold a fly-ball which comes to him sharply from the bat in the case of a "fly-tip," or he fails to catch a ball pitched to him low and out of his fair reach.

In estimating assistance in putting players out —which of course counts as chances—no credit for an assistance shall be given a pitcher when a batsman is put out on three strikes; but credit shall be given to a fielder for an assistance in every instance where he throws a ball accurately and on the fly to a base-player to put a base-runner out, if the said runner escape being put out through the error of the base-player in failing to hold the ball. Credit for assistance also shall be given to the baronet who in trying to make a difficult catch of a fly-ball thereby enables another fielder to hold it on the fly.

In the case of any player being decided out for obstructing a fielder, or for stopping a batted ball, the credit for the assistance on the out shall be given to the fielder who was obstructed, or to the fielder who would have been likely to have caught or stopped the batted ball stopped by the base-runner.

In the case of a batsman put out on a foul strike, the credit for assistance, or a put-out, or both shall be given to the fielder or fielders who would have fairly had the opportunity to accept the chance offered had the ball not been foully struck.

No fielder shall be credited under this code with an accepted chance to put a player out who, in his effort to do so, shall resort to any low trickery, such as hiding the ball, etc. The object in view in awarding the prizes is to reward a player for fair and manly play, as well as for his fielding skill.

No club whose season's record shall be marred by any disreputable conduct on the part of its players, or which shall not, at the close of the championship season, be a member of the International Association in good standing, shall be the recipient of any of the above prizes.

Any special point of play not covered by the above code of rules shall be decided by THE CLIPPER.

THE ALASKA CLUB.

We recently received a postal card, signed by Wm. Rice as secretary of the Alaska Club of this city, giving the names of the players selected to play in their nine. This statement was seen by the proprietors of the Capitoline Grounds, who announced their intention of refusing the use of their grounds to any club to which an expelled player belonged. This postal card, which we have in our possession, we thought was official, or we should not have given it a place, but a subpended communication we are glad to learn that the Alaska Club has no intention of putting expelled players in their team:

NEW YORK, March 18, '78.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir:* Will you oblige us by allowing us to state that the communication by Mr. Rice, having Al Nichols to play 3d base, is wholly untrue? In the first place, W. Rice is in Savannah, Ga., in business, and has given up baseball playing. His communication in the least with the Alaska Club for '78, and we have been trying since that card was published to find the author, but so far we have failed. In justice to Mr. Nichols we would say that we have not asked him nor will he be asked to play, and we are ignorant of how the report started. The only object the person had was to injure us. In regard to the proprietors of the Capitoline Grounds, we allow none but members of the League and International to play on their grounds, we think they have been a little hasty in regard to us, as we have been to see them relative to this season's play. We have been glad to have us play there, and they should have waited to see who would play before expressing themselves as far as we are concerned.

Yours resp'y, D. RICE.
P. W. RALEIGH.

P. S.—As soon as the weather permits we shall open for the season.

THE PROVIDENCE CLUB.

Manager Douglas of the Providence Club is losing no time in getting his team into working order by field practice. On March 20 he had them out on the Dennis ball-grounds at Providence, and, placing Allison and Nichols to catch and pitch for the professionals, he loaned the services of Brown University's catch and pitch for the Brown University players, who took part in the game. The contest was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, and the new professional team made a very successful debut before their Providence patrons, winning the game very easily, as will be seen by the appended score:

PROVIDENCE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BROWN UNIV'Y.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0	Corey, p.	1	1	2	1	0
York, l. f.	1	1	2	1	0	Brown, c.	1

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letter received for week ending 3 P. M., MONDAY, March 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Alvis, Vadie
Arlington, Spray
Adair, Ada
Allen, Georgia
Adams, Nettie (of Golden's Co.)
Antonio, Martha
Britts, Rosa
Bertrice, Genevieve
Bertha, Mlle. (statue "biz")
Barker, Eva G.
Bradley, Leanora (3) 16c.
Blande, Edith (2)3c.
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Branscombe, Maude (2)
Bridges, Winona
Bean, Fannie (vocalist) 6c.
Beaumont, Stella (2.
Baughman, Lottie
Barteio, Carrie
Bertha, Mlle. (danseuse) (2)
Burdick, Dora
Bushell, Carrie
Carter, Mrs. Laura
Crabtree, Lotta
Denman, Mrs.
Denton, Annie
De Lange, Lillie
Deimar, Emily
Doyle, Minnie
Eytinge, Rose
Emmerson, Dollie
Elmore, Annie (vocalist)
Postelle, Belle (2)
Forrest, Lillian
Fox, Annie (2)
Fontainbleau, Mlle.
Francis, Mrs. Victoria
Garretson, Fannie
Gray, Ada
Gerald, Nita (2)
Halpin, Jennie F.
Howard, Lou
Hindes, Josephine G.
Helene or E. Mensell, Mlle.
Herd Sisters
Kellogg, Alice (with Berger Family)
Loretta, Billie
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lawton, Ella
Laurette, Mlle.
Leslie, Mrs. David
Lang, Ione
Lurton, Ethel
Laurent, Mrs. Henri
Laiscelle, Mad. Lyman
Lakren, Rosa
Mayo, Ella
Morris & Charlie Shay, Viola
McCall, Lizzie
Marshall, Florence
Miller, Adelaide (vocalist)
Martelle, Millie
Mitchell, Lottie
Meehan, Sadie 6c.
Nash, Helen
Palmer, Emma
Pratt, Miss Frank
Prouty, Fannie
Park, Isabella
Renard, Celia
Ransom, Alice (2)
Rogers, Genevieve
Rinehart, Mrs. S.
Richmond, Josie & Lu-lu
Saxton, Kate
St. Felix, Leanora
Sanborn, Ada
Siddons, Ida
Shellman, Rosa
Scofield, Imogene (2)
Secton, Maude
St. Felix, Henrietta (2)
St. Felix Sisters
Sherwood, Alice
Stone, Amy
Tuttle, Lottie
Thompson, Julia
Vunubia, Julia
Victoria, Sophia
Von Hillern, Bertha
Walby, Josephine
Weathersby, Eliza
Watson, Louisa (of Murray's Co.)
Wyndham, Alice
Warner, Florence

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, Dave
Avery, C. A. (3)
Adams, Jas. E. (2)
Austin, Charlie
Allen, W. A. (pedestal "biz")
Almonte, Geo.
Arlington, Wm.
Adams, Burton (2)
Ashton, W (of N. D. Robert)
Ainsworth, F. K.
Aiken, Frank
Ames, Emile
Anderson, Jas. W
Bailey, Geo. F.
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney)
Bell, Chas. (of Rice's Circus)
Blake, A. B. (2)5c.
Brachi, F. (of Palmore's Band)
Barlow, M (of B. W. F. & W.)
Bloss, Jas. M.
Brown, E. B.
Bingham, J. W.
Butler, Henry
Blodget, Wash
Byrne, J. (of Smith & Byrne)
Bowers, Sophie T.
Bush, I. T. (2)
Brown, F. (of S. Irwin's Co.)
Bumpus, Lawrence
Brady, Abner S.
Barton, T. (of Carr & Barton)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bennett, Harry
Barnum, H. (of London Circus) (2)
Beckwith, Hamilton
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Bobee, James
Bainbridge, C. D.
Blandowski, Mons
Brown, E. B. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Barnes, John
Cotton, Benmanager)
Carroll, Wm.
Conro, Chas. S.
Conroy & Nelson
Coleman, D. W
Carr, F. (of Healy's Hibern.)
Campbell, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Carson, Jr., Wit
Crane, Chuck
Crux, Chas. A.
Cottrell, Chas.
Cooke, De Witt
Chappell, Chas.
Clark, H. (of "Lottie" Co.)
Crill, M. K.
Cary & Hamlin
Crumley, Robt.
Coney, Geo. W.
Cilwards, G. (Punch & Judy "biz")
Chenet, J. (of Wallace Sister's Co.)
Call, S. B. (gymnast)
Crane, W. H. 6c.
Chapman, W. E.
Cross, Jas.
Converse, F. B.
Chace & Davis
Cole, W. (late of Louisville, Ky.)
Celini, B. (ballet "biz")
Cunn & Harrington)
Cardello & Victor
Carter, Billy (of Pastor's Co.)
Collins, Asa
Carroll & Maxwell
Dingess, John
Devere, Sam
Dillon, James
Ducrow, Wm.
Devlin, Jas. A.
D'Artrey, W.
D'Artrey, Fred W.
Dickeson, H. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Dillon, John (comedian)
Duprez, C. H.
Dame, Chas. E.
Diamond, Frank
Delehanty & Hengler
Drew, Mike
Davis, Thos. (circus "biz")
Daveau, L. 6c.
Daly, Augustin
Eugene, Master (gymnast)
Eldridge, Press
Eugene, H.——
Emery, Will
Emmet, J. K.
Florance, G. A. (musician)
France, Geo.
Forepaugh, John A.
Fielder, R. (of Barnum's Circus)
France, Sid
Fish, C.
Fleury, Fernando
Friese, A.
Fox, Jas. E.
Foote, A. Wm.
Frohman, Gustave
Fox, Willie (comique)
Fields, Jas. (of F. Werner's Co.)
Finn, John F.
Franklin, Fred. (gymnast)
Frohman, D.
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Ferguson, Barney
Forbes, Chas. 6c.
Gotthold, E. M.
Gilmore's Band Manager
Graham, R. E.
Grover, Leonard
Gaylord, Wm.
Girste, Chas. B. (2)
Grover, Jr., Holmes
Garthan, Alysius
Gaston, Albert
Goldie & Steele
Gardner, Frank A. (2)
Graham, R. E.
Geyer, Albert
Graff, J. (of Strakosch's Co.)
Gorman, Dick (of Gev Kemp & Howe)
Golden, Martin
Heywood, Tom (minst. "biz")
Howard, John (manager) (2)
Hager, Dr. A. W.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harkins, D. H. (2)
Hanchett, David
Harrison, Eugene
Hanson & Rich
Hooker, Fred
Harding, C.
Hernandez, Monte
Holloway, James
Henry, Wm.
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Hyatt, Frank (of Stone's Circus)(2)
Hall, Geo. W. (2)
Hanford, (of Waggoner's Minst.)
Hess, C. D.
Hawkins, D. R.
Hughes, Mark
Hamilton, W. (of Slavin's Co.)
Hayward Bros.
Henry, Wm. B. (2)
Hilliard & Hunting
Hall, Frank A.
Hunting, Wm.
Haskell, Edward
Jones, Frank
Jarrett & Palmer
Johnston, E. (of Johns. N. Y. Th. Co.)
Jefferson, Tommy
Kent, Frank
Kohl, Ed.
Kent, Julian
Kelley, J. D.
Kelly, J. (of Kelly & Neary)
Levino, Dalph
Lorella, J. (of Lorella Co.)
Lewis, Fred
Leavitt, M. B. (3)
Leavitt, Abe
Lyle, W. E.
Leland, Matt. 6c.
Lorella, John C.
Laine, J. H. (agent)
Leavitt, Ben
Leon, Chas.
Lawrence, T. W.
Lesler, F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Little, C. (of M. Pearl's Co.)
Lawton, Geo. (banjoist)
Larkin, Jas. M.
Lockhart, — (one arm)
Levitt, A. (of Morton & Levitt)
Lewis, J. H. 32c.
Laiscelle, Lyman
Leotard Bros.
Mosher, Al
Miller, Prof. F. A.
Maxwell & Carroll
Morse, W. F. (agent)
Mack (2)
Morris, J. R.
McKenzie, Archie (3)
Murphy & Mack
Munroe, Frank
Murphy & Morton
"Manager" Bellwood, Mlle.
McThone, Pete
Morris, Myles
Melville, Chas.
Mackintosh, Thos.
Mack, Harry (comedian)
Miranda, Wm.
McKay, Donald
Muller & Magee
Magee, Clem (2)
Moore, J. A.
Mackey, Dave
Menesly, H. Menzie
Meyer, F. M.
McKay, Barney
McLean, Charlie
Mack, Jas. (pedestal "biz")
Mellinger, Mark L.
Moreland, Ed.
Macarthy, Fred
Metkiff, Geo.
Moreland, Harry (heavy "biz")
McCluskey, J. (dramatist)
Magnilly, Ben
Monroe,——
Norton, John S.
Noyes, Aubrey C.
Ogden, Dick
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, C. (of O'Brien Bros.)
Omohondro, J. B.
O'Brien, Fred
Ogden, J. E.
Osborn, Harry (of Pastor's Co.)
Perham, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Powers, J. (with Bowers' Bros.)
Peck, Chas. H.
Pepper, Jack F.
Pettit & White
Petrie & Fish
Petrie, Will O.
Potter, A.
Petit, Chas. (cornetist)
Pastor, Tony
Reynolds, Dick
Queen & West
Robinson, Jos. C.
Rubini, Sig.
Rankin, A. McKey
Raymond, C. S.
Rogers, Chas. S.
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rhodes, Dan
Robbins, Harry
Einehardt, Julius C.
Rowe, Geo. Fawcett
Rosebaum, Jr., E.
Reed, A. C.
Richards, Al E.
Rooney, Pat
Rogers, Jas.
Snow, Eddie (of Pastor's Co.)
Sefton, E. S.
Sellon & Byrnes
Sivalls, Chas.
Sheehan, Jack
Smith, Wm. A. T.
Smith, E. C. (of Smith & Byrne)
Seabert, C. F.
Steele, Geo. K.
Stanley, W. H. (vocalist)
Somerby, Rufus
Sadler, Tommy 6c.
Stanwood, Harry
Stanley, Burton (2)
Sylvia, J. H. (2)
Searl, F. (Texan wizard)
Swain, Sam
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Sandford & Wilson
Stone, H. F. ("theatrical biz")
Saphore, J. L.
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast) (2)
Sewell, W. A.
Sothern, E. A.
Shannon, Mr. (of Stetson's Co.)
Summers, J. W.
Seymour, ——. (of Robinson's Mins.)
Stiles, Will A.
Sutton, Chas. (minstrel biz")
Traynor, F. J. (of Kerry Gow Co.)
Teole, T. R. & Mrs.
Turner, C. (of Gilday & Turner)
Thompson, Wm. (2)
Tryon, Henry C.
Turner, Dick
Thompson, Den
Treat, Walter
Uffner, Frank
Valentine, J. G.
Voss, J. H. 32c.
Vere, G. W.
Whiffin, Thos.
Wilson, J. B. (banjoist)
Woods, J. H. (with Sprague & Blodgett)
Williams, Gus (2)
Wilson, Ed.
Warner, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co.)
Watkins, C. (of Ada Gray's Co.)
Wells, Billy
Whitenect, W. H.
Washburn, Willis
Washburn, Tony
Wood, N. S.
Wylie & Wade
Watson, G. (of Thomas & Watson)
Whittaker, John A.
West, Wm. B.
W. P. & West)
Wall, Fred (gymnast)
Washburn, E. S.
Walton, W. J.
Wells, Billy
Wilson, Jr., F. E. (of Wallace Sister's Co.)
Wagner, Cal
White, Archie
Williams & Sully
Weaver, J. (of Milligan & Weaver)
X. Y. Z.
Zera, Prof. (2)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office for Warren S. Fox, Agent South Carolina Minstrels (6); Archey, Archy, with W. W. Cole's Circus; Jas. Heywood, Manager Heywood Brothers Combination, and E. E. Basye, of New York Comedy Combination.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 25, '78.

In commencing the twenty-sixth annual volume of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, we cannot permit the opportunity to pass without expressing our deep sense of obligation to all who have so kindly contributed to this department of our paper, and assisted in making our record of the movements of the players reliable and interesting. Our obligations are alike due to our many advertising friends, who, in recognition of THE CLIPPER as the regular organ of the theatrical and show profession generally, have extended a liberal patronage to that organ, and, in doing so, placed their favors where they would do them the most good. By attention to business and the tastes and desires of our friends, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of that support which has been so freely given us for nearly a quarter of a century.

.....Taking into consideration the present sombre aspect in general stagnation in trade, and the doubts and fears relative to the future, our places of amusement are doing a moderately fair legitimate business, with expectations of improvement as Easter approaches and settled Spring-weather sets in.....The circus interest will soon put in its claim for a share of public favor, the tents are fixed for moving the tents and "setting 'em up again" is now dawning upon the large brotherhood of circus-engineers who have so long been waiting for the good time coming, and all that that implies. Let a cheery welcome be given to the gallant knights and fair dames of the sawdust arena, as well as to the irrepressible "candy butchers," in whom there is no guile. The chariots and the horsemen thereof are all ready for the signal that shall start them on their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Mammon. "Our Jim," whose aspirations to become a dashing acrobat received such a check by his tumble while rehearsing a short time ago, is now willing to enter the wagon line, and accept a position as second assistant greaser's greaser's assistant. He is not quite so ambitious of tenting honors as he was last year.....In this connection we wish to present for your consideration the appended

QUESTION OF FACT.

We offer this conundrum,
Which into our mind has crept:
If the present time is '20, '30, or '40?
How on earth can it be *Lent*?

.....We incidentally mentioned to an Irish friend of ours on St. Patrick's Day that Charley Backus, who was in New York the day before, would appear in cork that night. "Bedad," said the Celt, "will he go on the tallyfone?" No, was our response. "Begorra, it's a moighty long stretch av you was ever there," added the Milesian: "that will he do win he gits there?" He will enjoy the pure mountain dew so closely connected with cork. "Arrah, now, be aisy wid yez; he needn't go so fur—Dennis Malone will let him have a drop of the pure stuff widout his going to Cork." [Now, you very naturally suppose that this is an unfinished sketch; that there is more to come, but there isn't. We merely introduce it to show with what fluency we speak the Celtic dialect, as witness (if worth "begorra," "bedad," and "arrah," without which no Irish-American sketch is genuine.—ED.).....There is no limit to the ignorance of some people, and some of the ignorantest are among theatre-goers. Now, there was one chap who had been to see the laughable play of "Our Bachelors" at the Park Theatre. The next day we received a note from him asking if Mr. Owen was a member of the *stork* company!.....In Harmony is necessary in all things, save where discord will answer the purpose. In the advertising columns of a daily paper we saw it announced that forty-five thousand persons had already witnessed a certain play. In another column, in a note from the publisher, it was stated that *sixty*-five thousand had seen it! That's where the discrepancy is, and that's why we repeat that there should be a sort of harmony, a kind of *en rapport*, between the advertising department and the bureau of puffs!.....Modjeska, whom THE CLIPPER first met on her feet in this direction, and sent on her way rejoicing, is having honors bestowed upon her wherever she goes. Boston filled her with ducats and baked beans; New York gave her a banquet and a free ride on our elevated railroad; Pittsburg has just paid her the compliment of a serenade by a legitimate brass band, illuminated by a real lime-light. Nevada has a silver brick in store for her, to be appended to a series of suitably-engrossed complimentary resolutions. Modjeska forever!.....Here's another thing we want to know, videlicit: What's the use of *songs* being *introduced* when we're already *acquainted* with them?.....It may be important for managers to learn, now that Goss and Dwyer are making a circuit of the variety theatres, that pugilists often go off by themselves, *and take a private "box!"*.....Rice puddin [Put in.—ED.] a big and well-done feast when presenting "Evangeline" to the habitues of the Grand Opera-house. How they came to call a *Hunter a fisherman*, and a lone oak at that, with all that crowd around, is what perplexes us, and fills us with sad misgivings as to the educational system of this country. Truly, "Evangeline" is a big card.....This brief allusion to big cards induces us to impart to our readers, in confidence, the following crushing

CARD CONVERSATION.

"Tom, when you offered me your '*hand*' I should have *passed*." "I understand—You didn't '*assist*' our bliss, I own; Better if we'd have *'gone alone'*. If there's any trouble, you *'make it'*." "Liar! Who *'orders me up'* to light the fire?" "It wasn't love, you've told me so—these My *diamonds took your heart*, you know" "You're full of *'tricks*,' you know it's true." "Well, I'm a *'deal'* too good for you." "Your *'club'* is dearer than my *'heart*.'" "Oh, *'cut'* it, do; we'd better part." "We've come within an *'ace'* of blows— You've some *good 'points*,' though, I suppose; I'd better go and *'pack'* my clothes" "Love, I'm ashamed to cause you pain, So let us *'cut and come again'*."

.....Kellogg and Cary, like England and Russia, are biting their thumbs at each other, but so far not a blow has been struck on either side. It has been thoughtfully suggested, in the interest of peace, that one should knock a chip off the other's shoulder. This is a good and an effectual method of bringing things to a crisis, or a climax, as you may prefer. Once—we remember it as well as if it were yesterday—we essayed to knock a chip off, but we dropped first. Since then we have exercised wisdom by having nothing to do with "chips" of any kind.....If we weren't afraid of making him angry we should have no hesitation in calling Heller *Robert the Devil*.....'A Celebrated Hard Case," presented last week at the Theatre Comique, may have been suggested by the *hard pillow-case* in use at the author's boarding-house.....Owing to this being Lent, and other uses being found for this fishy and watery fruit, the Fish House, the worthy manager now offers a feast of dog, goat, and horsefish. Anything for a change, as the twenty-shilling boarder said when a year's diet of porgies gave place to a succession of flounders.....When Heller performs the feat of the "Orange Tree," he gives both old and young an orange treat!.....Mr. Jay Cordova is going around telling people about "Our First Baby." He should say "Our First Baby" so far as he has any knowledge of the subject. You cannot always very often tell. We shall welcome with open arms "our *last* baby!".....We must decline the song commencing: *O, Ida Colburn, O!* in our *columns*, [I give it to thee.—ED.] as things may answer well enough in our advertising columns, but we have no room in this department.....They say that a brand-new play is in preparation at one of our first-class society theatres. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and is said to have been founded on events connected with slavery in the South. In years gone by, to solicit the production of what promises to be a work of contemporaneous human interest. *The Weekly Freebooter* has not heard of this yet! Oh, this is pie for us!.....In reference to a play a short time ago brought out at Booth's Theatre, the lamentable James asks permission to engraft the following fruitful effusion upon the paper, which we here:

SADNESS, BY O. J.

At Boothses "Poor Joe" and his trubbels
Plesed plenty of pepil rite good.
The soul of the smart Alick quers
Tride to make a *big stick out ut Wood!*

THE END.

.....According to Brother Thatcher, up at the San Francisco Minstrels, "The villain still pursued her," though he omits to give us the name of the partner, or the probable cause of the rash act. .....Some lecturers have *honors* heaped upon them, while others have other things thrust upon them. If O'Donovan Rossa dunno when he is well off, perhaps he will thank us for cautioning him to keep away from Toronto, for the people up that way do not care much for lecturers—the circus is their favorite style. The little eccentricity of trying to shoot the lecturer, instead of his hat, must be accepted as among the peculiarities of a fun-loving people.....We would fain hold thee in thrall while we state that Sothern, the Dundreary fun, is said to have paid eight thousand dollars to Mr. Gilbert the London playwright for a new and original play. Had Mr. S. consulted us before undertaking this rash act, he might have saved seven thousand and six hundred dollars, for we would have given him just as good a play for four hundred dollars, with an educated mule and a trapezist thrown in. People lose a great deal of money by going over there for what they want.....George the Count is favoring the Quaker City this week, and evil-disposed persons declare that the great demand for eggs and other vegetable productions has sent up the price to an exalted figure.....Exiles," the real original, will, we shortly be exhibited at Booth's Theatre. Exiles are common enough on Broadway without going to a theatre to find them; but *good* dramas, you know, are not so abundant as they might be.

.....Shakespeare's sacred pot should not, as this time, but neither of those "suburban towns" has explained what "The Exiles" are. No, that is left for us. James, let fly:

THE EXILES.

Would there be any harm in remarking
That the fellows who lost their piles
In petroleum stock ought really
To be called, nowadays, The Exiles?

[Of course he would. Intelligent readers will understand that the point of this lies in giving it the rich Irish accent, and reading it "The Ex-*Oils*.].....It is now stated as a probable fact that Mr. and Mrs. Florence will spend next Summer at Ems. "*What* Em's?" James, *don't* let anyone hear you ask such a silly question. Ems isn't a she; it's a place; and they're going to Ems, you fool, Emma!" isn't a town in Germany, and to go there is one of the advantages of the mighty dollar, you know. And if you have any curiosity to learn what sort of a place Ems is, you will carefully study the lines which follow:

THE FLORENCES AT EMS.

The tonic of Ems our genial pair
Will find not em-pty of enjoyment,
And it is em-inently fair
That after months of close em-plovment,
A chance, at last, they should em-brace
To thus em-bark upon the ocean,
And we their memories shall em-balm
And shall them sail with deep emotion!

.....Talk about hard times! Why, there are unnumbered fortunes waiting for somebody in the show business. We know it; because only last week we read seven distinct announcements to the effect that "a live man with a small capital can secure an interest in first-class paying position on the road." The curious thing about those notices is that the capital required is invariably small, and the man must always be "live"—thus indicating that anybody may avail himself of the golden opportunities unless he happens to be dead.

.....They've got a double-headed pig in Boston now, but in a bottle of alcohol, or anything of that sort; but a real, live, grunting pig. The two heads are distinct and perfect, and it is reasonable to suppose that each has a brain as large as that given to the average Bostonian—that is, to the average Bostonian pig. Now, if they would educate this double-header, what a card he would make! And what advantages he would enjoy over the ordinary pig! When one head became tired of searching for the nine-spot, the other could take up the work; and in this way one snout would always be ready to eat. The Boston pig might, with his pair of heads, be able to understand Joseph Cook, and possibly to find his way about the streets of the Hub unaided. Oh, a double-headed pig is a great thing—let us sing:

BOSTON'S BLESSING.

Two heads with but a single spine,
Two snouts that eat as one;
Let Boston cease henceforth its whine
While swine like this do run!

.....Really, death is reaping a rich harvest of late. Only a few days ago the young and promising chimpanzee was struck stricken down, and now the genial hippopotamus has passed away. Of course, a few fitting obit—we begin to suspect that some of these deaths are put up, so to speak, for the express purpose of securing for the subject a bit of our immortal verse! If we thought that—but never mind! Let them take care hereafter, however. Meantime, you may take this:

ON THE YOUTHFUL HIPPOPOTAMUS.

From where the White Nile gently flows
They brought her when a baby;
She grew where grows the dark neg-roes,
Where elephants run wild;
To capture and to bring her here,
It indeed, a lot of fuss.
And we had learned to cherish well
Our Baby Hippopotamus.
Ah, little did there be, indeed,
Her virtues to enamel;
She proved how dear may grow to be
A pachydermatous mammal!
Of all the many friends she made,
'Tis safe to say there's not a cuss
Who does not mourn with all his heart
Our Baby Hippopotamus!
So young and yet so loving she,
So full of playful fancy—
She's gone an angel now to be
Along the poor Chimpanzee
Consumption was the dread disease,
And cruel Death he got her thus—
Though hidden now, we've still the hide
Of Baby Hippopotamus.

.....They say they are going to shoot Mephistopheles from a cannon at the London Circus tonight. This is a peculiarly interesting statement, coming, as it does, at a time when the existence of a personal Mephistopheles is the subject of so much discussion. We have long held that it was time to shoot the dev—that is, Mephistoph. And now that our circus friends have undertaken the task, we will encourage them—in rhyme.

SHOOTING MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Bob Driscoll has had his shot,
And so has Mr. Beecher,
And Satan has received it hot
From many a famous preacher:
But now still further to be buried
Is this, the great ensnarer,
And by a cannon which can speak
As loud as Canon Farrar!

[*This is Greek for Devil. The Greeks used to say, when a man observed that he was going to "smile:" "The Mephistopheles you are!" This was not swearing.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Having long had an ambition for the stage, Bessie Turner is on it. Under the fatherly guidance of James W. Collier, she made her initial bow last week with his traveling company. The professional name she has chosen bears no resemblance to the one made familiar to the public through the Tilton-Beecher trial. Turner is commonplace—Avery is savory. Than Bess, Bessie is neater—but Beta is newer. So henceforth forever let her be known as Miss Beta Avery. The role in which she first came before the public—an unimportant one in the prologue of "A Celebrated Case"—denoted that Maggie Mitchell, for the first time in about sixteen years, appears in this city without James W. Collier to support her. James has a weightier task in directing the trembling and uncertain footsteps of the young actress in embryo. May Heaven give him strength—and her!.....In Vienna recently sold Haydn's piano for twelve hundred florins.....King Alfonso went to Madrielene theatre with Signor Canovas del Castillo. The play was wretched, abominable, execrable. "How do you like it?" said the Minister just as the waiter entered the royal box with ices. "Splendid—it's the finest play I ever saw in my life," said the King. "Between us," added the young King, "it is probably the worst play ever written, but I didn't wish to say so before the waiter. I didn't know but that he might be the author, and so couldn't take the risk of hurting his feelings."....Goethe's dramatic poem "Torquato Tasso" was played lately at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre for the benefit of Herr Barnay.....There is an authoritative denial that Lady Burdett-Coutts purposes leasing Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., in order to install Henry Irving as lessee thereof.....Miss Linda Dietz and George Holland sail for England with E. A. Sothern on April 27.....On March 21, Justice Walsh, sitting in Part 2 of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, N. Y., fined $20 for the privilege of permitting a tight-rope performance without an underlying net to break the artist's legs in case he should fall.....More crape at our Aquarium. The tame hippopotamus was found dead in its bed on the morning of March 20. A larger brute of the same species, and which is to occupy the same bed, took passage from Egypt on the following day. We allow no grass to grow in our hippopotamus' bed.....Alexandre Dumas, in going through his father's papers, found a piece in five acts, written by the dead man, and founded upon "Balsamo." He showed it to M. Duquesnel, who thought that the subject might have received a greater development. So M. Dumas set to work, cutting, extending and rearranging, but respecting the novel and the piece as much as possible. He says: "To know the author of the piece is therefore not easy, but one means exists for settling the point: the public shall decide. If the play succeeds, it will be my father's; if it fails, it is mine." This is one of those pretty thoughts to the invention of which the average Frenchman of any note whatever devotes three-fourths of his lifetime. "Balsamo" has had a career of an enormous failure. The author is young Dumas.....Herr Lippe, who has been acting in Germany for ten years past, and who has studied the drama of "Two Orphans," and that had fired them. Their outfit consisted of six dollars in money, two suits of clothes apiece, one revolver for all three, and a bow-knife to each brother's son of 'em.....The dealer of the widow of Rossini the composer is announced by cable, upon the authority of a foreign correspondent of *The London Times*, who adds that which may not prove true, that Rossini's fortune will now go to the establishing and supporting a home for aged or invalid singers.....Miss Inez Sexton, a musical metropolitan of some celebrity, is on her wedding-tour.....A note from Wm. Davidge, the grandfather of intelligence that business continues large with Daly's Fifth-avenue Combination.....Edward Harrigan's exaggerated parody of "A Celebrated Case" has caught the popular fancy.....Sparkling with many moments, and its quips and quirks are emphasized by Dave Braham's choicest melodies. A fair sample of its many captivating features is the happy conceit that causes the Count to be described in the state-cell as a prisoner who moves, not to the stereotyped solemn march, but with swaying steps after the fashion of Pat Rooney. The success of the burlesque has thus early provoked threatened litigation, to wit:

NEW YORK, March 20, 1878.

MESSRS. HARRIGAN & HART.—*Gents*: We have this day received from Mr. J. R. Planney of Boston instructions to lay an injunction against your performance of "A Celebrated Hard Case," which is claimed by him, and was copyrighted on Feb. 23, 1878. Before the matter proceeds further, please call and see us, and examine our papers. Respectfully yours,

DODGE & NORMAN, Attorneys.

.....Miss Clara Cole purposes making the grand rounds of Europe this Summer.....Lizzie Annan's health is such as has temporarily closed her dramatic school in this city, and gone to Long Branch to recuperate.....The Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, is to be run next season in conjunction with the grand Opera-house, Cincinnati.....Adolph Lehman, father of Miss Minnie Cummings the actress, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 25.....Miss Virginia Bray, who is temporarily supporting John T. Raymond, is reported as having recently lost a brother by death in Indiana.....Four hundred dollars, with a Hog Angler Yorker, whose negro Uncle Daniel was to the "Gilded Age" but little short of what the Hog Angler still is to "Evangeline," has been caught in Cupid's net—not the twin's to Madrilene theatre, but a few years ago the prospective bride was playing child's parts in this vicinity.....When Maurice Neville failed as Othello at the Queen's Theatre, London, on March 2, the scene in the Desdemona was indescribable. It is now known that Willie Winter is responsible for *this* Shakespearian emendation.....Prof. J. H. Siddons, who eighteen years ago was a favorite elocutionist in this city, has been lecturing in Washington, D. C., on "The Celebrities of Europe."....The date selected for M. W. Hanley's benefit at the Theatre Comique, this city, is April 19. The season will close the week ending April 27.....Mr. Aiken will be the last dramatic author to variety. Only dramas will be used during the succeeding fortnight.....Samuel Wood, a millionaire whose pet project for years has been the erection of an American College of Music, and a large share of whose fortune has been bequeathed to that purpose, died in this city on March 20, aged eighty-three years.....The Emperor of Russia has conferred upon Christine Nilsson the Order of Arts and Sciences.....An order of the Court, issued on the 22d inst., permits Mabel Leonard to resume professional life, and to perform in any variety theatre that cannot be proved an immoral place.....Bids were opened on the same day by Mr. Duff of Duff & Phelps, Brooklyn, for a fence around the plot of ground where are interred the one hundred and five charred remains of the victims of the Brooklyn Theatre fire. The lowest bidder was ex-Alderman Patrick S. Barrett, whose bid was for $1,600.....A new tenor named Sellier, whom M. Edmond About by accident discovered employed in a cafe, has just made his début in the Opéra Comique in the third royal opera, after two years' study at the Conservatory. The beauty of his voice is said to be extraordinary.....F. S. Chanfrau arrived in town on the 24th.....Sarah Bernhardt, the French actress, leads the life of Liberty here. In the morning she takes a long ride in the saddle; at noon she turns sculptor, and works on three or four busts for the Exhibition; then she goes and has her photograph taken as "Medea"; at two o'clock she takes up the brush and works on a large painting; at nightfall she is writing her memoirs, or rehearsing her roles, or attending to her correspondence; in the evening she goes to the play, and the next morning she is again in London.....James Holloway, the English clown, who was to have sailed from Liverpool in the steamer City of Montreal, should be now among us.....Sullivan's Christmas Carol, reformed sketch, has been enlarged into a three-act drama. Its author, Edward Harrigan, charges in our business columns that during its recent three weeks' run at the Theatre Comique in this city that "a lot of unprofitable stuff is copied by John Fields (formerly of Fields and Hoey) for sale to a couple of young specialty artists. And therefore Mr. Harrigan "warns the profession."

CITY SUMMARY.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, after several years' absence, made her reappearance upon the metropolitan stage in the Standard Theatre March 18, when J. B. Runnion's four-act drama of "Mignon" was acted, with the following cast:

Mignon.....Maggie Mitchell | Heinrich.....W. Walker
Wilhelm Meister, Wm. Lamb | Jarno.....W. A. Rowe
Sperati.....Russell Bassett | Franz.....J. B. Mason
Laertes.....Gustavus Levick | Johann.....A. Marcus
Gip.....Harry Eytinge | Antigey.....R. Russell
Normanie.....P. A. Anderson | Second Gipsy.....H. Weston
Frederic.....Rufus Scott | Philina.....Ida Jeffreys
Baron Medina.....H. Fuller | Zath.....Miss Marie Prescott
Gambrinus.....E. B. Holmes

The drama was beautifully mounted with freshly-painted scenery, and a number of professional chorus-singers had been engaged to give due effect to the gipsies' song in the third act. Special praise is due for the thoroughly effective manner in which the scene of the second act was handled and managed. Miss Mitchell has lost none of her vivacity and mercuriality of spirit, and her acting is as piquant as ever; but this drama does not afford her so much scope as others in her repertory to display those qualities which have made her name celebrated throughout the land; and possibly, the attendance, although by no means good, was not so large as had been anticipated. Nevertheless, the drama is a good one, and it affords the fair artist opportunity to display her ability in pathetic acting, and in other cities where she has been in the habit of fulfilling one engagement at least every season it has proven eminently successful, and given agreeable variety to her performances. That Miss Mitchell possesses artistic ability to delineate those passions which cause the heart to throb with increased velocity, and the eyes to become suffused with tears, is undeniable, and has secured favor with which her acting in the comedy scenes of the drama was received simply proves that the popular taste, in this city at least, now craves for mirth and laughter, instead of tears, and in obedience to that behest "Fanchon," which is indissolubly connected with Miss Mitchell's fame and name, will be given during the present week. The supporting company is one of more than ordinary excellence, and the members were admirably fitted to the various roles assigned them. In "Mignon," William Harris, who has accompanied the star through the country for several seasons past, acted Wilhelm Meister with marked effect. His distinguishing traits are a good figure, an excellent voice, gentlemanly ease of bearing and graceful action. Russell Barrett was quite successful in simulating senile age as the old pilgrim, who proves to be the Count Sperati and Mignon's father. Gustavus Levick deserves warm praise for his artistic portrayal of Laertes; his acting being vigorous and thoroughly natural. Harry Hotto as Gip, who continues a faithful friend to Mignon, although she tells him she can never reciprocate his love for her, was quaint and humorous. P. A. Anderson invested the gipsy king Normanie with strong individuality of character, and made his presence felt. Rufus Scott acted Frederic, a stuttering fop, admirably, and displayed commendable talent for light-comedy acting. H. Fuller delivered his lines impressively. Although Miss Ida Jeffreys was not in every way satisfactory as Philina, she is to be credited with a praiseworthy effort to please. Miss Marie Prescott displayed talent as the old gipsy Zaffi, and the minor characters received due care and attention.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Gilmore's Band was heard at a concert at the 22d-regiment Armory on March 22.....Prof. Sig. M. Landin is a lecturer and the Virginia Jubilee Singers held forth at the Dime Entertainment at Cooper Institute on Sunday evening.....The Ninth-regiment Band, with the baton of Bandmaster Downing, were again listened to in an excellent programme, given at the Sunday-evening concert at the Grand Opera-house, in which the solo selections were rendered by F. N. Innes, cornet-player; Alonzo H. Hatch, tenor singer; Mrs. Ella Tavares, soprano vocalist; Carl Lanzer, violinist; Mlle. Estelle Buzzetti, soprano singer; Messrs. Hammond and Ward, cornet performers; and Chas. Lowe, xylophone player.....Florence Rice-Knox sings March 30 at Steinway Hall, assisted by a number of the principal artists of the Ruben Grand English-opera Company.....The Kellogg-Cary-Roze Opera Troupe commenced an engagement at Booth's Theatre 18.

G. B. BUNNELL, proprietor of the New American Museum, advertises that institution for sale. The museum, it is stated, has been a paying investment, and, Mr. Bunnell parts with it by reason of making an extensive tour through this country and Europe.

HARRY LEAVITT, Dutch comedian, is confined to his residence by illness.

"A CELEBRATED HARD CASE," a burlesque in six scenes, by Edward Harrigan, of a well-known play now being performed in this city, was produced in the Theatre Comique March 18. The principal scenes and incidents of the original have been cleverly travestied, and, although the dialogue is, at times, slangy and too verbose, yet it apparently pleased those in attendance, and frequent laughter was heard. Many of the characters closely copied the elegant costumes worn in the drama, and the freshly-painted scenery was appropriate and effective. In the second scene the newly reorganized Miniature 69th Regiment presented a fine appearance, being clad in full grenadier's uniform, and they did some commendable marching. They also sang the chorus of the song "Our Irish Grenadiers" in a pleasing manner. In the fourth scene, a quintet by prisoners, entitled "The Isle of Blackwell," some of the chief characters aiding in the chorus, scored a success. We think that if the dialogue should be liberally condensed the general effect would be improved. Edward Harrigan was quite successful in the role of John Rainhard, delivering his lines with mock-heroic air, and frequently giving excellent imitations of the peculiarities of the original impersonator of the character. Tony Hart, who has gained quite a reputation for the excellence of his female impersonations, certainly enhanced it by his clever acting of Adri-anna Rainhard. His portrayal of the child in short clothes in the early part of the burlesque as comical, and the change to the grown-up-antiquated maiden of "thirty-five" was marked by individuality.

"PEEP O' DAY" was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 18, and enjoyed a run during the week. William E. Sheridan sustained the part of the hero, Harry Kavanagh, investing that part with a due amount of chivalric feeling. Miss Lillie Glover lent able assistance by her effective acting as Kathleen Kavanagh. The drama was illustrated by beautiful and well-constructed scenery, the quarry scene evoking loud tokens of approbation. James E. Mackin was specially engaged for the Fair scene, and his characteristic songs-and-dances met with liberal approval. "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced 25, and "As You Like It" 27, followed April 1 by "The Corsican Brothers."

MISS MINNIE DOYLE, supported by Miss Florence Fairchild, played an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre during the week ending March 23, appearing in the drama entitled "Zeta, or Misjudged." On March 25 "The Ragpicker of Paris" will be produced, with Miss Florence Fairchild and G. W. Middleton in the leading roles.

CAMBRIDGE & CO., dramatic agents, Chicago, Ill., advertise for a first-class company to support Mme. Modjeska after April 22.

MISS GENEVIEVE ROGERS, supported by F. E. Aiken's dramatic company, is to commence a week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 25, in "Maud Muller"

THE TAKING OF TESTIMONY in the divorce case of Saville vs. Saville, now pending in the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, has been concluded. Three witnesses, including the plaintiff, Mary Saville, were examined before the special examiner, J. F. O'Neill, in New York, and the sum and substance of their testimony was that the defendant, John G. Saville, had been seen to enter houses of ill-repute in New York with females.

ROBERT MCWADE during his second week at the Philadelphia Museum acted the title-role in "Rory O'More" and "Richard III on Horseback in Dutch." Edwin Byron appeared at the matinees. Chas. S. Rogers and Miss Mattie Vickers volunteering at his benefit 22. Mr. McWade will reappear as Rip Van Winkle during his third and last week, "Jack Harkaway's Adventures in the Army and Among the Brigands" being given at the matinees. "The Two Orphans" 25.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the past week's fresh features included Selbon and Burns in Irish songs-and-dances, Miss Lillie Ellis in serio-comic songs, Harry Brooks in his pedestrian feats, and Miss Charlotte M. Stanley in her drama entitled "Too Late." The new faces 25 are Mons. Florentine, Miss May Marshall, J. Doty, and Hernandez Foster in "Jack Harkaway."

F. F. MACKAY'S suit against the lessees of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, will soon be tried in the Court of Common Pleas. The papers in the case have been filed, and contain the agreement entered into between the parties. Mr. Mackay alleges that there is due him $4,455 for salary under the agreement.

A GOOD SCENIC-ARTIST can secure a short engagement by addressing William Nannary, as per advertisement.

FANNY DAVENPORT appeared in Toledo, O., March 21 as Rosalind, Dayton 22, Columbus 23, and opens in Pittsburg 25, one week..... Charlotte Thompson played in Toledo 22, 23, and has time to small houses..... Mme. Janauschek is to appear in Dayton 27, Columbus 28, 29, Springfield 30, Cleveland April 1, one week..... Kate Claxton is announced in Toledo April 2.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Prof. T. A. Raymond exposed bogus spiritualism March 18, 19, 20. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson opened in "Struck Oil," which filled the boards the rest of the week. Business good.

"THE DIAOLMAUGH" was acted by the Fifth-avenue Theatre company of this city in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house the past week to fair business..... Miss Clara Morris and a company is billed for March 25, 26, 27, and Mary Cary in "Poor Jo" 28, 29, 30.

J. HOLMES GROVER is to run excursion trains from Washington, Del., Chester, Pa., Mount Holly, Burlington, N. J., and Trenton to accommodate patrons of an extra matinee at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., March 27, when "The Exiles" is to be performed.

THE WHITING OPERA-HOUSE, Holyoke, is to be dedicated March 25.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is to play in Schenectady, N. Y., April 1, 2, 3, Gloversville 4, 5, 6.

SEVERAL PEOPLE are wanted for Rogers' Comedy Company. E. O. Rogers also advertises for an ob-long tent.

BOCCICAULT'S "SHAUGHRAUN" COMPANY, under E. E. Stevens, showed in Newark, N. J., March 22, 23, and matinee, to good houses. They are billed in Harlem, N. Y., 25, Poughkeepsie 26, Albany 27, Rondout 28, Troy 29, 30, Albany April 1 to 6.

THORNE'S COMEDY COMPANY are billed in Moncello, Ala., March 25, 26, Birmingham 27, 28, 29, 30. J. W. Hanson, assistant-agent, joined 18.

MARY A. CARR, a lady who states that she has talent for tragic and emotional parts, wants an engagement to learn the profession. See address in another column.

FRANK E. AIKEN'S COMPANY, supporting Genevieve Rogers, play in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week, Lancaster April 1, 2, Reading 3, 4, Pitteton 5, 6. Mr. Aiken informs managers and others, through our advertising department, that he has re-engaged Miss Rogers for the season of 1878-9, and that she will then appear in a new drama, entitled "Carlotta Blanche." Written expressly for her by Fred Williams. The present season will close April 27, and the next will begin Sept. 2.

J. E. EMMET and a company performed in Massillon, O., March 18, Akron 19, Youngstown 20, Wheeling, W. Va., 21, Newark, O., 22, Columbus 23, and are to open in Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Ill., April 1, St. Louis, Mo., 8, for one week each. Chas. Bongard, leader of orchestra, joined the company in Cleveland, O.

THE INFANT SON of Willis H. Page of the stock company at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, died March 15. This is the third child Mr. [illegible] has lost within a month. He has the sym-

pathy of the public and a large circle of friends.

JOHN A. STEVENS in "Unknown," supported by the Arch-street Theatre company of Philadelphia, record a hit at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Crowded houses at the first of the week grew to the "Standing-room Only" order before the close. W. H. Southard, Harry Colton, Frank Jamison, Sidney Smith, Frank Crane, P. J. Sullivan, Julia Hanchett, and Angie Griffiths fill the principal characters acceptably. Route, under W. Eddy's management: Erie, Pa., 25, 26, Sandusky, O., 27, 28, Toledo 29, 30, St. Louis April 1, one week..... The Racowitza German Dramatic Company occupied the Academy 24 (Sunday). Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson one week, beginning 25. Letter of March 24.

S. H. LANFORD'S "UNION JACK" PARTY played in Paterson, N. J., March 21, 22, 23 to crowded houses. Route: Morristown, N. J., 25, 26, Rahway 27, lay off at Philadelphia 28, Salem 29, Delaware City 30, Elkton, Md., April 1, 2, Port Deposit 3, Havre de Grace 4, 5, Newark, Del., 6.

"THE DANITES" was acted in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week to very fair business. The Opera-house remains closed 25, 26, 27, and the stock fills out the rest of the week. .....Stetson's "Robin Hood" Combination played in Martin Hall 23 to a large audience..... The Leland Opera-house Company, headed by Manager Albaugh, inaugurates the new opera-house at Holyoke, Mass., on March 25, playing there three nights.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and a company occupied the Richmond (Va.) Theatre March 19, 20, 21, appearing in "Risks," "Col. Sellers," and "London Assurance," to fair-sized audiences. Hence to Norfolk. "A Celebrated Case" is to be performed 25, 26 by a Baltimore company.

ADA AUSCHEK began a week's season March 18 in the Catrolli (Ala.) Opera-house, supported by Elsler & Canning's company from Cleveland. Business only fair. John McCullough comes 25, for one week, when Manager Davey's company will be the support..... At the Grand Opera-house, Helen Blye began 18 in "Bertha, the Sewing-machine Girl," for one week to very poor houses..... Eliza Weathersby and Mr. Goodwin Jr. and company are to appear 25, 26, 27.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, supported by John W. Norton and a company, is billed in St. Joseph, Mo., March 25, 26, Kansas City 27, 28, Leavenworth, Kas., 29, Omaha, Neb., 30.

MME. R. NEUVILLE, whose address find in another column, offers a four-act sensational play for sale cheap.

THE LENTEN SEASON, more strictly observed, perhaps, in this community than in any other in the United States, and the reaction which follows the carnival season of gayety, have both exercised a manifest depression upon the business of our theatres, wrote our New Orleans, La., correspondent on March 19, adding: "Miss Rose Eytinge at the Varieties, however, has been honored with good-sized audiences, and has given some of her highly-appreciated personations, the theatre being crowded last evening to witness the production of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' A tribute of praise is due Manager Hall for the elaborate setting and careful attention to details with which he has vowed the piece, and the prospects are good for a prosperous run. Miss Eytinge appeared at her best in the role of the Egyptian Queen, and was rewarded with enthusiastic plaudits. The support was in no respect adequate, and even J. B. Studley, whose Pierre Michel was one of the most finished pictures of acting seen here this season, made an indifferent Antony..... At Bidwell's Academy of Music Frank Mayo has appeared in 'Davy Crockett' and as Badger during the week, to houses not at all adequate to his merits. 'Blind Love,' with Mr. Crockett in the principal role, is announced for 21, 22, 23. Colville's Folly Company open 25."

MUSICAL.

MISS BERTHA ERIXON, contralto, with the Swedish Lady Quartet, and Christian Krause, violinist, with the same party, were married at the Curtis House, Mt. Vernon, O., March 18.

MISHLER'S SWEDISH SINGERS, who were in Canton, O., March 19, are to sing in Wooster 25, Tiffin 26, Defiance 27, Chicago 28, 29, 30.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHILHARMONIC CLUB concertized in Reading, Pa., March 18.

CHARLES PARDEE MASSON died March 5 of consumption in De Ruyter, N. Y., aged 43 years. He played the cornet and violin, and, besides giving instruction to numerous brass bands in various parts of the country, he traveled with the following circuses: J. M. French's, Warner's, Springer & Henderson's and "Yankee" Robinson's.

A BASS VIOL AND TUBA can be engaged by addressing Abe Fielding, as per card.

JERRY WALL advertises an arrangement of the Blue Danube Waltzes and the 22d Regiment March for the banjo.

A YOUNG LADY to play the piano and sing is wanted by "Piano," who advertises.

THE LADIES' ALPINE QUARTET and Monello Concert Company sing in West Brookfield April 1, Brookfield 2, Spencer 3, North Brookfield 4, Warren 5, Palmer 6, Monson 8, Amherst 9, Ware 10 and Springfield 11.

A SECOND VIOLIN and E-flat alto-player wishes an engagement with a circus band. See N. H. Arnold's card.

"UNCLE TOM'S LAMENT," by Geo. Thatcher, sung at the San Francisco Minstrels with success, the music by Mullaly, and Wambold's "Pretty Red Rose," also a favorite at that house, and the new song-and-dance "Sparkling Solitaire" can all be obtained at Fred Blume's, as advertised.

A VIOLINIST, leader of orchestra and teacher of brass band desires an engagement. See Prof. F.'s card.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See Thos. Brazendale's card.

MME. CLARA BRINKERHOFF, concert primadonna, can be addressed as per card, or care of this office.

"CRUEL JANE LOUISA," "When Charley's in the Box," "Perhaps," and "Will Mother Know Me in the Sky?" are all in Spear & Dehnhoff's list of latest issues of popular songs. See card for price.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY attracted a large attendance at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during their second and last week at this theatre. "Martha" was given March 18, 22, "Villar's Dragoons" 19, "The Bohemian Girl" 20, 23, "The Chimes of Normandy" 21, with "Fra Diavolo" at a matinee 23. The popular price of fifty cents admission and fifty cents extra for reserved seats was also successfully adopted here during this troupe's second week.

"THE APRIL SHOWERS SCHOTTISCHE," by M. F. Huse, dedicated to Genevieve Rogers, whose portrait decorates the title-page, is published by Chas. H. Fitch, who advertises price, etc.

THE PAPPENHEIM-ADAMS company inaugurated a season of German opera at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 18, with the performance of the opera "Lohengrin." Wagner's opera "Rienzi" was given March 20, and was repeated March 22, a matinee performance of "Les Huguenots" being given March 23. The low price of admission—fifty cents, with one dollar for reserved seats—was an innovation that resulted in a satisfactory attendance.

THE BERGER FAMILY TROUPE will be in Salem, Mass., March 29, Beverly 30, Haverhill April 1, Lawrence 2, Lowell 3, Manchester, N. H., 4, Nashua 5, Lynn, Mass., 6, Newburyport 8, Portsmouth 9, Dover 10, Lowell 11 (Fast Day), Portland, Me., 12, 13. They report business as large.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY gave a concert at Association Hall, Germantown, Pa., March 21, for the benefit of the Germantown Hospital..... Charles Jarvis gave his fifth classical soiree March 22, at the Natatorium, Philadelphia..... Miss Adah Sampson and the Philadelphia Harmonic Club appear in a concert at the Natatorium Hall 25.

HARDING'S new publications, Bobby Newcomb's new song-and-dance "Little Cherry Blossom," and the march-song "Our Army and Navy" are advertised in this issue.

J. CHADSEY advertises first violin copy for sale of a medley Lancashire clog; also orchestral arrangement.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., the Thursby Concert Company gave a concert in McCormick Hall March 19, and are to give another 25. The Wolfsohn testimonial, at which Miss Thursby, Mrs. Frank Hall, Miss Fanny Blumenfeld who made her debut), Messrs. Jas. Gill, C. A. (Knorr, A. Rosenbecker and full chorus of the Beethoven Society participated, took place in McCormick Hall 20.

LEWIS E. COOK, agent of the Hyers Sisters, reports business good, and gives route of party as follows: Lafayette, Ind, March 29, 30, Logansport April 1, Kokomo 2, Fort Wayne 3, Warsaw 4, Goshen 5, Grand Rapids, Mich., 10, 11..... The Legrand Novelty Concert Troupe has returned to Grand Rapids, Mich., after a traveling season of over two months, with fair success. Miss Cora Miller, Legrand, the Barker Sisters, and Will K. Peck stop there, while Prof. C. E. Charles and wife go to Ionia.

TWO NEW VARIETY SONGS on "The Dollar of Our Daddies" by E. Mason Jr. are offered in manuscript to performers at the advertised price.

THE WHITNEY CONCERT TROUPE gave a performance at St. Louis, Mo., March 19, to a very large audience..... Miss Emma Thursby sings at Mercantile Library Hall 28.

AN E-FLAT CORNET and second violin player wants an engagement. See C. Ward's card.

BROOKLYN NOTES.—At the Plymouth Church concert March 23, Charles B. Schuler, Mrs. Anna Holbrook Rosan and Fannie Palmer appeared—the latter in readings..... Miss Arabella Root appeared in a ballad concert in Association Hall 21. The same place Prof. W. A. M. Diller, Mrs. Tuttle, the Misses Clark Pierce, Nevins, De La Pierre, and Woods and Messrs. Whittaker Spangler and Woodcock appeared 19..... The Washington Choral Society concertized in the Washington-avenue Baptist Church 20. Mrs. Louise M. Oliver, A. E. Stoddard, and Gonzalo Nunez were the soloists, and E. J. Fitzhugh director..... Conterno's Twenty-third Regimental Band will appear in concert at the Park 28..... A concert complimentary to Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox was given in the Academy 21. Anna Granger Dow, George Werrenrath, A. E. Stoddard and J. E. Haynor assisted. Ferdinand Dulcken was conductor..... The Hutchinson Family sang in the Hanson-place M. E. Church 18..... The Arcadian Society gave a concert at its rooms 20. Miss Louise Cappiani and her pupils Miss Annie Wurtz and Miss Fannie Lovering appearing..... H. T. Reed's second dime concert will be given in the Meionaon March 27. Mr. and Mrs. Madison Olney, Miss Sadie Gosling, Arthur S. Kendall and T. H. Robinson appearing..... Miss Lillian Dunton makes her first appearance in Boston since her return from Europe at a concert in Tremont Temple April 2. She will be assisted by Digby V. Bell, the New York baritone; Miss Anna Gunther, contralto; Louis P. Pfau, tenor; W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Lyman E. Brackett, organist and accompanist; and Howard M. Dow, clarionet and pianist..... George F. Brooks gives his annual concert at his rooms 28..... A piano recital will be given by John Orth at Union Hall afternoon of April 4, Walter Fitch, Miss Lillian Bailey, and C. R. Hayden assisting..... The Apollo Club give their next concerts at Music Hall 27. April 2..... A concert and reading will be given at Union Hall 27 by George B. Ford, elocutionist; Mrs. A. J. Rogers, pianist; Charles R. Howard and Miss Ella C. Cleveland, vocalists..... James M. Tracy gives a piano recital at Miller's Wareroom 30..... The Howard Musical Association gave a symphony concert in Music Hall afternoon 28..... Sunday concerts: The twenty-second concert by Brown's Brigade Band was given in Beethoven Hall 24. George R. Titus, basso; Miss Edith Clotelle, child violinist; H. C. Bevan, cornet-soloist; Miss Nellie S. Bartlett, reader; Jean Missaud, clarionet-soloist; Jacob Gilcher, flautist; and Fred J. Eustis, pianist, assisting. The last of the series will be given May 26, a testimonial to the Band..... A concert and reading was given at Paine Hall 24 by Miss Millie Mayle, soprano; G. B. Milton, baritone; and several unknown elocutionists..... The Louisiana Troubadours again appear at the Boylston Museum 24.

VARIETY HALLS.

GEORGE WILD, a performer of repute, on March 17, in company with a number of variety artists, sailed across the bay from Pensacola, Fla., to Santa Rosa Island, to bathe. Mr. Wild swam quite a distance from the shore, when a large wave struck him and carried him out to sea and he was drowned, and at our latest advices his body had not been recovered. His real name was Holsted, and his home was in East Saginaw, Mich. For two seasons he had been stage-manager of the Bay View Varieties, Pensacola, and prior to that he had managed Wild's Opera-house, Hot Springs, Ark.

IN MEMORIAM.—GEORGE WILD.

Come back from memory's mourning urn,
And bless my sight again;
For I in rose-lit dreams I turn
To clasp thy hand, in vain;
I bid thy gentle spirit come
And look once more on me,
But thou art slumbering where the foam
Runs madly o'er the sea.

Alas! how soon our better years
To tempest winds are blown,
And all our hopes, and joys and fears
Alike are widely strewn—
She rests in yonder village mound
Who was thy beauteous bride,
While thou art sleeping neath the sound
Of Ocean's flowing tide.

M. D.

THE SEARLES BROTHERS — Thomas, Masters Haney and Bobby—played a successful engagement at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., last week, appearing in their songs-and-dances and triple-clog.

LEMOORE AND GIBSON, breakneck and grotesque song-and-dance artists, publish cards from Managers Koenberger and J. W. Decker of St. Louis, Mo., recommending them as paying attractions.

FOR THE GREAT ATLANTEAN Zoological and Equestrian Exposition the following performers are said to have been engaged: Mlle. Cora and M. Austin, the Victorellis, Frank Rivers, Sam McFlynn, the Mauritius Bros., Neil Smith and his performing dogs, John Leslie and Louis Vasour, John Lowando, Lorberg and Dinkelman, R. Palmer, Mlle. Victoria, Annie Braddon, and Col. Billy Andrews with Simon Blackchief and his troupe of Indian performers.

HARRY OSBORNE, who, with Fanny Wentworth, performs in Irish sketches, was recently relieved of a tape-worm, said to have measured fifty feet, by a Philadelphia physician.

WM. DOLAN in Irish songs, Wm. Dwyer in Dutch songs, Emma Brennan, serio-comic, and the O'Brien Brothers, clog and songs-and-dances, were the new features at the Opera-house, Fall River, Mass., March 18. Departures 23: The Franklins, Leopold and Gaston, Mme. and Jas. Le Clair, Nellie Thorne, Emma Brennan, to New York; Wm. Dwyer and Wm. Dolan, unknown. Coming 25: Jas. Hearne, Gibson and Binney, Madame Volante, Beaumont and Morton.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Mobile, Ala.—James Hussey, proprietor and manager, and Johnny Foster, stage-manager—the company includes Kitty Mitchell, song-and-dance; the Stuarts, Irish sketch artists; Wilcox and Gibson, song-and-dance; and Johnny Foster, motto vocalist. Closing 16 were Hensley and Johnson and Edith St. Cyr, to New Orleans, and the Stuarts, to Pensacola, Fla. To open 25: Goldie Clarke, Clara Moore, Sallie Eldridge, Kincade and Easton, Geo. Bowman and Dr. Weeks.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Danville, Ill., the latest arrivals are Elise Simpson and Shelman Sisters, J. C. Murphy, Nellie Watson, Hattie Sterns, Sam Cole and John and Kitty Taylor.

AT THE BAY VIEW VARIETIES, Pensacola, Fla., the arrivals March 18 were Ida Carlysle, Lizzie Whalen, Mollie Archer and Sullivan and Green. Departures 16: Ada Clifton and Redmond and Devore, to New Orleans, and Tillie Bouton, Cheyenne, W. T.

THE LONDON, New Haven, Ct., collapsed March 23, and the managers—John Crowley, William Crowley, Charles Murray and John Hammond—disappeared 22, leaving, as reported, salaries and other claims unpaid..... At the Church-street Opera-house the departures 23 were Nellie Vincent, the Gorman Brothers, and Maggie Nichols, to New York; and Carrie Wilson, to Brooklyn, L. I. Billed for 25: J. W. Bingham, Billy Scott, William Dolan, Mulligan and Weaver, Minnie Rogers and Ada Adair.

THE ARRIVALS at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., March 18 were Professor Palmer, the Gurellas, and Raynor and Murray. Business fair..... Mlle. Lottie and Ed. Baldwin, gymnasts; Parker Sisters, song-and-dance; and Frank Lewis, motto vocalist, were the new attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music 18. The attendance was large. Closing 23: Carrolls and Jennie Engle, New York; Foy Sisters, to Chicago; Foley and Sheffer, to Baltimore; and Frank Lewis, to Cincinnati. Commencing March 25: McDowell Sisters, Maggie Gray, Ida Burke, Lucy Adams, Guy Linton, Murphy and Mack, Seamon and Somers, and John Williams..... Harry Montague, Duncan Sisters, and Miss Josephine Shanley continue at the Garden next week, and Mr. Norman, the English tenor, will be the only new appearance 25. Attendance liberal.

THE REINFORCEMENTS at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., March 18 consisted of Wesley and Eldridge, Fred D. Harris and Fannie Florence, and Kate Montrose and John McVeigh. Business good. Closing 23: Wesley and Eldridge, Fred D. Harris and Fannie Florence, Kate Montrose, and Bennett, and John McVeigh, to New York. Coming 25: Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray, the Loders, Sparks Brothers, Lizzie Edwards, Adelaide Edwards, Nellie Sargeant and the Siegrist Children. .....At the Metropolitan the new faces 18 were the Sanyeahs, Carlotta Banks, the Leotards, and Conway and Kerrigan. Business fair. Departures 23: Conway and Kerrigan, the Leotards, the Sanyeahs, and Carlotta Banks, to New York; Charley Burnham, Philadelphia; and Lizzie Edwards, to Ward's Opera-house, here. Opening 25: Lazetta and Ripley, Kelly and Ryan, Miss Buckley, the Courtland Sisters, and Ida Raymond..... Harry Healey (late of the defunct Adelphi) is to benefit at the Opera-house 30.

AT DUCLOS' FOLLY THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., Business has been large, the appearance of Pauline Markham and the production of a new extravaganza being enough to fill the house. "Little Bo-peep" is a clever three-act spectacular piece, able in construction, witty in dialogue, and garnished with choice music and handsome scenery and costumes. Mme. Duclos is entitled to credit for the work. Pauline Markham as King Pretty displayed the same beautiful form as ever, but she is not so good a singer as of old. Maud Branscombe made a sprightly Little Bo-peep. Maud Lovell invested the part of Griseldina with some humor, and Lou Sanford made a charming Fairy Queen. Press Eldridge acted the Emperor in good style, Al. Martinetti made an excellent Demon, the Arnold Brothers the effete Fates, Pages, Charles Theodore was rather tame as the Archimandrite. The introduced specialties of a musical act by the Grossi Sisters, the gymnastics and harlequinade of the Martinetti Family, the triple clog of the Arnold Brothers, the skipping-rope dance of Ida Siddons, and the ballet dances, with Pauline Martinetti, Lou Sanford and Marian Grey as principals, were each and all good. The Amazonian march, led by Pauline Markham, was brilliant in costuming and effective in execution. "Little Bo-peep" will continue another week. No departures. The new specialty artists beginning 25 are the Foy Sisters, Hugh Fay and Carrie Lewis. .....At the Coliseum a very fair business has been done. The fresh faces have been Lillian Forrest, in illustrated songs, changing even tights with lightning rapidity; Algebrano Urabe in gymnastic feats, the Howland Sisters in songs-and-dances, and George Metkiff, well supported by the company in a four-act drama entitled "Bummer Bowers' Gold Discovery." Departures 23: The Amanns, to Fort Wayne, Ind.; John Williams, Pittsburg; Algebrano Urabe and George Metkiff, to Indianapolis; Miss Lillian Conyngham, Mulligan and Morris, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman..... The Arnold Brothers (now at the Folly) and the Collins Brothers are to shortly combine their forces, forming a quintet for songs-and-dances and clog. They will start out on the road in about four weeks under the management of William Servies..... Charley Benton, advertising agent for the Folly Theatre, will shortly close his engagement. Letter of March 23.

THE DASHINGTON BROTHERS have gone to Warren, Mass., to join Heywood's Combination for the Summer season.

FRANK AND WINNIE HASSALL, sketch, double-jig and specialty artists, are now in the seventh week of their engagement at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va. They can be addressed care of this office.

MAJOR BURK, the sensational military drill-performer, who left for Europe on Saturday last, publishes his address in another column.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., the new faces March 11 were James Collins and Martha Wren, and Barker and Reels. The bill concluded with E. T. Goodrich in the drama of "Just His Luck." The attendance was only fair. Mons. Charest met with an accident in his ceiling-walking act 19. The suction gave way, precipitating him head-foremost to the floor. He struck the top of the sufficient force to snap one of the ropes sustaining it. A bump on his head was, fortunately, the only damage he received. Closing 23 are E. T. Goodrich, to Buffalo; and Kitty Forrest. Coming 25: Mollie Williams, Sheehan and Jones, Vic Reynolds..... The De Forrests—Frank and Josie—and Miss Ceni Havre were the fresh attractions at Cross's City Garden 18. Business continues good. Departures 25: The Seamans, to Louisville; Ada Palmer, to St. Louis; and Harry Bar, to the Academy. Arrivals 25 are the Castellos—Charles and Ada—Billy Hanley and Allie Smith. Letter of March 21.

THE LA RUE CHILDREN—John and Willie—are open for dates. These juvenile performers appear in flirtation sketches, introducing songs-and-dances, also double acrobatic-clog, and have been well received. They can be engaged by addressing Wm. La Rue, as per advertisement.

MINNIE RAINFORTH, motto vocalist, announces her first open date as May 13. See card.

JOS. CARLING, the boy-caricaturist, wants an engagement. Address him care of this office.

WEBER'S ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE and Jennie Demorest's Variety Combination and Brass Band is the title of a new organization, of which Webb, Demorest & Co. are the proprietors and managers; A. R. Walters, treasurer; Geo. Harper, stage-manager; Prof. J. Blitz, leader of orchestra; W. L. Harrington, advance-agent; and Jas. Harris, programmer. The company includes Norman Harris, Wm. Filson and Harper on the ends and in specialties; H. Spearman, interlocutor; Master H. Webb, Frank Gardner, Jennie Demorest, Rose Dumont, Ida Leslie, Maud Nelson, Daisy Remington. They perform in Elgin, Ill., April 1, Belvidere 2, Beloit, Wis., 3, Madison 4, Janesville 5, Watertown 6.

THE AUSTRALIAN BROTHERS—Matt and Billy—grotesque, breakneck song-and-dance and Lancashire-clog performers, will be seen at Schickling's Academy of Music, Cincinnati, O., April 1. They can be addressed as per card.

THE VICTORELLIS—Henry and Eldon—and Miss Annie Braddon are now in the eighth week of their engagement at Dan Vandeyle's Elite Varieties, San Antonio, Texas. They announce their first open date as May 13, and can be addressed care of this office.

A FINE DISPLAY of elaborate pictorial printing, especially prepared for Tony Pastor's Traveling Combination, is now on exhibition in the vestibule of Tony Pastor's Theatre in this city.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new faces March 18 were Quinettes in their double-trapeze act; Miss Emma Henry in serio-comic songs; Master Willie in imitations of Mlle. Aimee; and J. M. Bradford and Jennie Parker in the concluding sensational drama, "Branded." The departures March 23 were Goldie, Steele, and Sallie St. Claire, J. M. Bradford and Jennie Parker, Master Willie and Emma Henry. The new arrivals March 25 are Leonard and Kearney, Belle Cushing, Morton and Leavitt, Harry Madden, Dilks and Bryant and Nellie Babcock.

JAMES PILGRIM'S drama "McParlan the Detective" will be produced at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, April 8, with Wm. Carleton in his original character of McParlan, and James Pilgrim as Mulrooney.

ROLLIN HOWARD has doubled up with Miss Josephine Shanley, and they will make a specialty of operatic duets.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE, No. 2, of Elks, gave a banquet at their lodge-room on Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, March 17, the anniversary of the founding of the Lodge.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., March 18 were McCauley and Bell (Toledo boys), who show marked improvement since their last visit; Gussie McCain, serio-comic; Louisa Murio in ballads; Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, who sang and danced; and the favorites. The performance closed with Nell Burgess in "My Mother-in-law." Closing 23: McCauley and Bell, idle; Miss Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Chicago; Nellie McDonald, Sandusky; and Nell Burgess, New York. Opening 25: Fernando Fleury, Frank Jones and Alice Montague, Ella Heflin, Annie Clark, Stella Robertson and Dan White. Business good..... At the Coliseum the only new arrival 18 was Dan Cooley in Dutch business. No one closing 23, and no arrivals 25.

AT MARTIN'S GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., the arrivals March 18 were Frank Campbell, Keating and Flynn, and the Ezzeltine Sisters. John Bucklin's benefit, March 22, was largely attended. Departures 23: Kitty Allyne, home to Canandaigua for two weeks and return; Smith and Byrne, to lay off for a week in New York. Lottie Brown is here seriously ill of throat complaint. Booked for 25: Fanny Reynolds and Cora Bartley..... Stetson's company at a hall 30. Billed in Rochester 26, Buffalo 27.

COL. ED. F. DAVIS has secured the concert and sideshow privileges with the Altantean Show.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was well patronized the past week. The fresh appearances were Kelly and Neary in Irish songs-and-dances, the Searles Brothers in clog-dancing and songs-and-dances, George W. Thompson in his drama of "Yacup," and Minnie Farrell in serio-comic songs and character changes. Departures 23: The Eggman Statue Troupe, to Philadelphia; George W. Thompson, to Brooklyn; Ida Burt, to Pittsburg; Kelly and Neary, to New York; and the Searles Brothers. Announced for 25: Lenton Brothers, Girard Brothers, Morgan and Welch, the Brunette Female Minstrels, Reynolds and Walling and Fanny May.

EMIL GEBOUX states that he is the inventor of the comic-bottle act performed by him, and has applied for a patent on the same. He warns all parties against copying this specialty. He can be engaged to give this feature, also performances with the globes, cross and barrel and high-pedestal juggling. See advertisement.

JOHN KINLEY, Irish comedian and vocalist, publishes his permanent address in our business department.

ALF. BURNETT, the humorist, announces to hall-owners or others desiring to engage his services that he can be addressed as per card.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., now being rebuilt, will open April 15. Stage-manager Nick Norton advertises for talent.

A GOOD BUSINESS was done at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. The new people March 18 were R. G., Allen, Niles and Evans, Fred Warren, Ben Gilfoil, Blanche Selwyn, and Adela Franzini. Closed 23: Morgan Sisters, Crossley and Elder, and Adela Franzini, to New York, and R. G. Allen, Baltimore, Md. To open 25: Chas S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Harry Kennedy, the Lorellas, Mlle. Cora, and Austin and Laura Leclair..... The Royal Jacks-chys, at St. James Hall 18, 19, 20, 21, drew light houses, although prices were lowered to 25 cents for all parts of the house. Lizzie Byron, serio-comic, quit the company here 21, going to the Metropolitan, Detroit, as did Fostelle and Boyd (orchestra leader), who joined Foster's (Detroit) Combination for three weeks..... The Japs and Burton and Udell pursued their Canadian route given last week. Advices of March 24. Our Rochester correspondent says: "They are billed in Corinthian Hall March 25, 26, 27, 28."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., billed for March 25 are H. F. Juleene, Frank and Clara Mara, Geo. Kurtz and Nellie Brooks, the Stuart Sisters, Harry and Clara St. Clair, Clayton and Rogers, Eugene Hamilton, Mlle. Letournear, Fannie Lucille, Marie Gaylord and Ada Graham..... At the Washington Varieties the arrivals 25 are Edward Kendall, Will and Jennie Franklin, Williams and Sullivan, Edwards, McNulty, Cummings and Hines, Wambold, and the Bodines.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., is being pushed to completion as fast as possible, but since our last changes have taken place, Manager Foster retiring from the management, and Chas. M. Welch assuming it. The latter benefited March 16. Manager Foster, with Chas. O. White as business-manager, puts a troupe on the road 18, for four weeks. Route: Ypsilanti 25, Ann Harbor 26, Jackson 27, 28, Albion 29. The following is the list of artists: Estelle, Harry and Mary Thompson, Conners and Kelly, Lillian Howard, Winfield and Gregory, Mary Olive, Walter Roscoe, and Joe Tinnetti's brass band and orchestra.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Maud Sheppard was the only first appearance March 15. She is a fair singer, dresses neatly, and has been well received. No departures. Belle Fairmount is billed for 25. Business good.

MANAGER WILLIAMS of the Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., states that after May 4 he will be prepared to arrange with any good attraction to play at that house. For the present he wants lady specialties of all kinds.

THE DAVENS announce that they have met with a generous appreciation in their musical burlettas, introducing their character specialties and instantaneous changes, ranking them as successful society sketch and duo artists. They appear this week at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, and have been performing at a number of the leading houses through the country, a list of which they publish elsewhere.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Kansas City, Mo., Mollie Somers was the only arrival March 18. Departures 23: Nick Norton, Jennie Southern and John L. Manning, to Detroit, Mich.; Amy De Brent, Chicago, Ill.; Castello and Walsh, St. Louis, Mo. Billed for 25: The Robinson Family, Haley and West, and Sam and Jennie Cole.

ANNIE JOHANNA HENNESSEY GIBBONS, daughter of the late Ned Gibbons, and granddaughter of Annie Gibbons, the well-known clog-dancer, died in Central City, Col., March 14, aged 14 months and 12 days.

AT THEALL & CARTON'S COMIQUE, Williamsburg, L. I., Emerson, Clark, and Daly Bros., Mollie Wilson, Dan Mason, the Allen Family—W. A. Allen, Masters George and Johnny—and the Mette Bros. open March 25. George Kaine, Nick Murphy, Annie Hart, Bessie Stevens, and Mlle. Bianca continue. Kelly and Ryan, Frank Bell, Harry Wesdon, Chas. and Carrie Austin, and Tim Rogers closed 23.

THE ONLY VARIETY entertainment given in Boston, Mass., last week was that at the Boylston Museum, where a good business was done. The performance opened with the Army and Navy Brigade Minstrels, composed of Messrs. Thomas, James McKee; interlocutor, Louis De Mar; tambos, W. C. Turner and J. D. Roome, with Victor Rigby, Nellie Brooks, and Carl Heyer as soloists. Miss Lou Vavasour opened the olio with a ballad selection, Butler and Mackie gave a plantation "song-and-dance, W. J. Walton introduced his Mexican Bound, George Garland and Cherrie Chapman gave their sketch "Going to America," J. D. Roome again thrummed the banjo, the ballet of "Paradise Lost" was danced by the Misses Ida Ross, Emma Ross, Lou Hunter, Carrie Willoughby and ballet corps. Geo. Kurtz and Nellie Brookes appeared in their specialty "Echo Island," Mlle. Barbara Carmen sang and gave acrobatic songs-and-dances, and Little Bertie Rhinehart sang serio-

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

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MONTREAL.
ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED,
enlarged and redecorated. New stock of scenery and drop-curtain, new dressing-rooms, etc., etc.; situated in the most central part of the city, and one of the most elegant and convenient theatres on the continent. Is now ready to let for short or long seasons, or long lease. For open dates and terms apply to [1-26* JESSE JOSEPH, Proprietor.

MORTON HOUSE, ERIE, PA.
Fine accommodations for traveling companies. Agents for circuses and hall-shows, please give me a call before making arrangements elsewhere.
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CAMDEN, N. J.
Col. J. Holmes Grover, sole director. Population, 50,000. Only opera-house; seats 1,200; 700 chairs; spacious gallery; stage, 63x31ft.; four elegantly-furnished dressing-rooms; full set of stage trappings, beautiful scenery and competent stage hands. For rent or share (rent preferred) Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Will share other two nights occasionally. Address J. HOLMES GROVER, NEW OPERA-HOUSE, CAMDEN, N. J. 1-2t*

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DOBSON BROS.' MINSTRELS.
NOTICE to Cooper, Maney, Chas. White, Oscar Kloud, John McReynolds, Barry Artouse. The Dobson Bros.' Minstrels will open in Trenton, New Jersey, Easter Monday night, April 22, 1878. You will all please report to Mr. Chas. E. Dobson, No. 868 Broadway, New York, at once. Joseph Chenet, Agent, will also report without a minute's delay. F. B. Dobson, Manager; W. Henry, Treasurer; F. B. and C. E. Dobson and W. Henry, Proprietors. Wanted, a LEADER, BASS AND BARITONE SINGER IMMEDIATELY—MUST PLAY BRASS. Apply as above. 1-1t*

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Managers and traveling agents of theatre, opera and show companies will find it better than gold in their pockets if they are going west, north or northwest of Chicago to call upon or write to J. H. MOUNTAIN, City Passenger Agent of the
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This is by all odds the best road between Chicago and Omaha, Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Milwaukee, and Chicago and all points in the West or Northwest. It deals liberally as to rates with all show companies, and is patronized by the best-posted managers that come West.
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west of Chicago, the PULLMAN SLEEPING-CARS north of Chicago, and PARLOR-CARS between Chicago and Milwaukee. Its lines reach all the important business centres of the great West.
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NOW PERFORMING AT
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BERLIN.
take this opportunity of informing Managers and Friends that their former pupils, designating themselves "The Hanlon Midgets" and "Hanlon-Volta Troupe," have no right to use the name of Hanlon, their real names being John Charles Ryan, William O'Mara and Patrick Carmody.
GEORGE HANLON,
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GRAND OPERA-HOUSE,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
AND
SEASON 1878-1879.
JOHN W. NORTON - - Sole Manager.
The present season at this establishment has been one of unparalled success. Under the present liberal management no pains or expense will be spared to uphold its reputation in the future.
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The Greatest Musical Invention of the Age.
THIS NEW AND WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT enables anyone to play any desired melody, sacred or secular; a child can manipulate; execution is faultless, strict

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BASEBALL.

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

The Unions of San Francisco, strengthened by Williamson of the Chicagos, visited Sacramento, Cal., on March 7, for the purpose of playing the Capital City Club. The home-team had the assistance of Mast and Piercy as pitcher and catcher. The visitors won after an exciting contest, this result being mainly due to Williamson's remarkable good batting, base-running and catching. Piercy's catching was also exceedingly fine, some of his stops being marvelous. Williamson did the best batting, one of his hits being a clean home-run, and Dickerman made the best catch, a difficult and running one, on which, by means of a quick and accurate throw, he "doubled up" a base-runner at third base. The full score follows:

Union.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Williams, R. c.	5	3	3	9	5	0
Taylor, P....	5	1	1	0	9	2
Wallace, r. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Ryan, 1b.	5	0	1	6	1	1
Ford, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Rice, 2d b....	4	1	1	5	4	3
Deane, c. f....	4	2	1	0	0	1
Jackson, s. s.	4	1	1	0	0	1
Barker, 3b.	4	1	1	6	0	0
Totals....	40	10	10	27	19	7

Unions	1	0	4	1	0	1	0	4	1	2—10
Capital City	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	2—7

Earned runs—Union, 3; Capital City, 1. Home-run—Williamson. Three-base hits—Piercy, Rice and Post. Two-base hit—Wallace. First base on errors—Union, 5; Capital City, 3. Struck out—Union, 6; Capital City, 8. Base on called balls—Capital City, 1. Passed ball—Williamson. Wild pitches—Mast, 4. Double play—Dickerman and Barry. Umpire, John Carr, California Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

BASEBALL NOTES.

At the recent meeting of the New York State Collegiate Association it was decided to distribute the officers as far as possible among the colleges represented, and, the election being held, the presidency went to Union, the Vice-presidency to Hamilton, the secretaryship to Syracuse, and the treasurership to Rochester. Syracuse is to be the headquarters of the Association. The different college nines are making the most of gymnasium practice. Any college in this State can become a member by the payment of an entrance-fee of five dollars.....Luff of last year's Philadelphia Athletics is mentioned as the third baseman and change-pitcher of one of the new nines now being organized by the proprietors of the Union Ground, Jersey City.....Murnan has been corresponding with Soule in relation to organizing a nine to represent Rochester this season; but it is doubtful about the latter taking hold, although some other parties in that city may.....Mahn, the ball manufacturer, has dissolved his partnership with Harry Wright.....The Central City Club of Syracuse has been reorganized for the season of 1880, and promises to be the representative of that city. Their nine will be selected from Osterhout, Stone, Allen, Chester, Murphy, Bowen, Noxon, Adams, Yorker, Brenham and Hamilton and McLennary, proprietor of the old baseball ground at St. Louis, will shortly put a strong local team in the field this season.....A meeting was recently held in Kansas City regarding the formation of a stock company to put a professional nine in the field. The present indications are that Kansas City will be represented this season in the Northwestern League, which will also include cities from Dubuque, St. Louis, Omaha, St. Joe, Atchison and Topeka.....The Buffalos are trying to arrange a number of games with the Albanys during April next.....The announcement that Richmond has finally consented to play with the Worcesters in their opening games, instead of remaining with the Brown University nine until the latter part of the season, will be received with delight by the other college teams, who have found him a most puzzling pitcher.....McGeary will captain the Providence Grays this season, and it is expected that he will play in his old position as shortstop, while Bradley will guard the third base, and alternate with Ward as pitcher. Peters, at the outset of the season, will act as substitute.....Tom Carey has returned to San Francisco, Cal., where he arrived on March 12.....The Worcester Club comes into the League with the best batting average as a nine, being followed by the Chicago, Providence, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Troy, and the Cincinnati at the foot of the list, if the statistics of last season are taken as a criterion. The Buffalos and Bostons, according to the figures, are nearly equal in fielding, with Providence, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Worcester and Troy following.....C. A. Allen, who covered third base for the Buffalos in 1878, had the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania on March 15.....Captain Rogers of Trinity College, Hartford, has taken entire charge of the training of his eleven or twelve men in active training for this year's nine.....Larkin, the catcher of the Troys, has been interviewed to the effect that "his health is better this Spring than in some years past," which must be very cheering to the Trojans; but when he declares that "he can and will regain his position at the head of the pitchers of the country," those who are posted may be pardoned for smiling at his egotism, and for asking information respecting the exact date when he was at the professional pinnacle as a pitcher.....Hovey, the second-base of last year's Brown University nine, is suffering from a sprained knee, and may be unable to play this season.....Amherst seems to be full o fencouraging hopes for her nine. A professional, to coach in batting and fielding, is to be engaged, and two games will be formed from the number of candidates as soon as out-of-door practice is possible.....Richmond has arranged for a release from college duties from March 25 to April 7, and will play with the Worcesters during their trip to Philadelphia, Princeton, Jersey City, Brooklyn and New Haven.....It is thought that the price of admission tickets in all League cities will be $15, except at Providence and Boston.....The Yale nine will be about the same as that of last year. They practice daily in the gymnasium under the personal direction of Captain Hutchinson.....W. J. Sweeney, a well-known Philadelphia professional, arrived in Cleveland, O., on March 12, under engagement to the Athletic Club of the latter city as an outfielder and change-pitcher.....Murnan has once more opened negotiations with parties at Rochester, to organize and manage a professional club there this season.

The veterans Dickey Pearce and Ned Cuthbert are endeavoring to organize a semi-professional team to represent the Atlantic Association of Brooklyn, second Anson in point of size and batting skill, and who figured favorably with the Troys last season as a first-baseman and change-pitcher, now resides in this city. He has not made any engagement for the coming season as yet, and it is likely that he will be secured for the Brooklyn team.....A series of walking matches and dramatic performances for the Worcester Club's benefit have lately been successfully given. Manager Bancroft is busily engaged in perfecting arrangements for the coming championship season. Players in Philadelphia, Brooklyn or Jersey City wishing to arrange games with the Worcesters on April 5 and 6 are requested to communicate with F. C. Bancroft, Worcester, Mass.....Murnan has recently received offers from Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Joe, Mo., to organize and manage professional clubs this season.....Ad. Rocap, an excellent outfielder, is said to have been engaged by the Albany Club, and will act as substitute this season.....The Troys will have a new uniform of white and magenta.....The Keokuk (Ia.) Gate City says: "Rod Barnes is endeavoring to organize a base-ball club here, of which he will be manager.....The Dubuques will play a series of games with the Nationals of Washington on the former's ground in April, and will play the Boston League club of Chicago prior to the opening of the League championship

THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Oh, there's many a jolly thing
That blossoms with the Spring,
For then it is that Nature her miracles doth work us;
But of all the things that sprout,
The best, beyond a doubt,
Is the canvas-tented, sawdust-scented, always jolly circus!

With a thrill of glad surprise
The youngster stands and eyes
Each gorgeous colored poster that decorates the fences,
And which, in glowing terms,
His own belief confirms,
That the coming show to all who go will dazzle quite their senses.

And when the day arrives,
And the gilded chariot drives
Resplendent through the town, with music playing,
Pray, where's the boy who'd not
Give all the wealth he's got
To be the clown who wins renown by funny speeches saying?

And once within the tent,
Though it takes his every cent,
Your ten-year-old is happier than any monarch ruling;
While he laughs with honest zest,
And declares each act the best,
From the entree gay with rich array to final trick-mule's fooling.

The intrepid bareback rider,
With the girl whose skirts don't hide her,
The leapers and the tumblers, and the horse to music prancing,
And the brothers who with ease
Juggle with the trapeze,
And the nimble-footed gent who keeps the barrel dancing;

The nerves that never falter,
The double-somersaulter,
Who clears a stud of horses with safety and precision—
All these their glory fling
Around the sawdust ring,
And so enamor by their glamour every boyish vision.

To you and me, perhaps
(Old, gray and wrinkled chaps),
This glamour, with some other things, has long ago departed;
But your trustful ten-year-old
Finds all the glitter gold,
And so did you before you grew too wise to be light-hearted.

So the praises still I sing
Of the jolly sawdust-ring,
Which comes to us when Nature her miracles doth work us;
For the happiest of things
Which the gentle Spring-time brings
Is the canvas-tented, sawdust-scented, much-frequented circus.

MURIEL;
OR
A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.
MR. CARTER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth.—BACON'S ESSAYS.

Mr. Lutterell looked at his wife, and from her to the case she had laid on the table, as if he thought she had taken leave of her senses.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked. "I don't think I quite understand you."

"I think you do. Who is this woman?"

Adrienne uttered the words like some avenging Nemesis come to call him to account for an undivulged crime, and faced him with such blazing eyes that for a minute he could find no words to answer her.

"What woman?" he asked.

"What woman!" she retorted vehemently, pointing scornfully to the case on the table. "This woman whose portrait you hide, and whose image you cherish in secret in the home I thought all my own."

"Wait a moment," he said, striving to stem the torrent of her angry words. "Give me a minute—I cannot speak yet."

She saw the gray pallor she had grown almost used to now creeping over his face, and she knew how he suffered, and how dangerous to life those paroxysms were, but she was too angry for pity now. She had worked herself into the belief that he was guilty of treachery of the vilest towards her, and she waited in silence while he held his hands pressed over his breast till the spasm should pass away.

In a few minutes he turned to her again, pale still, but able to speak once more.

"It is over now," he said. "I am ready to listen to you."

"You cannot answer me!" she cried passionately. "I see you cannot. I have come upon your secret now. The one great curse of a woman's life has come to me in finding this thing. I wish I had fallen dead where I stood before I touched it with so much as the tip of my finger."

"My dear Adrienne!"

He was so taken aback by her tempest of rage and scorn that he could find no words to utter, and could only wait till she should have exhausted all she had to say to him. He could not recollect where he had dropped the unlucky cause of her anger, nor how much else she might have found that would serve to add fuel to the flame.

"Bah!" she said scornfully. "I see there is no need for words. You have no answer for me. Your face betrays you. It gives the lie to all that your lips would utter."

"For Heaven's sake, listen to me!"

"What need to listen to words when your face speaks?"

He turned abruptly away from her. He could not in his weakness control his tell-tale lips. His was a singularly mobile and expressive mouth, and, do what he would, he could not keep down the quiver that would pass over it when he was agitated. He could, like many men, make the rest of his face impassive enough, but his lips were traitors always. His wife laughed bitterly, as she went on:

"I need ask no questions about this lady, I see," she said in a clear, ringing voice. "You cannot look your wife in the face and lie to her about this girl."

Her blind passion gave him time to recover himself a little. It was with the utmost difficulty that he spoke at all, for he was still suffering severely, though the first agony of the spasm had passed away. But she had exhausted herself, and it gave him an advantage.

"When you have quite finished," he said quietly, "I may have something to say."

He took up the case as he spoke, and opened it.

"Where did you find this?" he asked.

"In your room," she replied, her anger breaking out again at the sight of the beautiful face, lovely still, though it was all blurred and disfigured; "where you keep your most precious things. You thought you had locked it up safely, did you not? You never imagined that your wife's hand would ever touch it, or her eyes rest upon it, did you?"

"Certainly not."

His tone was quiet enough now, and he was himself once more, save for his paleness.

"I think you must have taken leave of your senses, Adrienne," he said. "No one but a mad woman would act as you are doing."

"I have been mad," she replied, "all my life, I think. I have come to my senses now."

It did not appear so, for she was waking up and down the room like a wild animal, tearing at her hands till the delicate kid gloves she wore hung in shreds about her fingers.

It was a trick of hers, as it is with many sensitive, easily-roused women, to tear her fingers and wring her hands when she was agitated beyond her power of quiet endurance, and her husband watched her with a smile breaking over his pale face.

"Come here," he said in a quiet tone that was more reassuring than the most angry words could have been. "Sit down here, Adrienne, and give me those rags of gloves. You are making yourself ridiculous, my dear. When you have poured out all your wrath, beautiful vixen—for you are one, and can listen to me—I'll answer all your questions."

He took the torn strips of kid from her hand, and put them in his pocket.

"It won't do to leave them lying about here," he said, smiling. "The clerks might come to the conclusion that Mrs. Lutterell has a temper of her own, and we'll keep that fact a secret as long as we can."

She sat down, as he bade her. There was something in his tone that calmed her in spite of her conviction that all was not right. It might be possible, after all, that she had been hasty, that the thing could be explained away.

"Can you answer me?" she asked in a tone more like her own. "Can you honestly tell me that I am mistaken, or has your life with me been one long living lie?"

"You should be able to answer that question yourself, Adrienne. What my life has been to you, you know best yourself. Have you found it a lie? Have I not striven in every way to make you happy—have I not tried to do everything that a man could?"

"Striven—yes," she said, a sad, weary look passing over her face; "tried? There it is, Harry. If there has been any trying, if you have had to strive to do your duty to me, *this* is accounted for."

"I can account for it in a better way, my dear."

"How?"

"To begin with—it is not mine."

"Not yours?"

"No."

"Not yours in the sense that it is not your likeness, you mean. In your possession, for all that, given to you, no doubt, by the lady herself, with the lock of hair that is inside it."

"The hair and the portrait belong to the same person, Adrienne. I repeat they are not mine. I only have them in trust for someone else."

"For whom?"

"Mr. Carter—my old clerk."

"For him?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lutterell stared at her husband as if she hardly knew whether she was awake or dreaming. She knew old Mr. Carter very well, and wondered what on earth he could want with the portrait of a pretty young woman. He had no daughter. She had known and been kind to the only girl he ever had, who had been a cripple from her birth, and had died not long before. He was too recently a widower and too old a man to make it at all probable that he had taken another wife.

It was all very inexplicable, and Adrienne did not believe it; but she sat still and listened to her husband's explanation.

"You remember that Mr. Carter has a son?"

"Yes."

"And that he went to America?"

"I remember the fact of his existance, that is all."

"That is enough. He is in America. He is a sad scapegrace, or, rather, has been. I believe he is reformed now, and when I was over there I saw him."

"What has all that to do with this portrait?"

"Everything. That young woman is his wife."

Adrienne betrayed no interest in the story, but sat perfectly still, listening, and he went on, moving his hands about among the papers on the table as he spoke, as if he were anxious to have something to occupy him while he told the tale.

"It seems that the young fellow has really turned over a new leaf," he said, "and is doing very well. I brought the picture over and promised to do my best to bring about a reconciliation. I accidentally spoiled it, as you see; but there is enough left to show what the young wife is like in some things, and my description will do the rest. I shall get it repaired to the best of my ability. That is how it came to be at home."

"And have you done this wonderful work?"

"What work?"

"Brought about this reconciliation, as you call it?"

"I have set it going, at any rate. It will come right in time, I am sure, and this pretty creature will be the means of it."

There was not a shadow of relenting yet in Adrienne's face. She was as hard and cold as ever, and looked her husband full in the face when he had finished with cold, severe eyes.

"A very pretty story," she said, "but it has one disadvantage. It is not true."

"Not true?"

"No. It is a lie—every word of it."

"Adrienne!"

"It is. I can see it in your face, hear it in your tone. What have I ever done to you that you should treat me like this?"

"You have never done anything to me but what the most loving and devoted wife should do to her husband. But take care. The distrust you are showing now is the very thing that drives men away from their homes to seek in other society the peace they cannot get in their own houses."

His tone was calm enough now, but she was not convinced by it. Her pertinacity was unreasoning, perhaps, but it was womanish. She could not believe the story of Mr. Carter's son. She firmly believed that the young woman was someone who had supplanted her in her husbands affections, and refused to credit the tale of young Carter's sudden reformation.

She remembered him perfectly, and would not credit that any woman would link her fate to his. He was coarse, vulgar, and utterly disagreeable in every way—as different from his worthy father as the light from the darkness. That the beautiful girl was his wife she did not believe. He might have a wife and child, but that was not her likeness if he had.

"I did not think you would disbelieve me, Adrienne," Mr. Lutterell said.

"I did not think it possible that I could until now," she replied wearily.

"What can I say or do to make you credit what I have said?" he asked.

His wife turned round and faced him, looking tired and worn. Her passion had spent itself now, and had given place to grief over a shattered idol.

"Say in Mr. Carter's presence what you have said to me," she replied. "I do not think he will lie, even to save his master."

CHAPTER XLVI.—ONLY A WOMAN'S FACE.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
—TENNYSON.

Henry Lutterell looked at his wife for a moment, scarcely thinking she meant what she said.

"Has it come to this, Adrienne," he asked, "that my word is not enough?"

Jealousy knows no honor, and Mrs. Lutterell was roused into a jealous woman now, and cared for nothing.

"Yes," she said fiercely; "I will be satisfied in this matter."

"What am I to say to Carter? Am I to tell him that my wife does not believe me, and that I want him, my servant, to confirm my words?"

"Say what you like, so I hear the truth from his lips."

"It shall."

There was no hesitation in his voice, no lack of promptitude in the step with which he walked to the door. She could not tell that his heart was beating almost to suffocation, and that he felt like a man on whose shoulders the hangman has already placed his hand. She only saw him walk to the door with a steady step, and look into the outer office. A lad was standing there—one of the junior clerks—who answered his master's call with delighted alacrity. It was an honor to him that the chief should address him by so much as a word.

"Is Mr. Carter here?" Mr. Lutterell said.

"In Mr. Judson's room, sir."

"Tell him I want him."

"Yes, sir."

The lad moved away, and his master did not return to his wife, but stood at the door, looking at the clerks as they sat at their desks, waiting till Carter should come back. They most of them noticed how ill he looked, and wondered whether there was anything wrong that his beautiful wife had thought proper to visit him at the office.

Carter came in a moment, and Henry Lutterell took a step forward to meet him. The lad who had brought him saw the master lay his hand on his shoulder and whisper a few hurried words into his ear. He was not near enough to catch what they were, but he noticed that Mr. Carter turned very pale, and looked confused.

"For the love of Heaven!" he heard Mr. Lutterell say in a gasping whisper; and Carter replied by a bend of his head, acquiescing in whatever had been said to him, and the two entered his employer's room together.

Adrienne looked up as they came in; there had been no time for the concoction of any story, and she felt rather ashamed. If her husband was as ready as this to prove his words, there surely could not be anything in the theory she had let her fancy frame. He spoke at once, hurriedly, as it seemed, to the old man, and not to her.

"I have met with a sad misfortune," he said. "I did not mean to tell you till I had tried to repair it, but Mrs. Lutterell chanced to light on it this morning, and brought it here. I have damaged that picture of yours sadly."

"Indeed, sir?"

Carter's manner was quite composed. There was nothing to show that he was playing a part, and his master took the case from the table and went on.

"Mrs. Lutterell opened this by mistake this morning, thinking it belonged to me, and has brought it here. See what I have done. I hope it can be restored."

"I hope so," said the old man, taking the case from the chief's hand and looking at it, as Adrienne thought, with the most sorrowful face she had ever seen. "I have to thank you very much for bringing it home. It is an innocent face, sir."

His manner was very odd, she fancied. Perhaps he was not pleased at this marriage of his son's.

"Yes," she said, "what we can see of it now; it looks like the face of an innocent girl. And this is your son's wife, Mr. Carter?"

"So I am told, ma'am."

"I should say he had made a good choice."

"That's as it may be," the old clerk replied, with a strange perturbation of manner. "I hope *she* has, poor thing."

The sight of the picture seemed to agitate him very curiously. There was evidently more in his son's misconduct than she knew of, Adrienne thought.

"It is a good, sweet face," he went on, speaking, as it seemed, to himself. "A man would be a bitter villain who would wrong such a woman as that."

"*Wrong*, Mr. Carter? Has not your son made her his wife?"

"Yes, ma'am—at least, so he says, and I have no reason to doubt him."

"Then what makes you talk about his wronging her in that dismal fashion?"

"I hardly know, ma'am. I suppose it is because I have had so much trouble with him already."

"I hope it is all over now."

"I hope so, too, ma'am, but I'm doubtful. I'm fearful he won't make that pretty creature happy. Poor dear, if ever she's in any trouble, and I can help her, she shall find a friend in me. I'm an old man, but I may be able to help her."

"You seem determined to see the dark side of it all, Mr. Carter," Adrienne said, wondering at him more than she could tell, his manner was so odd.

"No, ma'am, I hope I don't; but when a person has had as much sorrow as I have, one gets doubtful if there is to be anything else in the world. Once more, sir, I thank you kindly for bringing me the picture of my lad's wife, and the news."

"You are very welcome; you know that. Shall I still keep it and see what I can do towards getting it repaired?"

"If you please, sir. I should hardly know where to go with it. I am not in that way much."

"Very well. I will see to it. You shall have it again, I hope, in a few days. I think it can be done by a skillful artist, and I will find the most skillful there is in London."

"Thank you, sir, and ——"

"And what?"

"I hardly know how to say what I want, sir," Carter replied, visibly trembling; "but I am an old man, and Mrs. Lutterell will pardon me if I give offense, I am sure."

"Of course she will. What is it?"

"I thought, sir, perhaps, seeing you wanted to ask me about it, and your good lady had come here, that ——"

"That we were at issue about. Was that it?"

"Yes, sir, it was. I thought that perhaps you had said nothing about it at home—it was not likely you would think of it—and Mrs. Lutterell had found it, and had been uncomfortable till she knew who it belonged to."

"That's just what she did, Carter. She found it, and thought that there was something dreadfully wrong. It is not to be wondered at, is it? Your daughter-in-law has just the sort of face that would make a wife uneasy, has she not?"

"Don't say any more, Harry," Mrs. Lutterell said, laughing a little uneasily. "I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. Mr. Carter, I have acted like a very foolish woman this morning, and I beg my husband's pardon and yours."

"There's no need for that, my dear. It was very natural. Are you quite satisfied now?"

"Quite."

"And ready to go home again?"

"Won't you come with me?"

"I can't. You have interrupted business to such an awful extent that I must stay for an hour at least. I'll follow you then."

"I'm very sorry. You must get me some gloves. I can't go home with bare hands."

"All right; you shall have some in five minutes. We can buy gloves in the city, though you might not think it. What size do you wear, you termagant?"

"You ought to know; you have bought for me often enough."

"Ah, six and three-quarters, is it not?"

"Yes—pearl gray; and do make haste home. I am so ashamed of myself," she added, as she went out, in so low a tone that it was impossible for the clerk, who stood at the window, to hear, "I want to make amends."

"I will be as quick as I can," he replied, squeezing the hand he had taken, "and for Heaven's sake don't get up such fancies any more. I don't want the fellows to think we are at issue about anything."

He went out, and she turned to Mr. Carter, who had moved away to the window, but not left the room. She was startled at the expression on his face. He looked troubled, and she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"What is it?" she said kindly. "Has this matter troubled you in any way? I am so sorry if I have done any mischief."

"You, ma'am! Oh, no!"

"You are uneasy about your son?"

"I suppose I am," he replied. "I am easily troubled since I lost my wife and daughter; they seemed to help me to bear things, somehow. I think this news has unnerved me a little."

"It should be happy news, should it not?"

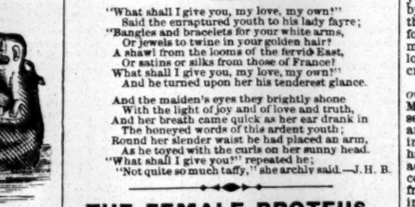
"I suppose so, ma'am, but I am fearful of how it may turn out. It is a sweet face. Poor deluded girl! What will be the end of it?"

"Deluded, Mr. Carter! What a bad opinion you have of your son."

"Perhaps I speak too strongly, but she *is* deluded if she has married without knowing thoroughly the man she has chosen. Your home is so happy, Mrs. Lutterell, that you can hardly understand such a fear."

"Poor old man!" Adrienne thought to herself, "he is getting quite hypochondriacal on the subject. I don't know what to say to him. I wish Harry would come back." Aloud she only said: "My home *is* happy, Mr. Carter. This has been only a fancy. When I opened that parcel this morning, and saw your daughter-in-law's face, I thought —— But, there, I need not tell you what a jealous woman thinks at such moments, nor what sort of mood I came here in."

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE FIRST HIPPOPOTAMUS EVER IN AMERICA.
ITS IMPORTERS AND EXHIBITORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

While it is still a mooted point as to the date of the arrival and exhibition of the first elephant in America, it requires no oldest inhabitant or musty tomes of a library to verify the importation to the United States of the first living hippopotamus. The pioneer hippopotamus was jointly the property of Avery Smith (deceased), Gerard C. Quick (deceased), and Col. Joe Cushing, now living in retirement on his estate in Dover, New Hampshire. The animal was purchased by Frank Howes, well known as a circus-manager, agent and equestrian director, in 1860, in behalf of Messrs. Smith, Quick and Cushing, of Her Majesty's Consul for Cartoon, Sir John Pethrick, the sum paid being $8,000—a large amount when it is taken into consideration that the animal might die on their hands before ever realizing its owners a penny.

Robert Fillingham, the extensive wild-beast dealer and long-time agent of P. T. Barnum, was lying in wait for the great curiosity, and was considerably chagrined when he learned that the Yankee circus-man had hovered about Southampton and snatched the prize.

The hippopotamus was accompanied by a native —a genuine Arab; and Queen Victoria, when she visited the Zoological Garden in London for the purpose of viewing the new arrival from the distant Nile, remarked:

"I hardly know which is the greater curiosity, the Arab or the hippopotamus."

The hippopotamus was successfully exhibited at the Alhambra Palace, London, and in several of the leading cities of England, prior to bringing it to the United States.

The "trained hippopotamus" was exhibited in conjunction with Howes & Cushing's United States Circus, and, in spite of the fact that two hippopotami were to be seen in the Zoological Garden free, the business at the Alhambra Palace was so increased that it was found necessary to give six matinees a week, instead of two, as was previously the case. Among the visitors was Charles Dickens, who evinced much interest in the stranger from the far-distant Nile; and Mr. Howes afterwards incorporated in a pamphlet, which he offered for sale in his tours, the comments of "Boz" on the "river-horse" and his dusky companion. The "hippo" displayed considerable intelligence, and obeyed Ali and Mr. Howes with alacrity, bearing the Arab on his back around the ring, standing up, etc., when bidden.

The rare animal was first exhibited in New Orleans, having, in charge of Ali the Arab and Mr. Howes, landed safe in America. One night the beast escaped in midocean, and came wellnigh taking to the sea. Being discovered in the nick of time, the zoological prize was captured and reconfined. It was put on exhibition at the Academy of Music, and, in the midst of successful business, the storm-cloud of Secession fell upon the country, and the red, white and blue gave way to the flag of the Confederacy. At this juncture Mayor Munroe, who had taken a liking to Mr. Howes, warned him to escape while he could from the city with his rare and valuable animal. Accordingly, Howes took passage on the steamer Havana for the port of Havana, accompanied in his flight by the late Robert Heller, the piano-artist, a skilled mahout, and master of second sight. Arrived at the city of Havana, the steamer was rechristened and became the famed Sumter. Further delay would have imprisoned Mr. Howes and his charge in New Orleans until the arrival of Butler and Farragut. The hippopotamus was exhibited under canvas for eight weeks in Havana, opposite the Tacon Theatre. Bringing the animal to New York, his owners looked anxiously for a favorable place in which to exhibit it. Barnum's Museum was thought to be the most suitable place; but the manager was making a feature of exhibiting white whales in a tank fed by constant streams of salt water, pumped from the ocean, and led to the Museum in pipes. While the managers were waiting and prospecting, the fresh-water tank of Barnum's last white whale forced upon him the necessity of securing immediately a suitable attraction to fill the void. August 12, 1861, the hippotamus made "a first appearance" at Barnum's Museum, utilizing the now whaleless sea-water tank. Here Ali and the hippo starred for six months at $300 per week.

Col. Cushing disposed of his interest to John J. Nathans, and the beast and its keeper were rented to L. B. Lent of New York Circus fame for the tenting season of 1862. Lent organized the "Hippozoonomadon," which proved quite as successful a venture as his pronunciation-provoking "Equescurriculum." Frank Howes accompanied the expedition, and represented the owners of the "river horse." The "hippo" flourished and grew prodigiously. Mr. Howes often trusting the animal to swim in rivers and lakes. To this he attributed his general good health and rapid increase in size. The faithful Ali was almost amphibious himself, and shared the bath with his pet. Once at Antwerp, New York, the "hippo" refused to return to the land when called, and stubbornly resisted the Arab's efforts to get him ashore; but when a large dog was sent into the stream to Ali's assistance, the rebellious animal made double-quick time for the land, and trotted as fast as it was able into the open cage. The "hog show" made sad havoc with rival managers, as hundreds and thousands waited for and flocked to see the "only living hippopotamus."

During 1863-64-65 the hippopotamus proved a leading and profitable attraction with Geo. F. Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie, and died in Canada during the Summer of 1865. An interval of several years elapsed before another specimen was imported and placed on exhibition. All the leading shows now possess them.

CLIPPER SONGS:
"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Remembrance.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY DEAR FRIEND "COUNT."
BY LILY M.

When soft and low the evening shades are creeping,
And angels light the night lamps, one by one;
When hazy mists the sweet flow'r's fragrance steeping,
And birdlings long since to their nests have flown,
Think of the exile, in distant lands now roaming,
Far from the loved and lost so long ago,
Whose every weary heart-throb echoes back with longing,
Back to the love that her sad soul may not know.

Weary and heart-sick, thoughts are backward turning—
Fancy pictures sweet scenes beneath a Southern sky
Where dark magnolias rear their crests, their pale flow'rs blooming,
Like tall, sweet sentinels, to cheer the passer-by.
Peace and beauty reign, nor faintest sound is heard,
Save the music of the mocking-bird, the Southern nightingale;
The sweet-voiced dweller, the forest mocking-bird,
Ring out their clarion notes far over hill and dale.
The silvery moonbeams glancing like fairy dancers on the stream,
The stately elm and cotton-wood, the willow dipping in the wave,
The old house 'mid the vine-leaves now artless in fancy's dream,
How cool and dark the shadow that the old piazza gave!
These memories, oh! how precious; they are all that's left me now
Of all the happy days we've spent together;
Like rain-drops in the desert, cool my heart and burning brow,
Till in twain these quivering heart-strings death shall sever.

Assumption, La.

The Smile of My Mary.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL—MUSIC BY H. P DANKS.

The smile of my Mary, that dear little fairy,
Is sweeter than sunlight or moonlight to me;
The face that it brightens, the heart that it lightens,
Are jewels more precious than gems from the sea;
When daylight is closing, and songsters are dozing,
I look for my darling by the gate;
And when we are walking, or earnestly talking,
She's dearer to me than the dove to its mate.
Chorus.—The smile of my Mary, that dear little fairy,
Is sweeter than sunlight or moonlight to me;
The face that it brightens, the heart that it lightens,
Are jewels more precious than gems from the sea.

The voice of my Mary, that dear little fairy,
Is softer than zephyrs that come from the south;
Her tresses are curly, her teeth they are pearly,
And glisten so bright in her sweet little mouth;
When moonbeams are falling, the whippoorwill calling,
We kiss one another a loving good-night;
And when o'er the meadow she watches my shadow,
Her smile is as cheering as sunshine and bright.

The grace of my Mary, that dear little fairy,
Would honor a princess in royalty's hall;
Both stately and queenly, she walks so serenely
I worship the ground where her pretty feet fall;
While singing or dancing, o'er the fields prancing,
She's ever the same, is my little sweet rose;
And from early morning till twilight's soft dawning,
My heart is with Mary wherever she goes.

Doubt Not.

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG BY JENNIE SARGENT OF CAMILLA URSO CONCERT COMPANY, AND INSCRIBED TO MISS MAUDE FISKE OF DOWAGIAC, MICH.
WORDS BY FABE MARTIN, MUSIC BY EMIL PFAFFE.

Where have the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore!
No, heart! sweet heart, doubt not!
Far over purple seas
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy Southern breeze
To waft them to their Northern homes once more.
O sweet but doubting heart, doubt not!

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they are,
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears and rain;
O heart, fond heart, doubt not!
They only sleep below
The sparkling winter snow,
Which Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you once again.
O fond but doubting heart, doubt not!

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O heart, loving heart, doubt not!
Thy sky seems overcast,
The stars shall rise at last,
More bright for darkness past,
And silver voice of angels stir the air.
I love you, fond heart, doubt not!
Trust me, doubt me not, O fond heart, doubt not!

Taking Home Oysters.

A First-ward man was told by his wife to bring home a quart of oysters to fry for supper. He drank a few prescriptions of egg-nogg, and then took a paper bag full of selects and started for home. He stopped at two or three saloons, and the bag began to melt, and when he left the last saloon the bottom fell out of the bag and the oysters were on the sidewalk. We will leave the man there, gazing upon the wreck, and take the reader to the residence where he is expected. A red-faced woman is putting the finishing touches to the supper-table, and wondering why her husband does not come with the oysters. Presently a noise as of a lead-pencil at the key-hole salutes her ear, and she goes to the door and opens it, and finds him taking the pencil out of the key-hole. Not seeing any oysters she asks him if he has forgotten the oysters. "Forgotten noth—(hic)—ing," says he. He walks up to the table and asks for a plate, which is given by the unsuspicious wife. "Damsacciident you ever (hic) see," said the truly drunken man, as he pulled his hand out of his overcoat-pocket with four oysters, a little smoking-tobacco and a piece of cigar-stub. "Slipprysoystersey (hic)er was," said he, as he ran his hands down in the other pocket, bringing up five oysters, a piece of envelope, and a piece of wire that was used as a ball to the pail. "Got all my pshockets full," said he, as he took a large oyster out of his vest-pocket. Then he began to go down in his pants-pocket, and, finding a hole in it, he said: "Six big (hic)sters gone down my trousers-leg. Spos I'll find them in my boot," and he sat down to pull off his boot, when the lady took the plate of oysters and other stuff into the kitchen and threw them in the swill, and then she put him to bed, and all the time he was trying to tell her how the bag bursted just as he was in front of "All Saint's Ca(hic)thedral."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION.

A student applied the other day to one of the District Courts for admission to practice, and an examination committee of one was appointed by the Judge to ascertain his qualifications. The examination began with:

"Do you smoke, sir?"
"I do, sir!"
"Have you a spare cigar?"
"Yes."
"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"
"To collect fees."
"Right; what is the second?"
"To increase the number of his clients."
"When does your position towards your client change?"
"When making a bill of costs."
"Explain."
"We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff and he becomes the defendant."
"A suit once decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"
"Cheek-by-jowl."
"Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"
"Perfectly."
"Describe it."
"It is to invite you to drink."
"But suppose I decline?"
Candidate scratches his head.
"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books."
"You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take the drink, and I'll sign your certificate."

THE COBBLER AND THE PIANIST.—A wealthy English parvenu, who began life with a lapstone on his knee, invited Kulak the great pianist to dinner, and immediately after the meal insisted on his playing for the company. Kulak complied, and invited the snob to a dinner at his residence on the following Sunday. After the meal Kulak astonished his guests by placing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenu friend. "What are these for?" queried the latter. Kulak replied: "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner, and insisted upon my paying with music. I have returned the compliment, and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his trade."

WHAT?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"What shall I give you, my love, my own?"
Said the enraptured youth to his lady fayre;
"Bangles and bracelets for your white arms,
Or jewels to twine in your golden hair?
A shawl from the looms of the fervid East,
Or satins or silks from those of France?
What shall I give you, my love, my own?"
And he turned upon her his tenderest glance.

And the maiden's eyes they brightly shone
With the light of joy and of love and truth,
And her breath came quick as her ear drank in
The honeyed words of this ardent youth;
Round her slender waist he had placed an arm,
As he toyed with the curls on her sunny head.
"What shall I give you?" repeated he;
"Not quite so much taffy," she archly said.—J. H. B.

THE FEMALE PROTEUS,
OR THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS IN M. GODORI'S MUSEUM.

A Romance of the Second Empire.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—A "MUSEUM OF UNPARALLELED CURIOSITIES."

Prior to the Revolution of 1848, M. Pozzo De Choiseul resided in Paris, in the Rue Bellechasse. The hotel Choiseul was an old and of princely dwelling, and while in the occupation of its last proprietor an elegant hospitality had been dispensed within its massive walls. It stood in the midst of a spacious garden, and the gate opened upon a courtyard tapestried with vines. On the right, at the bottom of the courtyard, a broad flight of marble steps shaded by an awning led to the vestibule and principal staircase.

During the whole of 1849 the Hotel de Choiseul was closed, the late proprietor being in exile with M. Victor Hugo and others in the Channel Islands. On the first of January, 1850, the furniture and pictures were sold at auction, and two days afterwards the mansion was given over to a couple of score of painters, decorators and upholsterers, and straightway the old place began to change its skin, like a chameleon. The feuilletonists of the evening papers made sport of the transformation. One said that it was about to open as "a permanent baby show;" another, that it was to be "devoted to experiments in miscegenation." In the course of three weeks an elaborately blazoned sign was painted on the front of the building, facing the Rue Bellechasse, and half Paris stood and gazed and wondered and joked over the legend thereon displayed:

GODORI'S MUSEUM OF UNPARALLELED CURIOSITIES.

Presently the advertising columns of the amusement papers began to bristle with M. Godori's announcements. He intimated that his Museum contained unique curiosities from every domain of Nature. Among others, the startled Parisians found enumerated two feathers from the tail of a phœnix; a leg and foot of a roc; a dodar from the island of Mauritius; a natural fiery dragon, six inches long; a petrified giant, with a tail three inches long, from America; Henry the Eighth's gloves, stirrups and dog-collar; Queen Anne Boleyn's night veil; Martha Washington's garters; a lock of hair from the head of Diana of the Ephesians; a cast of the foot of Helen of Troy; a dog with two bodies, eight legs, two tails and but one head; a chameleon of Barbary; a great African lizard, "said to be so loving to man that if the man be asleep and in danger the creature will awaken him;" a rose of Jericho found by Joshua, "and it can open so wide that it cannot well be put in one's chapeau, and the next day will be closed less than one's fist;" a stone from Golconda that, "being rubbed upon steel, will convert it instantly into copper;" a crustated sponge that, "being applied to a man's wrist, will make it itch for eight days together;" and much else, equally marvelous and wonderful.

Among M. Godori's living curiosities were a pair of united twins, or what St. Geoffrey De Hilaire terms *autositaries*. They were five years old, and were thus described in the printed catalogue:

The mother of these united twins was a mulatto, twenty-five years old at their birth. They are of opposite sexes, and the connecting band extends from the xyphoid cartilages downwards to a point where the natural umbilicus should be. The skin is continuous on each surface with the corresponding abdominal walls, natural in appearance, and without any trace of a medial line or raphe between them. They have one common umbilical vein and four hypogastric arteries, with the usual envelopes.

At stated hours Mademoiselle Fatima, "the sorceress from the mountains of Lebanon," gave an exhibition of her occult skill, and the performance closed with the classic poses of Mlle. Mite, "the mysterious female Proteus of the Vosges Mountains."

From the hour at which the doors were thrown open to the public "the Museum of Unparalleled Curiosities" proved a perfect bonanza to M. Godori. Louis Napoleon and his ministers were among the earliest visitors, and all Paris followed their illustrious example, like a flock of sheep. There was undoubtedly much to laugh at and to ridicule in the collection; but it was unanimously conceded that the united twins and the exhibitions of Mlles. Fatima and Mite were well worth twice the price of admission.

Before describing those ladies and their performance more particularly, it may be well to remark that as regards attendants and arrangements the Museum was admirably organized. Madame Godori herself graced the box-office, and dispensed a smile with every ticket. She was a large, handsome, attractive woman, about eight or nine and twenty, and consequently was the junior of her enterprising husband some eighteen or twenty years. Monsieur Victor Alastor was a sort of Prince Charming—what, in New York, actresses would term "a masher." M. Godori undoubtedly exhibited a keen appreciation of a dominant weakness in female human nature when he engaged his *demonstrateur*. Let us attempt to describe him.

Victor Alastor, then, was tall and slender in form, with a delicate, dark head, clothed with glossy Hyperion curls. He had a look of thoughtful and reticent calm—the Hamlet look, which would have made the white, monastic robes of a Dominican, or of a Freemason of the highest degree, sit gracefully upon him, but the dress of the world that he wore. Ladies got into corners and behind columns to study and to ponder over his face. He possessed a fine, mellow voice, and the *demi-monde* christened him "Monsieur Adonis," and as "Monsieur Adonis of the Museum" he soon became popularly known all over Paris.

The "Hall of Magic," as it was termed, in which Mlle. Fatima was the presiding divinity of darkness, was a noble apartment on the second floor. It had been the banqueting-room when the mansion was in its pristine splendor. The fireplace was a work of art in Parian marble, the principal figure of which was an infant Bacchus rolled among the grapes. A massive chandelier, with a circle of nymphs and satyrs in bas-relief danced hand-in-hand—wild woodland creatures exulting in all the luxuriance of beauty and all the redundancy of strength. The apartment was elegantly upholstered in dark purple and gold, covered with barbaresque designs of Osiris and winged bulls. A stage was erected at the end opposite the fireplace. It was upholstered in purple velvet, and behind the stage and on a level with the floor was the retiring-room of the sorceress, fitted up in the most luxurious manner.

Immediately in the rear of "The Hall of Magic" was an apartment of the same description, but slightly smaller in size. This was the reception room of Mlle. Mite, the female Proteus. It was upholstered in blue and gold. There was an elevated dais, with a sliding curtain in front, on which the female Proteus gave her exhibition. It was erected, as in the other apartment, at the end of the room opposite to the fireplace, which in this case was also of Parian marble, the leading design being an elaborate carving of "The Child Samuel Praying," surrounded by a wreath that might be composed of angels in bas-relief. The united twins were on the third floor, and all of the first floor and the remainder of the third were occupied by curiosities of the inanimate kind.

The Museum was open daily from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, and from seven until ten in the evening. Mlles. Fatima and Mite performed every two hours. They lived, ate and slept in the Museum. At such times as they were not exhibiting, their rooms were kept locked. It was the duty of "Monsieur Adonis" to announce the beginning of each performance. Then the audience surged upstairs or downstairs, and rapidly filled up the seats, selecting, as the manner of all curiosity-hunters does, the most prominent seats, and pushing and wriggling for their possession.

When order had been restored, Mlle. Fatima was seen ascending the stage from the door of her retiring-room. She stepped with a sort of languid, Oriental grace to the front of her platform, and made a low bow. Then she retired to the rear and seated herself upon a sofa richly covered with purple velvet. It was now that the *demonstrateur* took role began. He mounted a small rostrum to the left of the stage, and proceeded to state that Mlle. Fatima was a native of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and was about twenty-two years of age. When quite a girl she had been taken by her parents to Constantinople, and one day, when she was about thirteen, she had been seen by the Sultan, who conceived a violent passion for her. Forthwith, Ali Babi, the Grand Mufti, or Sheikh-al-Islam, had been ordered to capture the angelic houri, with instructions to place her in a separate establishment in the harem, and to elevate her to the rank of Madin, or favored wife. Mlle. Fatima's parents were greatly elated with this mark of the Padishah's preference for their only child. Not so the young lady herself. She begged the Grand Mufti to grant her two days for preparation for so august a station. Her request was accorded. At midnight the girl fled from her home to the shipping-qu

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. S. DOBBS.

m a tramp; that you plainly can see;
o is the dog—he's another—like me.
w did I get him? Well, you've got me there—
picked up each other in our travels somewhere;
ee that he followed me one Summer's day,
least that he chanced to be going my way;
since then he's followed wherever I go;
's strange, but misery loves company, you know.

him Beauty because it strikes me
the homeliest dog that I ever did see;
for me about beauty to worry and fret—
ever be hung for my beauty, you bet;
's a nice kind of feeling as onward you jog
ve someone to like you, though it's only a dog.
ve tramp side by side through the dust, rain and snow;
ink he's be likes me—misery loves company, you know.

made me a tramp? Now you're asking too much;
ght as well ask me to speak Choctaw or Dutch.
I went down—don't exactly know how—
kept on a-going till I am where I am now.
ow from exactly, though that did its share,
didn't get on, and then didn't care.
know it was ordered which way I should go,
now it was ordered I should be a tramp;
we're tramping it—misery loves company, you know.

we must be moving; come, Beauty, old man,
must find a night's lodging somewhere, if we can.
ents! Thank you; our income's increased—
ty, to-night we will both have a feast.
many a worse dog than Beauty you'll see,
who knows? perhaps there are worse men than me.
member you—Beauty and I—as we go,
friend in the misery that loves company, you know.

A PACK OF CARDS SAVED HIS LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

y were an elderly couple, bound East on the
er Bristol, at the conclusion of a short visit
metropolis.
short study of the pair, and hearing them talk,
set her down as an opponent of amusement
pleasure, such as the generality of people like
dulge in when possible, but was satisfied that
as a "third of another feather," so to speak.
happened that a young man, who had been
e to get up a card-party, and had met with no
s, seated himself in a luxuriant chair near
e couple, casting a glance of inquiry at the
portion thereof, eliciting an oral response at

play a game of old-sledge with ye, young
Don't like euchre for a cent, nor whist,
r—tackle old-sledge with ye."
reckoned without his host. He proposed, but
isposed.
, you won't, nuther, you Joel Sproul—you
tackle no kind o' keerd games on this 'ere
o-night; so you may jes' set your heart at rest
that! It's bad enough your playin' them
games to hum—not in *our* house, young
—to the young feller above mentioned—"cos
n't hev it; but in neighbors' houses nights,
ut keerdless an' wastin' precious time that
better he usin' abed an' asleep, enough sight!
young man, is the most foolishest things o'
selves I ever knowed on! An' how grown-up
n' women ken keep sot down fur hours at a
-chuckin' keerds out one arter another onto
e, an' farf 'n' nother 'n' git mad 'n' make up,
ink they're joyin' the'selves, is more'n I ken
I'm sorry to know you play keerds, young
'n 'em up, the wicked 'bominations, an'
ol' Be'lzebub gnash his teeth, instid o' lettin'
mile on ye."
young fellow, looking at his admonitress
the coraer of his right eyelid drawn down, and
responding corner of his mouth drawn up,
quietly and impressively said:
couldn't, am. It wouldn't work, as you
ee, owing to the perfidy of that anthropha-
gavage! We played with his 'flats'—'book,'
erstand"—if I was any judge of facial ex-
on, the old lady was deep in the slough of utter
lassical ignorance—"cards, you know"—she
stood then, but her face took on an abhorrent
'my 'book' being in my 'Charley Prescott'—
rick,' you know"—if the old lady knew, then
ks flatly belied her—"and after he had cor-
brace of 'eagles,' which I let fly to appease
oodthirsty craving for 'Neds'—'soap,' you
I stocked the pictures and dealt. He was
t,' and I 'pulled one for a stall,' you know"
old lady looked the picture of utter bewilder-
while the old man's blue eyes sparkled like
res of the first water, and the young man
n:
chipped a 'Ned'—an 'eagle'—and I raised
him 'half a century'—fifty 'cases,' you know
yes."
broke in the old lady, with an approving
you raised the poor man fifty dollars, did
oung man?"
, ma'am, I did, I assure you; and would
ised him more, only I was afraid he would
e to it'—'drop on it,' you know—and 'plank
rds'——"
ll, it was real good of you to raise him fifty
young man. I'm sure. 'Taint many men as
raise fifty dollars for anybody nowadays, I
It was real good of you, young man, so it
Wal, how did it come out with the poor man?
re, I'm quite interested now!"
me out with *him*? Well, you see, he took me
oosecap,' and I took him for a 'Tom Cooney;'
ame out all right for *me*, as you will see."
sure in order, after raisin' the poor man fifty
," interposed the old lady, who seemed to
ost sight, mentally, of the cards altogether,
king of the young man's kindness. (!)
was going to say, ma'am, he 'saw' me and
n eagle better, and I just 'called,' you know,
ht a mice, slightly. To my great surprise
ceding sorrow, he threw down four 'dots'
lady"—I had dealt him four "ladies' and a
nderstand?"—the bulge in the old lady's
id that her senses were wandering again,
the old gentleman was quietly "shaking his
"dealing myself four 'gents' and a 'dot'—a
rab' against his 'bracer,' when I thought I
ho rights' with four 'bullets,' you see?"
old lady did "see," then a cast-iron Pomona
have foreseen the conclusion of the arabesque
what the crop of apples would be next Sum-

, ma'am," the young man went on to say
most serious manner imaginable, "you can
and that, with five 'bullets' out, when there
four in my 'square book,' there must be
ing radically wrong in the manipulation of
ponent, particularly after you 'salt the
ourself!' You know you are the victim of
turpitude when, holding in hand one
's foot,' your opponent meets you with a
—a 'puppy's foot' in the corner—and you
wardly, as it were, and feel a cold chill
g down your vertebral column, causing
ith in human nature to recede into abject
n, so to speak. You grasp the situation,
of course?"
f she did, she made no sign, silence seal-
er lips, with amazement spread athwart
r.
's just how I felt, ma'am, when, dumbfound-
astounded, I saw that a 'cold square' had
ng in' on me by that anthropophagus no-
Remarking that I considered the proceed-
his part one of great moral irregularity, if
criminally 'quisby' one, I drew a 'bulldog,'
ction to debate with the dusky denizens of
mal dingles, but he 'got the drop' on me
'flasher' before I could pull the 'snapper,'
straight at my heart!"
y on me!—dreadful!" shrieked Mrs.
her face expressing the horror she felt, as she
l nearly to a perpendicular, then plumped
seat again. So affected was she that she
notice of the crowd that had gathered
ttracted by the impressive utterances of
g man, and did not miss Joel, who was in
rank, hiding his mirthful face from her

rible! awful!" she ejaculated as she came
pon the sofa. "Did it kill you, young

remarkable conundrum, which met
to the high state of excitement she was
nearly unhorsed the free rider and Greek
usen—most of his narrative had been the
Greek to Mrs. Sproul and myself—but by a
effort he preserved his seat.
ma'am," said he, "not immediately. The
fired by the antediluvian 'burner' buried
my 'book'—'bunch of broads,' you know—
ds, now you have it—piercing it from side
and holding every 'leaf' in place—like this"
ating with a pack of cards. "When I took
'book' and, with a bland smile, showed the
anthropophagous biped the bullet imbedded therein,
he thought, in the simplicity of his unsophisticated
nature, that I was a magician, a being who bore a
charmed life, and, reversing his 'flasher,' shot him-
self on the spot, killing himself dead at one fell
swoop! So ——"

"Dreadful, young man, dreadful!"

"So, you see," the young man continued, "how
a pack of cards saved my life! And not only that,
ma'am, but left me in possession of the 'burner's'
'boodle,' as I 'frisked the bloke's pokes' as soon as
he 'crosked.' It was rugged, I know, for the an-
thropophagous gentleman of the Kangaroo jungles
—but the way of the transgressor is hard, you
know, ma'am! But, if it was 'rocky' for him, it
was 'high pie' for me, ma'am, who inherited his
possessions!—it is an ill wind that blows nobody
good, you know, and in my case virtue was its
own reward!"

The old lady coughed slightly, but a heavy shade
of dubiosity rested on her cough.

"Now, madam," continued the young man
blandly, "can you find it in your heart to chide me
for loving to play cards—once in a while—when a
'deck' saved my life, gave me a 'stake,' and made
me 'solid' among the boys of the Boomerang Bri-
gade?"

"Wal, I dunno, young man. I guess 'twas spé-
shal Providence fur some purpuss or other, an'
the keerds the instrument. It was a narrer 'scape
fur you, young man, I ken see; but 'twould be bet-
ter in the long run, I think, fur ninety-an'-nine
men without keerds to be shot by abolition anti-
pufagers than for one man with keerds to escape.
Them's my opinions o' keerds, young man, an' I
don't keer who knows it."

"C-r-a-c-k-y!" The drawl came from Joel Sproul,
who then gave way to unsuppressed laughter, the
bystanders no longer stifling theirs.

Mrs. Sproul turned upon her impudent lord with
a black and corrugated brow, from beneath which
leaped the living lightning of indignation.

"What ye larfin' at, I'd jes' like to know, Joel
Sproul?—what's all on ye larfin' at? I know—ye
air all keerd-players, an' old Be'lzebub's a larfin',
too, 'cos he knows he'll git ye into the pit, whar
he'll make ye play keerds from one year's end to
another 'thout stoppin' a minit, an' sarve ye jest
right, too. Joel plays keerds—not in *our* house,
thank the Lord—an' he's a unmorul man fur doin'
it, an' a wicked one fur larfin' at me when I'm a-
tryin' to git this young man to see the sinfulness o'
them 'bominations—keerds."

"I see it, ma'am!" exclaimed the young man at
this juncture. "I've tumbled to it' and am 'fly.'
You have removed the turtle-shell of opacity from
my 'ogles,' ma'am, and glazed them with the French
plate-glass of perspicuity, and I now view the
'broads' with abhorrence—see them in all their
pristine and hideous deformity—and have resolved
to 'rumble the flats' no more—play cards, you know"
—there was a mental reservation, I felt certain—
"until I can make up a party."

"I'm so thankful, young man. An' now, old Be'l-
zebub's a-gnashin' his teeth 'cos he's lost one o' his
keerd-players! How I'd jest like to see him—the
old adversary!"

"What is more, ma'am," interposed the reformed
card-player, "is this: I'm going to be married
shortly, and the notices will contain the words 'No
cards!'"

"Dear me, I'm so thankful, I declare. If you'll
send me a piece o' your weddin'-cake, young man
—send it in the post-office to Nancy Sproul, Allyn's
Point—I'll dream on't and keep it fur years to re-
member ye by—will I, now?"

The young man promised to send the cake, and
moved away, the crowd breaking up in the merriest
of moods.

An hour later I learned that the reformed card-
player was "rumbling the flats"—whatever that
meant—in the steward's room in a "quiet little di-
version known as 'draw'"—a word of Hindoo
origin, I think, so I am told, and that he was considerably more
than "hunky"—whatever that may mean.

MAMIE LAKE.

ATHLETIC.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.

The match between those noted collar-and-elbow
giants, John McMahon of New York and H. M. Du-
fur of Marlboro, Mass., for five hundred dollars a
side and the championship, was contested at
Music Hall, Boston, Mass., commencing at 8:45 P.
M. on Tuesday, March 16. The hall in which the
contest took place is one of the most spacious at the Hub,
but so great was the interest manifested in what
was believed to be an honest stake-money match,
that it was packed in every part, and with one of
the finest assemblages ever gathered to witness a
sporting entertainment anywhere. It is a pity that
the expectations of the people who so willingly
paid a pretty stiff price to see the competition should
not have been fully realized; for while the struggle
was of the most stubborn description, and it
was generally admitted that the principals were
in dead earnest and strove only for success from
the moment of taking hold until the close, six
hours later, the result was not decisive, not a fair
fall being secured in all that time; while the condi-
tions required that to win the match one man
must gain at least two back-falls. This was mainly
due to the fact that in the matter of ability and
physical strength the men are very evenly matched,
as also to the further fact that the amount of money
depending on the result of the contest, in outside
bets as well as in other respects, made them more
than ordinarily cautious, and caused the match to
lack that dash and spirit which should make
matches of this kind between first-class perform-
ers popular and interesting. McMahon made
more and bolder play with both legs than his
antagonist, who very seldom raised his left
foot to make play, but acted throughout on
the defensive, and of course prevented Mac
from getting in his work to the best advan-
tage. This naturally had the effect of render-
ing the contest somewhat tame, and detracted from
the interest which would have attached to it had
the principals gone to work with equal boldness.
The contest demonstrated, however, that both men
are masters of the art of square-hold wrestling;
physically almost a perfect match, while in quick-
ness McMahon is the better. The latter at this
style compares favorably with Thiebaud Bauer at
the Greco-Roman variety of the article in point of
graceful, bold and rapid movements, while Dufur
resembles Prof. Miller in his slower, more cau-
tious movements. It is probable that either
of the teams mentioned, when in as good con-
dition as were the contestants on the 16th,
could at their respective styles of wrestling pre-
vail defeat by simply acting on the defensive
in order to force a draw. Just before 12 P. M.,
when they had been at work three hours ten min-
utes, the referee, John Ennis, than whom a better
could not have been obtained, ordered them to show
more play, at the same time remarking that he "in-
tended to see an exhibition of wrestling, or separate, if it
took till Saturday night to do it." The work was
somewhat livelier for the next hour, both men at-
tempting locks, but never holding those obtained;
while Dufur's favorite wringing tactics availed no
more than Mac's hipping efforts. They were both
fatigued with their prolonged exertions, and now
took a ten minutes' rest. The referee's expressed
determination to see the match decided in favor of
the one who should prove the better man was inter-
fered with about this time by Mr. Peck, agent of
the hall, notifying that official that he must have
possession of the room at 2 A. M., as he had a large
force of carpenters waiting to do certain work for
which the place had been engaged. At 2:20 Peck
sent one of his men to the referee to ask him to stop
the contest, as he must have the hall cleared at
once. Mr. Ennis declined to do as requested, and
the men continued the hopeless struggle for five
minutes longer, when Mr. Peck personally asked
that the affair be ended; but the request was de-
nied, the referee saying that it was a matter with
which he had nothing to do—he was there simply
to see that the men wrestled in accordance with
the rules, and to decide such questions as might
arise with reference to the contest alone. Mc-
Mahon and Dufur were therefore told to con-
tinue wrestling, which they did until 2.45 A. M.,
when Mr. Peck appeared on the stage with a
policeman, who ordered hostilities to cease. There
being no alternative, this order was complied with;
and as there was no clause in the articles pro-
viding for a renewal of the contest in case of inter-
ference, the referee declared it was a draw, to which
neither principal objected. The admission re-
ceipts, which are stated to have amounted to over
$4,000, were, we believe, equally divided between
the principals, after expenses had been deducted.
Nat E. Hutchins was umpire for Dufur, and Wm.
B. Kennedy for McMahon. They wrestled in cot-
tonade jackets, provided by McMahon, who gave
Dufur his choice of the two, the latter having pro-
duced two thick woolen jackets, neither of which,
it was claimed, fitted McMahon, and both were ac-
cordingly rejected.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

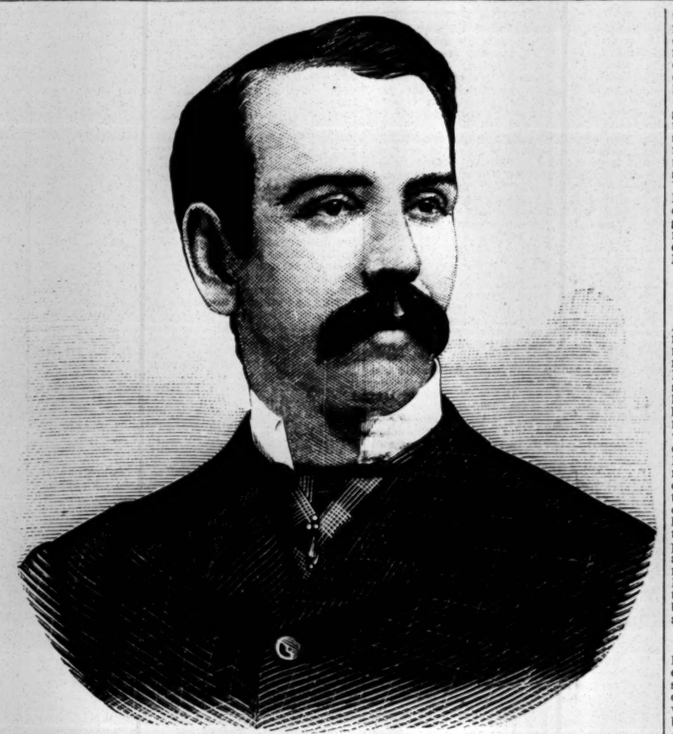
The second open amateur meeting of the athletic
club connected with this regiment will be held at
the armory, on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue,
April 3, at 8 P. M. The events to be decided are:
Open to National Guard, entrance-fee, 50 cents—
50yds. and one-mile runs, one and three-mile walks,
two-mile bicycle race; open to all amateur athletic
clubs—tug-of-war, teams of four men and two subs.,
weighing in uniform 600lb; open only to the Twen-
ty-second Regiment—220, 440 and 880yds. runs, put-
ting 14lb shot, tug-of-war (four men, two subs.,
weighing 1350lb each in uniform), and tug-of-war
championship (six men, two subs., two out of three
pulls). Gold and silver medals will be given to first
and second in each event; except the tugs-of-war, in
which a gold medal will be given to each member of
the winning team in the open and silver in the regi-
mental. No tickets will be sold at the door, but can
be had of J. H. Horsfall, 6 East Twenty-third street;
T. Miller, Broadway and Twenty-fifth street; A. R.
Groat, 442 Broadway; C. F. Lutz, 34 Mercer street;
W. T. Baird, 38 Park row; W. Childs, 166 Fulton
street; W. Kelly, armorer, Twenty-second Regi-
ment armory; and of the members of the regiment
generally. Entries close March 27, and must be
made to W. Childs, secretary, 166 Fulton street, New
York City.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—The opening
games of this club will be held on the Eighth-ave-
nue grounds Saturday, April 10, at 4 P. M. The fol-
lowing handicap events are open to all amateurs:
100yds. run, 600yds. run, one-and-a-half-mile walk.
Gold medals will be given to first and second in
each event. Entrance-fee, 25 cents, and must accom-
pany each and every entry is reserved. Medals will be
on exhibition on and after March 25 at Underhill,
Slote & Muchmore's, No. 241 Broadway. Entries
close April 3, with secretary Manhattan Athletic
Club, Eighth avenue, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh
streets, New York City.

CHAS. P. DANIELS was the recipient of a benefit
at Franklin Hall, Boston, Mass., March 15, when a
series of pedestrian events took place, as follow:
One-mile amateur walk—Lord, 1; J. Young, 2. Half-
mile amateur walk—John Fitzgerald, 1; J. Welch,
2. One-mile amateur run—W. A. Davis, 1; C. P.
Peppard, 2. Five-mile walk—Won by R. S. Pollock.
Five-mile run—Won by M. J. Happeny. Hop, skip
and jump—F. J. McGuigan, 43ft. 3in. One-mile
amateur walk—James O'Hara, 1; J. B. O'Rourke, 2.
Three-mile amateur walk—J. Briggs, 1; J. Cabe, 2.
E. E. Merrill also gave an exhibition walk, cover-
ing a half-mile in 3m. 24⅝s.

THE HARLEM ATHLETIC CLUB held their annual
meeting March 18, and elected the following officers:
President, J. D. Ribet; vice-president, J. B. Arnold;
recording secretary, Budd Haviland; corresponding
secretary, John H. Harrison; treasurer, W. I. K.
Kendrick; captain, L. A. Berte; first-lieutenant, J.
F. Dwyer; second-lieutenant, O. G. Bates; trustees—
G. W. Fuller, B. M. H. Kendrick, J. B. Daley, G. W.
Gaylor and G. H. Hillwig.

W. W. HOUGH, Corpus (scratch), easily won an
open handicap mile-run at Cambridge, Eng., Feb.
21, and on the 27th, at same place, he ran three
miles in 15m. 20 1-5s.



EUGENE E. MERRILL, Amateur Champion Walker.

The rising athlete whose portrait we present
herewith was born in Wentworth, N. H., Aug. 20,
1852. His present weight is 152lb—when in condi-
tion, 145lb; height in stocking feet, 5ft. 9¼in.; chest,
not inflated, 35¾in.; waist, 32¾in.; biceps, 12¾in.;
fore-arm, 11¾in.; calf, 14¾in. for each; and thigh,
21¾in. for each. Although born in New Hampshire
Merrill has always since he was one year old lived
in or near the "Hub," and so can fairly claim to be
a Boston boy. Like many of our amateur athletes,
his first love was baseball, which he deserted in
1877 and joined the Union Athletic Club of Boston,
making his first appearance at the Spring games
in the Boston B. B. Park on Decoration Day of that year,
when, owing to an accident to his clothing, he was
compelled to withdraw. The mile walk was won by
G. R. Dennie, and the 3-mile by A. C. Walker. At
their Fall games, held Oct. 6, same year, he came in
fourth in the one and three-mile walks, both being
won by E. C. Holske, in 7m. 49s. and 24m. 49½s.,
respectively. This was poor encouragement; but
pluck will tell, so at the Spring games of 1878, his
next appearance was at the exhibition of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium
in Music Hall, Boston, April 24, 1878, when he took
third prize in a mile walk won by C. P. Daniels, in
7m. 31s. At the games of the Union A. C. June 30,
following, Merrill walked second to T. H. Arm-
strong in 7m. 16s. for one mile, Armstrong doing
eight seconds better. He was also second to Arm-
strong in the three-mile walk, his time being 25m.
13⅜s.; Armstrong's time, 24m. 37½s.; W. H. Holt
was third. In the Hebrew Fair building, Boston,
Jan. 14, 1879, he won the New England Amateur
ten-mile championship in 1h. 30m. 25s.; Oscar
Walker second. In the same building he was on
(up) in 5m. 56⅝s. The mile was won by Arm-
strong, who won in 7m. 30¼s., beating Coogan third.
On Feb. 15, at the same place, he won a 25-mile
walk, in 4h. 14m. 38s., beating E. W. Frisbie, Hugh
Keiren, A. W. Gerry, Jas. G. Lathrop and others, the
second man being more than a mile behind. At
Music Hall, March 28, 1879, he won the Rowell
medal for 5 miles in 42m. 53⅝s., beating the sec-
ond man, A. W. Gerry, some 300 yards; E. W.
Frisbie third. At the same place, on April 3,
on a surveyed track, twenty laps to the mile,
he beat the best amateur time in the world
for ten miles, which he walked in 1h. 24m.
56⅝s., in a match with W. H. Holt, for the New
England championship. Merrill had to make most
of the way alone, his competitor early leaving
the track. Next, in New York, April 23, he compet-
ed in a 25-mile race, when he walked T. H. Arm-
strong, Budd Howe, T. H. Noonan, Wm. O'Keefe
and others off the track, winning in the time, as
given by the scorers, of 4h. 11m. 9s., but as, owing
to indifferent scoring, he was compelled to walk
from ½ to ¾ of a mile overdistance, there is no
doubt he then cut the record down some minutes.
Twenty-two started and three finished, Phil McCaf-
fery being second and T. H. Buckley third. At the
Harvard College A. A. Spring games, held at Jarvis
Field, Cambridge, May 23, 1879, he won the one-mile
walk (open) in 7m. 58.; Roder, U. A. C., second,
May 24, at the Union Athletic Club games, Boston,
he won the three-mile walk in 23m. 29⅛s., and the
mile walk in 7m. 5⅛s., beating J. B. Clark of the
Independent A. C. of New York, W. H. Holt, J. T.
Coogan and others. May 30, at Mott Haven, he
took the New York Athletic Club "best-on-record"
medal by walking seven miles in 55m. 56 4-5s.; W.
O'Keefe second, in 1h. 2m. 26s.; J. H. Gifford third.
There was a very strong wind blowing at the time.
Sept. 20, at the same grounds, he won the three-
mile walk easily, in 23m. 37½s., by 26sec.; J. B.
Clark second, J. H. Hocking third. Again at Mott
Haven, Sept. 27, he won the amateur championship
at seven miles in 56m. 4s.; T. A. McEwen second, in
58m. 19s.; J. B. Clark third, in 59m. The Canadian
championship meeting was held at Montreal Oct.
4, and the three-mile race was won by Merrill in
23m. 14⅛s., beating W. H. Purdy's record of the
previous year by 29sec.; William McLennan,
Longueuil C. C., was second. Oct. 21, at the Park
Garden, Boston, he won a one-hour walk, covering
7 miles 6 laps 355 feet., and beating J. Brennan and
others. At a benefit tendered to C. P. Daniels, at
Franklin Hall, Boston, March 15, he walked a half-
mile in 3m. 20⅝s. The Union A. C. held
their annual Winter meeting at Music Hall, March
18, and Merrill was victorious in both the one mile
and three-mile walks, taking the former in 7m.
32 1-5s., defeating F. L. Lachamacher, Brooklyn A.
C., J. B. Clark, Empire City A. C., and others, and
winning the longer race from scratch in 23m. 41¼s.,
Clark second. It will be seen that Merrill has been
successful in nearly every contest in which he has
engaged during the past eighteen months. His walk-
ing is scrupulously fair, and those who best know
his speed believe that, on a good track, in favorable
weather, and himself in good condition, Merrill is
able to beat the American amateur record at any
distance up to twenty-five miles. He is strictly an
amateur, a manufacturing jeweler by trade, and
can be found at work daily.

UNION ATHLETIC CLUB OF BOSTON.

The first Winter meeting of the above club was
held at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., on Thursday
evening, March 18, and proved a great success in all
respects. The results of the competitions were as
follow:

Putting the 16lb shot—James G. Gleason, U. A. C.,
36ft. 1in.; J. Fitzpatrick, Boston A. C., 33ft. 11in.

One-mile walk, limit 8m. 30s.—William O'Brien,
Charlestown, 1; J. Barron, U. A. C., 2.

Standing high-jump—E. B. Keene, Harvard A. A.,
4ft. 9in.; W. O. Edwards Jr., U. A. C., 4ft. 8in.

Three-legged race, six laps—Ethier Bros., U. A.
C., won in 1m. 33s., defeating Keirnan and Morrow,
Boston, and Simpson and Pearce, U. A. C.

One-mile walk—E. E. Merrill, 1, in 7m. 32 1-5s.; F.
L. Lachamacher, Brooklyn A. C., 2, in 7m. 45⅝s.;
J. B. Clark, Empire City A. C., 0; J. Cobe, U. A. C., 0.

Pole jumping—W. J. Van Houten, Scottish Amer-
ican A. C., 8ft. 2in.; E. M. Jones, U. A. C., 2; G. L.
Heins, U. A. C., 3.

Three-mile walk, handicap—E. E. Merrill, U. A. C.,
1, in 23m. 41⅛s.; J. B. Clark, E. C. A. C., 2; F. L.
Lachamacher, B. A. C., 0; F. C. Blaisdell, Boston, 0;
J. F. Redmond, Roxbury, 0; F. A. Barton, U. A. C.,
0; J. Globe, 0.

One-mile run—W. A. Davis, U. A. C., 1, in 5m.
44⅛s.; defeating N. Ethier, L. F. Coyne, A. L. Brack-
ett, J. K. Simpson, and H. Hunter, U. A. C., and H.
W. Carnes, B. A. C.

Hitch-and-kick—H. Alsheimer, E. C. A. C., 7ft.
11¾in.; G. L. Heins, U. A. C., 7ft. 9in.

Running high-jump—W. O. Edmonds, U. A. C.,
5ft. 6in.; R. Sturgis, 5ft. 5in.

Two-mile run—F. C. Hinds, Malden, 1, in 11m.
48s.; H. W. Carnes, Boston A. C., 2, in 12m. 1s.

Tugs-of-war—Athletic and lacrosse clubs, aggre-
gate weight of teams, 600lb; Clinton A. C., Brook-
lyn, N. Y. (L. B. Duryea, W. J. Trimble, A. Rehage
and M. J. Gilligan), beat Entre Nous A. C., New
York (R. E. Stoeckel, M. Gorman, J. A. York and
O. J. Stephens) by 5ft. 5in. at the first pull, and in
less than a minute on the second. Union Lacrosse
Club (F. W. Orcutt, E. M. Jones, T. R. McLaughlin
and E. M. Rock) beat Harvard Lacrosse Club (Fos-
ter, Houston, Sturgis and Wright) in 8⅛s. and 12s.
Military teams, any weight: Seventh Regiment,
New York (J. A. Dunning, W. S. Cox, F. Schenck
and W. G. Schuyler), easily beat the
Chelsea Rifles, Eighth Regiment, Massachusetts
(W. P. Noyes, S. A. Lennon, A. E. Day and H. E.
Chadwick), the Pierce Light Guard, Co. C, First Mas-
sachusetts (E. L. Newell, E. C. Greene, F. E. Morse
and H. D. Humphrey), and the Boston Tigers, Co.
K, First Massachusetts (Jos. Adams, Pope, Kingman
and Colburn.)

REPORTED FAST WALKING.

We have before us a brief report of the fifty-mile
walk between Dennis A. Driscoll of Lynn and John
Oddy of Lawrence, Mass., for $80, on a 27-lap track,
at the Brown-street Rink, Salem, Mass., March 17.
The start was made at 1.31 P. M., and the race was
finished by Driscoll at 9.57:40, Oddy following at
10.02:35. This makes the winner's time 8h. 26m.
40s., and the loser's 8h. 31m. 35s., both of which
times are better than had previously been ac-
complished, under far more favorable circum-
stances, in America. Comparing this with the
previous performances of the principals, the ap-
parent improvement is great, but it is hard to
accept the return as genuine, without absolute
proof in the form of affidavits from scorers and
timekeepers as to correctness in performing their
duties, and a certificate from a reputable surveyor
as to the track-measurement, with a transcript of
score-sheets. We would also like to know who did
the judging, our informant having neglected to
mention names of officials.

NOAH MAKINSON

of Manayunk, Phila., called at THE CLIPPER office
March 19, having left home in response to letters
which assured him that there was a party in New
York who had with him two sprinters, either of
whom he was desirous of matching against Rogers.
As was the case upon two previous visits, however,
Makinson failed to find the person sought for.
Noah thinks that three times is quite enough to be
brought here on a fool's errand, and now says that
if Forbes or anyone else has a man whom he is
willing to pit against Rogers in a bona fide match
all that said individual need do is to insert a fair
challenge, backed by a suitable deposit, in THE
CLIPPER, and it will be promptly accepted and a
time appointed to meet and arrange details. If
this is not done, he will not pay any attention to
letters hereafter received.

R. E. HAMILTON of Washington, D. C., who sold
pools on the Jamestown, N. Y., tourney, made him
self scarce after the tramp was over, and before he
had parted with the various amounts deposited in
his cash-box by speculative individuals. We have
received a visit from Chas. A. Harriman, winner of
first prize, who desires us to state that the gentlemen
interested in the management of the tourney, Capt.
T. E. Grandin, L. Heinemann and G. W. Root, are en-
tirely blameless in the matter, having performed
their part to the complete satisfaction of contest-
ants and spectators.

THE OFFICERS of the Union Athletic Club of Bos-
ton, Mass., for the ensuing year are as follow:
William M. Olin, president; Harry M. Howard,
vice-president; Franklin T. Williams, secretary
and treasurer; Edward A. Church, assistant secre-
tary; and Samuel MacDonald, George W. Fuller, P.
F. Ferris, T. W. Estabrook and George D. White,
trustees. Secretary's address, P. O. Box 1,878,
Boston.

THE ELECTION held by the Young American Ath-
letic Club of New York resulted as follows: Roger
Hannigan, president; James F. Soaden, vice-presi-
dent; Joseph H. Walsh, secretary; Edward F. Han-
nigan, treasurer; Thomas Carroll, captain; Walter
P. Virilles, lieutenant; Daniel S. W. Doyle, sergeant-
at-arms. Address Joseph H. Walsh, 461 W. Fifty-
first street, New York.

THE OXFORD ATHLETIC AND SOCIAL CLUB of
San Francisco, Cal., was organized March 5, with
the following officers: President, D. Haggerty; vice-
president, S. L. Grandona; secretary, J. A. Spinetti;
treasurer, V. Montgaillard; board of directors—W.
McCracken, M. O'Brien and F. Dunn; sergeant-at-
arms, T. Moran.

CHARLES VALENTINE is requested to send his
present address to Frank Harmer, pedestrian, in
care of Tom Philpin, Baltimore, Md.

LEWIS MOORE defeated Fred Clark in a collar-
and-elbow wrestling match at the 12th street Turn-
er Hall, Chicago, Ill., March 13.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB of San Francisco, Cal., illu-
minate their club-house with the electric light.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB claim Saturday,
Sept. 18, for their third annual Fall games.

R. H. MACAULEY, Kings (4yds. start), ran 120yds.
in 11 4-5s. at Cambridge, Eng., Feb. 26.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY offers a £50 challenge belt and
£20 in money for a championship wrestling tour-
ney, to take place in London, Eng., March 26. The
rules are to be catch hold above the waist, first man
down with any part of the body to lose: no kicking
or biting allowed; tight jerseys and socks. Some
six years ago a prize at this style was won by Snape,
the Lancashire champion, and it aroused great in-
terest. It is expected that this will bring the
North-country and Devon and Cornwall men at last
together.

A MEETING of representatives of amateur athletic
clubs in the Midlands of England was held March
1, at which it was decided to form a Midland Coun-
ties Athletic Association.

FRED JOSSELYN on March 17 defeated James
O'Donnell in a twenty-five mile run at Milford, Mass.;
time, 3h. 8m. 46s.

THE RING.

AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION—RULES FOR COMPETITIONS.

On Feb. 25 an adjourned meeting of members of
clubs and others interested in amateur boxing was
held at the office of *The Referee*, London, Eng., the
object of the meeting being the formation of an ama-
teur boxing association. Representatives of nearly
all the sparring, athletic and rowing clubs of London
and vicinity were present, and business of import-
ance was transacted. Baron Sampayo, editor of *The
Referee*, was chairman, and R. Frost-Smith acted as
secretary. A draft-memorandum of association was
then read by the chairman and discussed by the
meeting. Various emendations were made, and
ultimately the preliminary rules of the Association
ran as follows:

1. The name of the Association to be the Amateur Boxing
Association.

2. The objects for which the Association established are:
(1) The amalgamation of all recognized amateur boxing
and athletic clubs who shall abide by and conduct all open
competitions under the rules and regulations of the Box-
ing Association.
(2) The practice of boxing, the holding of boxing matches
or competitions, and assaults-at-arms, and the giving of
prizes at or in connection therewith.
(3) The institution (where necessary) of championship
prizes, the governing of championship meetings, the ac-
ceptance of entries from subscribers, and the distribu-
tion thereof, and the granting of sums of money in order
to establish prizes in connection with boxing matches or
competitions, on such terms as may be prescribed by the
committee.
3. That the income and property of the Association,
whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the
promotion of the objects of the Association, as set forth in
this memorandum.
4. The arrangement of all such other things as may be
conducive or incidental to the attainment or extension of
the above objects, or any of them.

A committee of 15 members was then elected,
care being taken that every club on the original
foundation was efficiently represented. R. Frost-
Smith was chosen secretary and B. J. Angle treas-
urer. The revised rules for boxing competitions
adopted at the previous meeting are as follow:

1. In all open competitions the ring shall be roped, and
of not less than 12ft. or more than 24ft. square.

2. Competitors to box in light boots or shoes (without
spikes) or in socks.

3. Weights to be light, not exceeding 140lb; middle, not
exceeding 158lb.; heavy, any weight. Competitors to
weigh on the day of competition.

4. In all open competitions the result shall be decided by
two judges, with a referee. A timekeeper shall be ap-
pointed.

5. In all open competitions the number of rounds to be
contested shall be three. The duration of the first two
rounds shall be three minutes, and of the final round four
minutes, and the interval between each round shall be one
minute.

6. In all competitions, any competitor failing to come up
when time is called shall lose the bout.

7. Where a competitor draws a bye, such competitor
shall be bound to spar such bye for the specified time, and
with such opponent as the judges of such competition may
approve.

8. Each competitor shall be entitled to the assistance of
one second only, and no advice or coaching shall be given to
any competitor by his second, or by any other person, dur-
ing the progress of any round.

9. The manner of judging shall be as follows: The two
judges and the referee shall be stationed apart. At the end
of each bout each judge shall write the name of the com-
petitor who, in his opinion, has won, and shall hand the
same to an official appointed for the purpose. In the cases
where the judges differ, such official shall declare the
name of the winner, but in cases where the judges disa-
gree such official shall so inform the referee, who shall
thereupon himself decide.

10. The referee shall have power to give his casting vote
when the umpires disagree, to caution or disqualify a com-
petitor from infringing rules, or to stop a round in the event
of either man being knocked down, provided that the stop-
ping of either of the first two rounds shall not disqualify any
competitor for competing in the final round. And he can
order a further round, limited to two minutes, in the event
of the judges disagreeing.

11. That the decision of the judges or referee, as the case
may be, shall be final.

12. In all competitions the decision shall be given in favor
of the competitor who displays the best style and obtains
the greatest number of points. The points shall be: for
"attack," direct clean hits with the knuckles of either hand
on any part of the front or sides of head, or body above the
belt; "defense," guarding, slipping, ducking, counter-
hitting, or getting away. Where points are otherwise equal,
consideration to be given the man who does most of the
leading-off.

13. The referee may, after cautioning the offender, dis-
qualify a competitor who is boxing unfairly, by flicking or
hitting with the open glove, by hitting with the inside or
butt of the hand, the wrist, or elbow, or by wrestling or
roughing at the ropes.

14. In the event of any question arising not provided for
in these rules, the judges and referee to have full power to
decide such question or interpretation of rule.

GLOVE-FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

The match between William Ward of Jarrow-on-
Tyne and John Murray of Sunderland, who had
agreed to box under the Marquis of Queensberry's
rules for endurance, for a trophy, value £50, with
ordinary sized gloves, was brought to a conclusion
on Wednesday evening last, near Newcastle, Eng.
A great deal of trouble was experienced in bringing
off the affair, because of magisterial opposition to
the plans of the men and their friends, but finally
the principals, their seconds and a handful of
friends were piloted by a backer of rowing men to
a suitable spot. When they faced each other Mur-
ray, who is thirty years old, stands 5ft. 9¾in.
high, and weighs 184lb, looked a giant to Ward,
who is an old 'un of forty-seven years of age,
weighing 156lb, standing 5ft. 6¾in. high. Both,
however, looked well and determined. No time
was lost, and after the rules governing the
contest were read over "Time" was called, and
both set to work like demons. Science was
entirely dispensed with, the idea of stopping be-
ing forsaken altogether, and severe blows were
administered by both. Ere half the round was
concluded there was a gash on Ward's left
temple, causing the ruby to flow freely, and
they continued to shower blows fast and furious
until 2min. 30sec. had expired, when both fell to the
ground utterly exhausted, and 5sec. elapsed (not-
withstanding the entreaties of their seconds) before
they rose, which they did simultaneously, and very
few more blows were struck until "Time" was
called. After being carefully nursed during the
minute's interval, both came up sharp to call
of "Time!" when once more they set about
one another like terriers, and ere a minute
had elapsed both appeared groggy; but the
"old 'un" stuck well to the giant, and by a fluke
got his right well on the side of the head, which sent
the "big 'un" to Mother Earth. One of his seconds
shouted out: "Get up, my